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THE FRONT PAGE

Should We Have Used It?

SHOULD we have used the atomic bomb for the wholesale destruction of a city and the indiscriminate killing of its population, men, women and children? That is a question being asked in thousands of letters to the press of Canada, the United States and Britain. It is true that in the announcement of the bombing, Hiroshima was pointedly described as an "army base." It had been warned too, along with a score of other Japanese cities, of impending attack, though that could not have prepared its population for instantaneous obliteration. Our first reports declared unemotionally that probably 100,000 people were killed; and later Japanese estimates were not far short of this number.

The bombing has been credited with bringing about the Japanese surrender, a few days later. Revelations made since of the complete emasculation of the enemy's navy and supply shipping, coupled with the defeat on Okinawa, the earlier bombing and the entry of Russia, show that there were other important factors in his decision. Certainly the atomic bomb provided him with a perfect excuse for an exit with good "face." On our side it provided the powerful argument that use of the atomic bomb had saved great numbers of Allied lives which would have been lost in an invasion—Mr. Churchill estimated a million and a quarter, though that was considered very high by Washington experts.

These invasion casualties would have included Canadians; and there are very few among us who would argue that Japanese lives should be spared at the cost of Canadian. That, however, is not the question at issue. This is a purely moral one. Should we, who expressed humanitarian aversion when the Germans indiscriminately bombed Rotterdam and Coventry, have carried out the greatest terror attack of the war? Does this show a deterioration in our moral values during the war?

The fact is that the atomic bomb attack was worse only in a degree than the other bombing which we, and the enemy, had carried out. We were already fully launched on a policy of indiscriminate bombing when we obliterated Hamburg two years ago, with the terrible new phosphorus bomb. To mention only one other case, there was the cataclysmic blow against Dresden in the last days of the war, after that city had passed, like Hiroshima, unscathed through the whole conflict. And there were the gasoline jelly bombs with which the superforts burned out the leading 47 cities of Japan.

It comes to this, that war is a barbaric business. We didn't start the war, or the indiscriminate bombing. On the contrary, in the beginning the British took the most elaborate precautions to avoid harming the civilian populace. We can all remember the early leaflet "bombing," afterwards so much derided as a foolish effort. Eventually we took over the enemy's methods, and followed them far more successfully than he had ever dreamed of doing. We said we would teach the Hun what war meant, as he had taught others.

It is our conviction that we did all this, not gloating over it like Goering's young barbarians over London, but reluctantly, in the cause of human freedom. Only the consolidation of our victory to that end, only a mighty effort to really put an end to war, can eventually justify our use of the most terrible weapon ever devised by man. One might say, we used the atomic bomb against Hiroshima to show that war had got to stop.

The Japs Are Polite

MANY of our hard-bitten commanders, after blasting out the Jap to the last man in the ferocious battles of the Pacific isles, were more than a little dubious as to how smoothly the surrender would go. They expected, and were prepared for, groups of bitter-enders and acts of treachery. But so far everything has gone without a hitch, all with bows and politeness, all in most "correct" fashion.

The Imperial marines who, our leaders judge, would have made a frontal attack on Yokosuka naval base impossible, had stacked their arms and ammunition in neat piles and retired from the area according to our orders. No group of Kamikazes, or even a single one, has tried for a death plunge among our huge fleet in Tokyo Bay. (The list of important units disclosed to have been seriously damaged by this form of attack in the battle off Okinawa has steadily lengthened, to show how costly it has proven to us). Those who urged that the Mikado could by his orders ensure a full surrender of the widespread Japanese forces have indeed been fully justified. There has not even been much suicide, according to Japanese informants.

But if the imperial institution has served us well, we had better watch that it does not serve the Jap warlords even better. For it was on their insistence, not ours, that it was retained. They knew even better than we did, how it would hold the nation in line. All too obviously, their plan is to capitalize on this national discipline, this "correct" behaviour on which an uncivilized opponent now prides himself, to win an earlier reprieve and discontinuance of our occupation. "Now that is all over, will we be friends now?" an American-educated Japanese journalist naively asked the first American journalists to visit Tokyo.

Where have we heard that before? Why, in Germany, of course, after the last war. The success of the German effort in squirming out of the defeat of 1918, playing Russia off against the western allies and even securing loans for reconstruction, to stand formidably armed again within less than two decades, must be a glittering example to encourage the Japanese leaders. The humanitaria with which we hasten to relieve our soners they hope will be shown later their suffering people, who have al peared mild enough in their home ings. Did we not show such concern after the great earthquake and fire o The Japanese are a people mentally ir take a long view of history.

We too will have to take a long vie will have to keep remembering the infa the past war and the savagery of the ese soldiery and prison guards, during in which we meet only with polite leader a meek people. General MacArthur und edly has the flair to act as Allied comma in-chief of the occupation, and he keeps the memory of Bataan well furbished. But it will be just as well to have some less polite men like blunt and unprintable "Bull" Halsey hovering in the background.

Extradition Treaty

ACCORDING to information from Ottawa the Department of External Affairs is busily trying to devise a protocol which, when attached to the new Extradition Treaty already passed by the United States Senate, will make it possible for Canada to ratify the same treaty without exposing Canadians to too much risk of being hauled off to Colorado or Texas for some perfectly innocent omission of something required by those States in connection with the offering of securities for sale. It sounds like a very difficult task. The treaty as it stands is an extremely dangerous piece of concession on the part of Canada to the re-

(Continued on Page Three)

Life, even in ravaged Europe, is gradually slipping back into normal paths. Scenes like this in a French village are part of the more recent recollections of troops returning from ab

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DEAR MR. EDITOR

Language Learning Discussed by A Quebec Seaman in the Navy

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

IN YOUR issue of August 11 Mr. Van Skiver complains about his half-success in the learning of French. I am a Canadian of French language. Three years ago when I joined the Navy I could not answer the officer who asked me my name. Then I could not understand a word of English. Now I can read any English book; I can write English and speak it, as much as they let me.

I left school at fourteen. At that school we had two hours of English a week, but we never spoke it. So far I have found English quite easy to learn. Languages are interesting to me and I am progressing well in Spanish.

Mr. Van Skiver says that he learned Parisian French. That is very unfortunate because even if he goes to France he will not understand any Frenchman outside of Paris—or many inside. French has many different dialects. The same thing applies to English. I meet all kinds of people, all speaking English, but what a difference in their accent, and even in the words they use! Could someone tell me what an Australian fellow means when he speaks of his "cobber?" Nevertheless I understand English, though sometimes painfully.

Many times I have heard that the French spoken in Quebec is different from that spoken in France. I know that statement is false, but it can fool anyone who can't speak French. Maybe it is an excuse for not learning it. It seemed to me at the end of his letter that Mr. Van Skiver was blinded by the Union Jack, and that the question of language had taken on a political meaning.

I have no ambition to see the French language dominate in Canada, but I can't stand seeing it attacked without fighting back. I think it is a good idea to treat faults with justice and to reward kindness with kindness.

H.M.C.S. Uganda ALFRED COTE

The Governor-Generalship

TURDAY NIGHT:

ticle in the issue of Aug- on a Canadian as our Gov- eral was a lucid exposition g's function in the govern- Canada, but neither in its nor in its concluding para- d it bear out your one sweep- ement that there are "ulti- l overwhelming objections" pointment of a Canadian as jesty's representative.

you say, the Governor Gen- eral only represents the King while the latter is unable to be personally in Ottawa; and if he can be advised in a constitutional crisis either by the Canadian members of His Majesty's Privy Council, or by the King himself over the trans-Atlantic telephone or cable line; it is difficult to accept your thesis that a Canadian ought never to be appointed.

Your argument about the party politics of a Canadian prior to his appointment has little weight when we recall past experience in Canada with government appointments to the high Courts of the provinces and to the Supreme Court. On the assumption, however, that the position of a Governor General in a constitutional crisis would be more delicate than that of a judge considering an important civil dispute, it would surely not be difficult to find a distinguished Canadian soldier, educator, or business man who had never been closely identified with a political party, but whose knowledge of Canadian history and British institutions, to say nothing of the necessary qualities of tact and urbanity, would at the very least be on a par with that of former occupants of the vice-regal office. This is not to say that future Governor Generals should always be Canadian born, but simply that they need not all be of English or Scottish birth.

One might even express the hope that His Majesty's visits to Canada in the years to come would be more frequent if he had as the chief reason for a journey the desire to meet and talk with his Canadian-born representative at Ottawa.

Macdonald College, Que. J. M. PATON

Radio and Religion

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

WITH regard to "Religion and Radio," in SATURDAY NIGHT of July 14, I am writing to inquire why there should not be a religious broadcast on Sunday both morning and evening over the C.B.C.

I am old-fashioned enough to believe that the cause of the past five years' nightmare is sin. When we were in a very tight corner we were forced to get on our knees and ask God's help which we undoubtedly received. It would not appear as if we were even grateful or repentant if we find a one hour service boring.

The problem of today is not one of economics but of the soul. The world has another chance—perhaps a last one. We are faced with a gigantic question!

Kemptville, Ont. BESSIE HIGGINS

Knowledge and Wisdom

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

THE papers are being filled with assessments of the changes in society that are likely to follow on the discovery of the means of releasing atomic energy. Amongst them is your article of August 18 entitled "This is 'A' Day". In my judgment the article seems to attribute an exaggerated importance to the discovery of the properties of U235. If the sources of power available before this discovery had been utilized to the full, want could have been abolished. On the other hand a war carried on for a somewhat longer time could have resulted in the mutual destruction of combatant nations. What change then has been introduced that would justify the claim that a new epoch has been ushered in?

Knowledge has been increased slightly, but has wisdom kept pace with that slight increase? When man is inclined to be puffed up over his vast knowledge it is apposite to turn to the 38th Chapter of Job, "Who is this that darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge? . . . Canst thou bind the sweet influences of the Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion? Canst thou bring forth Mazzaroth in his season? or canst thou guide Arcturus with his sons?" The greatest scientists are the most humble, and the extravagant claims of those "who darken counsel by words without knowledge" only tend to delude the people. Alexis Carrel could write a book entitled "Man, the Unknown", and so many of the explanations of science are, in fact, giving phenomena a name and accepting that as an explanation. Not that the true scientist is deluded, but many others are.

Stripped of institutional dogma the teachings of Christ and of Buddha are essentially the same, that man has within himself all knowledge and wisdom necessary to discover the Law of Life and to live according to it, thereby moving out of disorder into order, in harmony with the rhythm of the Universe. "Without vision the people perish". The increase in knowledge which you mark with a capital "A" presents another challenge to men of vision to set their own house in order, find the balance within themselves, and by the example of their lives show that there is a spiritual, mental and physical order in the world that man can find and establish.

Port Hope, Ont. R. H. THOMPSON

Was Russia an Aggressor?

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

I HAVE noted with much satisfaction a Front Page article in your issue of August 11 headed "Gas in Warfare," where you maintain that it is immaterial, for the moment, whether Gas is humane or inhumane, because we have signed an agreement not to use it, and must abide by the same.

I am a strong believer in the absolute sanctity of contracts, and the State is setting its citizens a bad example, when it does not hesitate to break an agreement whenever it is inconvenient or inexpedient to be bound by it. I felt at the time, and I still feel, that it was a blot on the fair name of Ontario, when the Hepburn cabinet dishonored certain Hydro contracts, because it was (they thought) "expedient" to do so.

I have therefore been disappointed that not one word, so far as I know, has been said in disapproval of Russia's declaration of war against Japan, eight months before the expiration of a non-aggression treaty, and that the Allied leaders apparently viewed this deliberate breach of agreement with jubilation. Moreover, as it turned out, the action of which I so strongly disapprove, was not needed to bring about the sudden collapse of Japan.

If all contracts are to be observed only when it is wholly convenient to do so,—the outlook is dark indeed.

Toronto, Ont. W. R. SACHS

At A Standstill

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

I WOULD like to know what is going to be done for the boys who left college to enlist and are now in the Canadian Occupation Force in Germany. My son along with others had successfully completed two years and had started his third year when he joined up. He feels every moment he spends in Germany is lost time. He is anxious to finish in Engineering and would willingly take courses while in Germany but such courses are not being made available.

Why cannot these boys be allowed to come home to finish their college training or given the chance to continue it over in Germany if they must remain there?

Prescott, Ont. E. L. SMITH

Quebec as an Asset

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

WILL you permit me to say how heartily I am in agreement with U.-of-T.-Grad's attitude towards the teaching of French. An educated person is supposed to speak and understand French as part of his education. If we would only treat Quebec as an asset instead of a liability, bring French teachers into our schools and treat them kindly, we might have unity in Canada with bilingualism in a short time.

Hamilton, Ont. A CANADIAN WOMAN

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CWAC's Now Serve in Europe With Occupation Forces

"Cease Fire" in Europe marked the beginning of a new era for the CWAC's for they're off to join the Canadian Army of Occupation in Germany. The first contingent of CWAC personnel assigned to duties on the continent arrived recently by Dakota Aircraft at Apeldoorn, Holland. Seen here as they packed for the trip are (left to right) Ptes. Jeanne Roy, Rocky Broekaert and Mary McFadden, all of Montreal, Pte. Janet Stevenson, Quebec City and L/Cpl. Dot Kelloway, Montreal. These girls will be living out of kit bags for some time to come. For the first time in their lives, CWAC's have been issued with long boots, slacks and berets. Modelling Army of Occupation fashions below are: Pte. Lynne Sawyer, Capreol, Ont., lacing up her new boots, while Ptes. P. Blanchard, Halifax and H. Lemke, Melfort, Sask., try for a neat line in the slacks.

A stowaway over Europe was this kitten (below) which arrived with the girls by plane. (Left to right): Pte. J. Stevenson, Quebec City; Pte. Margaret Harris, London, Ont.; Pte. Dorothy Cranfield, Vancouver, B.C.

The Front Page

(*Continued from Page One*)

quirements of some of the more extravagant blue-sky legislation of various States, and it is difficult to see how its effect can be sufficiently shaved down by any protocol to make it innocuous.

Canadians generally do not realize—though we hope the External Affairs people do—that the whole idea of extradition is radically different in the American mind from what it is to any other nation. For extradition in the United States is something which operates not merely between two totally distinct nations, but between the various States of the American Union itself. Americans are so accustomed to having to extradite a citizen of New York to answer for an offence against the laws of California that they see no particular difference between that process and the extraditing of a Canadian to California for the same offence. There is of course all the difference in the world. The New Yorker when taken to California does not pass out from under the protection of the general Constitution of the United States; he is still in his own country when he appears in court in California. The Canadian in the same circumstances is an alien; and when Canada consents to the obligation to compel one of her citizens to appear in the courts of another country she must first assure herself that the offence for which he may be handed over bears some reasonable resemblance to what would be an offence under Canadian law. A good many of the offences which will become extraditable under the new treaty (unless saved by the protocol) are very far indeed from any such resemblance. But we suspect that the Americans, regarding Canada as just a forty-ninth State which has somehow failed to get itself among the stars on the flag, think that the Canadians are being very disobliging in not signing at once on the dotted line as requested.

Liquor and the Law

APPARENTLY some religionists have a private supplement to the Shorter Catechism, reading:

Q. What is a sinner?

A. A man who takes a drink.

They talk as if this is a segment of immortal truth—which it isn't.

Certainly intemperate drinking is a menace to individuals and to society. So is intemperate driving. A law to stop all driving and to destroy all motor cars might end it, but, more likely, would end the career of the legislators who passed it, while the cars rolled on.

Maybe our way of dealing with reckless driving by fines and imprisonment is imperfect, even as our way of handling drunk-and-disorderly cases. But the law is meant to protect society against fools, not to make fools into wise men. The notion that such improvement can be made by any law is surely optimism to the point of absurdity.

For some time past, in most of the Provinces, efforts at individual reform by law and regulation and restriction have failed. Immoderate drinking is greater than ever. Everybody knows it. Why pretend any longer? Churchmen and other reformers may yet learn that to educate people is better than to bully them.

The Need of Patience

A CASUAL perusal of the newspapers should convince any intelligent person that few countries in the world are so happily situated as Canada. In every column we find despatches, sometimes very brief, which bring conviction that in every part of Europe and Asia problems exist more grievous than any which we have to face; problems which might well bring despair to many of us had we to face them.

There is no need to enter into detail; he who runs may read. Once again within a quarter of a century we have before us the unmistakable proof of the incalculable waste and futility of war as a solution of human problems. Most of the millions who in the end became grouped together as the United Nations realized this folly all along, but when faced with the issue of liberty's survival did not quail, and proved that they could fight as resolutely and with higher resourcefulness than the war criminals who learned no useful lessons from the conflict of 1914-18.

Though Canadians played their part gloriously they must all realize that a world whose chief energies have for nearly six years been diverted to the processes of waste and destruction, has created for itself postwar problems almost as grave as those of war itself. Canada in peace can no more escape aftermath problems of 1945 than it could those created by the gamblers' throw of the Axis powers in 1939. Neither our affairs nor those of any other nation can be restored in a day or a year to the conditions of even so troubled and apprehensive a period as 1938, the year of Munich.

Canada, owing to her remoteness from actual scenes of conflict, was happily situated, but who among us does not know friends who lost their sons; or can escape the sight of the injured and the maimed who were war's victims? The war years were unquestionably tough; but we would be living in a fool's paradise if we failed to realize that peace years are going to be tough for a while also.

To some it may seem that it is but emphasizing the obvious to set down these truisms. But anyone who keeps his ears open in street cars and other public places knows that a great many people are in need of counsel on the importance of patience at the present juncture. Hon. C. D. Howe has recently said, optimistically, that the most difficult period of reconversion will be over by the end of autumn. But it is certain that reconversion and successful readjustment will need the patient cooperation of the public at large. Governments cannot counsel patience; many would at once interpret it as an excuse for inaction. But others can do so; and all should realize that never was there more need for commonsense and clear vision than now.

Urban Transit

WITH the return of unlimited gasoline the streets of the larger Canadian cities are already showing alarming evidences of the congestion of traffic which will develop as soon as any appreciable number of new cars can be delivered to purchasers. It will never be possible to deal satisfactorily with this congestion so long as urban motor traffic proceeds from east to west and from north to south on the same level, so that at every crossing each stream continues in movement for only a minute or so and is then held up to allow the intersecting stream to cover the same ground.

Divided-level highways are the only possible solution of this problem, and town planners are perfectly aware of the fact. But aldermen and controllers, who seem as a rule to be less imaginative persons, and to keep their eyes fixed very firmly on the interest charges on the municipal debt, have so far entirely failed to realize what they are up against. Toronto happens to have been provided by nature with the easiest possible layout for a divided-level system of arteries, in the shape of the ravines which run almost all over it. It is true that they do not always run straight or in the desired direction; but a half-mile or so of added distance is insignificant in comparison with the enormous saving in capital cost which could be achieved by using these natural subways. One is impelled to wonder at times whether urban authorities ever look at the actual city whose life they manage—whether they do not derive all their ideas of it from street maps in which there is no indication of elevation.

DANCING LESSON

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The Returned Man's Mind

JUST at present everybody is honestly and sincerely anxious that everything possible in a material sense should be done for the returned man. Most are anxious that he should be primary beneficiary in plans for everyone's future security, now to the fore. Yet there is something that may be overlooked. It is that more than good-will is needed; with it must go sympathetic endeavor to understand the minds of the returned men.

The many thousands of service men, in all branches, now pouring off steamers cannot possibly be quite the same individuals as they were when they left Canada.

They are men who experienced a long period of stiff discipline and training in Britain prior to fighting as heroic as has been known in history; in Italy, Normandy, Holland and Western Germany; and these men have undoubtedly undergone a "sea change". Their outlook on life cannot be what it was when their families and friends saw them last, a truth not, perhaps, easily understood by civilians.

A thing many must have noticed is the desire of returned men, whether wounded or sound in wind and limb, for the continued society of those who were their comrades in arms. They find a freemasonry there lacking in their relations with those who remained at home. They find it psychologically difficult to readjust themselves to the old associations. One result of long service in which the individual is compelled to regard himself as a cog in the machine, and to have others do his thinking for him, is an undermining of initiative. That state of mind will be overcome in men so sturdy as our own, but for the present it is possible to expect too much of the service man "back on his own". To some who have been living for years on a private's or noncommissioned officer's pay, the wages available seem like riches. To young lads, in other branches of service, the inevitable reduction in earning power awakens dismay. An unthought of factor which startles skilled mechanics back in jobs, is the deduction for income tax. When overseas they did not realize how many hours a week the civilian wage-earner worked for the Government rather than for his own pocket-book. The returned man is back in what is for him literally a new world, a new way of life, and he needs all the consideration that can be given in readjusting himself.

The Passing Show

ONE of the casualties of the war's end is the dollar-a-year man for whom Ottawa has now no further use. It is to be hoped that prompt steps will be taken to fit these individuals for useful peacetime occupations.

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News service restrictions have been removed in Germany, and the population, so the rumor goes, knows as much of the outside world as the average North American citizen. About time, too. We have long suspected that our former enemy has been getting away with too many privileges.

•

From a B.U.P. wire: "Admiral Halsey's mighty flagship Missouri, leading a 100-mile long procession of Allied warships, anchored in the shadow of Fujiyama, and waited impatiently for minesweepers to clear a channel into Tokyo bay." And when a 53,000 ton battleship champs at the hawser, it really champs.

•

German war secrets, as revealed by Washington, include a process of making butter out of coal. And now all we want is some great fellow to come along and make coal out of butter.

•

The Real Love

The Pilot, from a prison-camp
Came home the other day.
He loves our weather, hot or damp.
He loves our girls of every stamp,
From sweet co-ed to noisy vamp.
And scarce can turn away.

But oh, a deeper love than these
Brings peace unto his soul,
A joy unknown while overseas,
White bread and butter, creamy cheese
And apple sauce to go with these,
Heaped in a china bowl.

J. E. M.

•

George Bernard Shaw declares that the English language should have forty-two letters in the alphabet, but surely what Mr. Shaw has not been able to say with the twenty-six available is scarcely worth saying.

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An order from W.P.T.B. states that supplies of castor oil are to be drastically restricted for the balance of the year. Junior is now hoping that he will be allowed to have his Christmas hangover in peace.

•

A new clothes washing machine has just been announced which will also make ice cream, peel potatoes and wash dishes. Splendid! We feel that the device should be encouraged to still further efforts.

•

Ten girls' bathing suits were found recently following the draining of a swimming pool in Hollywood. In these days it is just as well that the girls should check up closely before leaving the water.

•

"A good exercise for stout hips is to bump them hard against your bedroom wall," writes a beauty expert. Those who live in postwar houses should not have stout hips.

•

"Because of man's peculiar genius for destruction," writes a columnist, "we shall be compelled to go underground within the next hundred years." Personally, we never had much doubt about this.

•

They're Bearable

Lobster broiled, or lobster cold,
Crabmeat, gold-eyes, scallops,
Cheeses neatly veined with mold
Take the place of collops
Cut from bullock, lamb or swine.
Thus we starve (with sweetness
And content almost divine)
On the days called meatless.

J. E. M.

•

Tokyo was prompt to deny the recent rumor that Hirohito had committed hara-kiri. Evidently the prodigal son act does not appeal to the Son of Heaven.

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Ottawa statistics reveal that doctors have the least number of children, which is strange seeing that their profession should entitle them to wholesale rates.

•

Anyone can sing after six easy lessons, writes a SATURDAY NIGHT contributor. Questions relating to justifiable homicide should be addressed to our life insurance section.

•

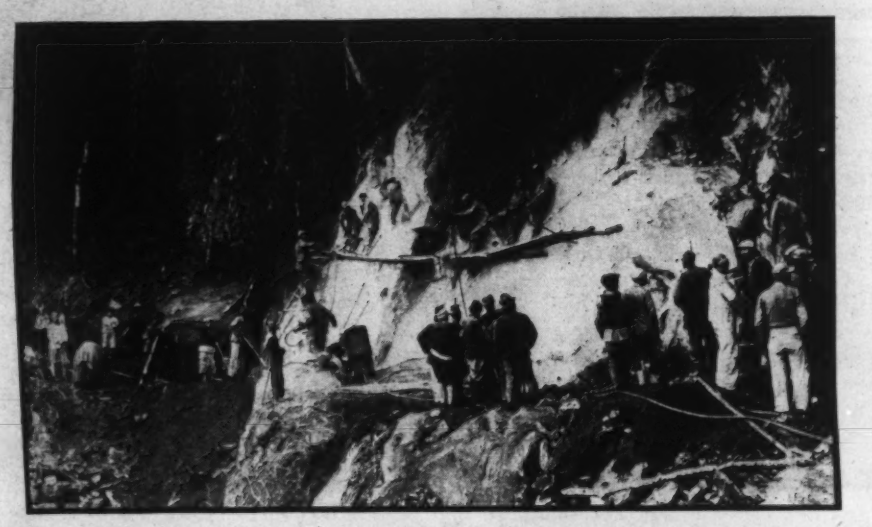
If a banker telephones three times about an overdraft of $4.86 what would he do about one of 42 billions? Cancel it, of course! So the whole is not always the sum of its parts.

Ledo Road Vital to China's Postwar Expansion

The road starts at Ledo in north-east India—extends to Kunming in China.

Through the mountains the road is tortuous and often roundabout —as here where it climbs a 12,000 foot spur of the Himalayas.

For centuries before the road was built the Chinese had led their hardy pack ponies over the rocky track that is now the Ledo Road.



Perched on bamboo scaffolding, American engineers are seen blasting some of the tremendous rocks which were removed in making the road.

Primitive ox-carts were used at first for most of the hauling. Here Kachins from the Burma hills build a bridge of red mahogany.

By Margaret K. Zieman

NOW that the war is over, China will be starting on its program of reconstruction, a program which to a larger degree than elsewhere will go in for modernization. And a modern highway like the Ledo Road cannot but serve as a powerful argument for the future construction of many other modern roads, destined to play their part in unifying China and furthering its economic progress.

Certain it is that the Ledo Road, built under such difficulties to insure supplies from abroad to fighting Chinese armies, will not be permitted to fall into disrepair and will continue to serve as an alternate route for bringing in supplies from the outside. China's overland war road—the backdoor to China, must still be rated of strategic and commercial importance, despite the fact that it is no longer the vital military artery it was during war years.

Along the Ledo Road, which follows an ancient tea and spice route across the mountains where travellers on the months-long foot journey have perished since the days of Marco Polo, cameraman Norman Herfort took the accompanying pictures which give a graphic idea of the magnitude of the task which the building of the road entailed.

Road builders began their task while Lieut. General Joseph Stilwell was driving the Japs out of Assam (north-eastern India) and as Stilwell drove further and further south towards Myitkyina the road builders followed almost on his heels. Often they were within 10 miles of the front line and many times they were under fire from Jap artillery or snipers. From Myitkyina the road was pushed on to link up with that part of the old Burma Road still in Chinese hands.

Strategic importance of the Ledo Road was enormous because for a long time it was the only route into China except for the "Hump" air route whose capacity was strictly limited. Since China's industrial capacity is negligible her feat in staving off complete conquest for 23 months under these conditions was an epic of human endurance and determination. Every seaport was in Japanese hands, while westward the hostile wastes of Tibet and unexplored mountain ranges cut the country off from India. Even the Burma road, before the Japs surged into British India was closed for one three-months period at the demand of Japan, backed by bombing threats.

THE Ledo Road, which joins the old Burma Road near the Chinese border is an all-weather highway whose protection from enemy attack will be vital to any future war movement inside China, Burma and French Indo-China.

Great men participated in the opening of this route. It was the brainchild of Lieut. General Joseph Stilwell, who was recalled to the United States before the task was completed. Major General Orde Charles Wingate led his troops deep into Burma on a heroic mission that helped clear the way for the roadbuilders. The road was built across country where Kublai Khan's armies marched 800 years ago, by Brigadier General Lewis Pick and engineers who built the famous Alaska-Canada highway.

Half-a-dozen races cooperated to force this vital supply way through mountain and jungle. American engineers blasted rock which separated teams working from the south from the Chinese, hewing their way from the north. Often through the mountains the road twists for miles to traverse a few hundred yards of territory. Every available resource was employed to push the road ahead. Kachin natives (even the children), from the hills of Burma, worked as laborers. Primitive ox-carts as well as trucks were used for hauling materials. More than 1,000 bridges and several culverts had to be constructed. Huge logs of native red mahogany were used in building bridges. Thousands of Chinese worked every hour of daylight to help complete the road. Their camps were mere bivouacs, the only homes most of them possessed.

Food supplies were dropped to the workers as they progressed. Mostly rice was carried and the manner of dropping it was not by parachute. The goods were dropped at tree-top height into open clearings. The rice was placed in a tight-fitting bag and then the entire enclosed in a large loose bag. On hitting the ground the inner tight bag would burst but the outer bag would contain the rice.

At Kunming, Chinese terminal of the road, Chinese soldiers stand sentry, guarding this backdoor into China, which meant so much during the war, and which should continue in peacetime as a vital artery of trade into the hinterlands.

Much of the route was cut through jungle. Here coolies, heavily laden, toil past a line of trucks near the Chinese border.

Rice for the workers was dropped by planes, but this lot came by Chinese caravan train. American M. P.'s are checking the supplies.

At Kunming, end of the road, this Chinese soldier stands on guard.

Family and Child Welfare A National Concern

When a father pals with his boys, child behavior problems are not likely to arise.

What a contrast are these little fellows whose only playground is the curb? Family and child welfare agencies perform unique services in reducing child delinquency.

They befriend children like these who suffer most from the shortage of decent housing.

By Eunice Madden

THROUGHOUT the ages, family life with all its joys and sorrows, its privileges and responsibilities, has been the corner stone on which our civilization has rested.

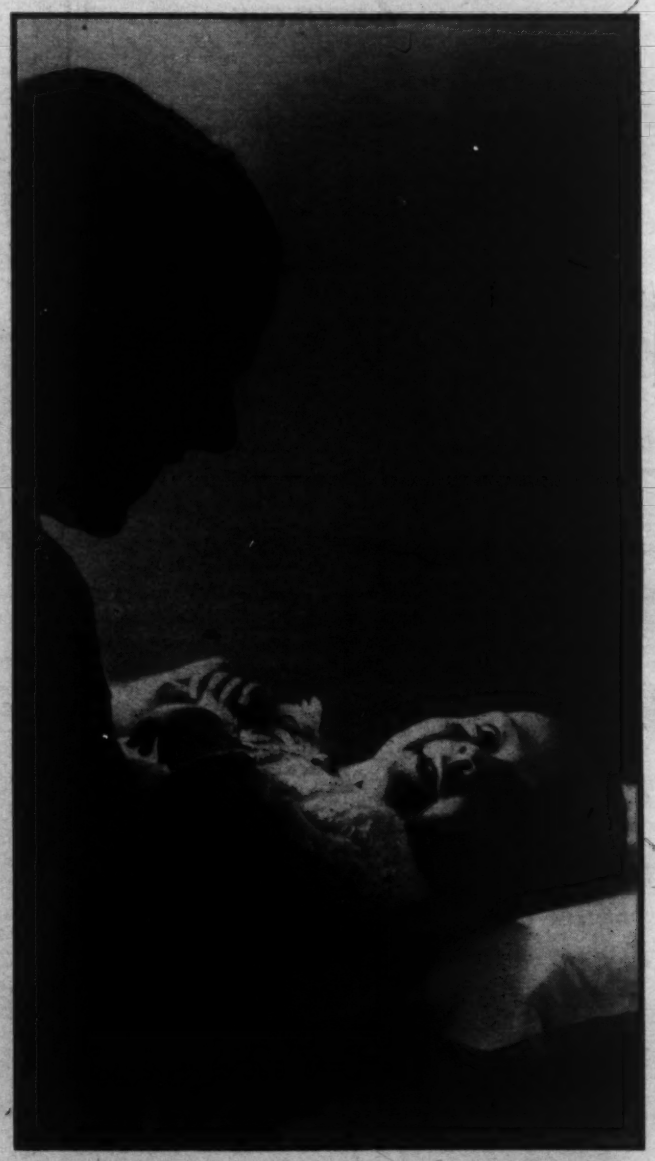
The family is a little picture of the wider life outside. It is in the family circle and family relationships that we learn to live with one another, to share duties and pleasures and interests, to accept responsibility and to understand in an intimate and personal way what is meant by interdependence, by the play of personality on personality and the fusing of different interests in the commonweal of the family arraigned against the buffets of the outside world. It is in the family that the disciplines of life are learned, that mental, emotional and spiritual signposts are set up which serve as guides for good or ill throughout the rest of life.

Family life has suffered many attacks during the war years, has faced many hazards. Separation on account of war service, anxiety and grief have played their grim part in shaking foundations not deeply rooted. Disruption of daily routine due to employment of a mother removing her from home duties and responsibilities has rocked the normal course of home life and adequate care of children. The very serious inadequacy of decent housing has perhaps been the very strongest factor disrupting the wholesome tenor of family life. Loose and vicious habits of living, always more noticeable during a period of war, have also made inroads and many other trends and conditions could be enumerated which constitute serious threats today to the constructive and sound development of the Canadian family and home.

That family life has survived these impacts and survived also, throughout history, the threats and attacks upon it, is an indication of its vitality, its resiliency and its unquenchable spirit. Homes which have strength and stability and family life which is rooted in affection and mutual respect are the most important single factor in building good citizenship.

There are, unfortunately, however, many situations in which family life is broken or perhaps seriously cracking under the strains imposed upon it. Other situations indicate potential trouble. The family welfare agencies of Canada are performing yeoman service in such instances. Through skilled and understanding counselling service, they are endeavoring to help husbands and wives, fathers and mothers to build a home life which will withstand the hazards which may come upon it and to provide an environment from which will come men and women well equipped to give leadership and service in their generation and lead happy and fruitful lives.

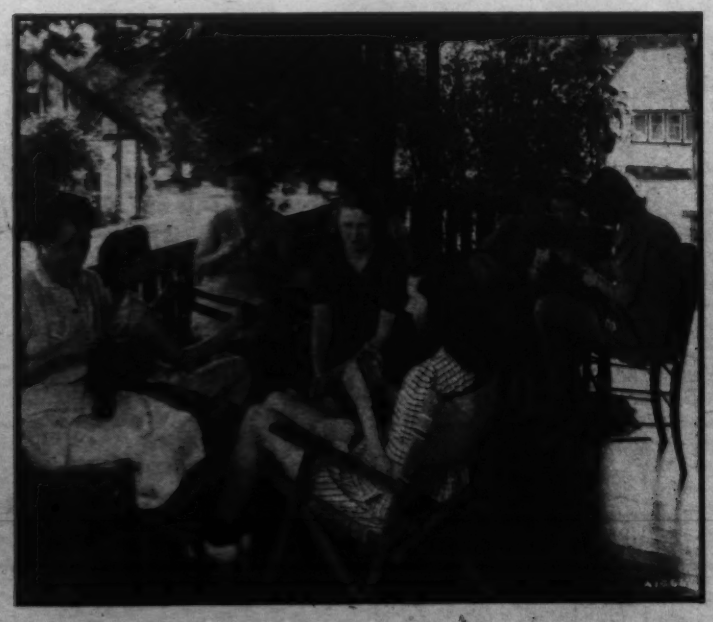
A very large proportion of the six million dollars which will be collected by the community welfare funds in their campaigns being held between September 1st and October 10th will be allocated to various types of family service.



Proud of her son! The Victorian Order Nurse taught this young mother the principles of infant care.

Community welfare services make possible many comforts and pleasures for our senior citizens.

Fresh Air Camps provide inexpensive summer outings for both mothers and children. Here: making the application.



Making friends with other mothers in the delightful environment of the camp operated by one welfare agency.

Campers acquire new skills and interests while getting the rest that overworked mothers of small children need.

Do Rental Rules Mean End of the Landlord?

By STANLEY McCONNELL

The author discusses in a lighter vein some possible effects of Rental Control regulations which seek to relieve the housing shortage by impairing the ordinary contractual rights governing property—a policy which he believes discourages initiative and defeats the end in view.

A FRIEND of mine came to see me the other day with a very unusual scheme. "I intend," he said, "to start a Society for the Preservation of Psychopathic Landlords. I hope you will consent to be one of the charter members. It's a very worthy cause."

"But why preserve landlords in any case?" I asked.

"In the interest of tenants. If there aren't any landlords, there can't be any tenants. You see the ramifications of the problem."

"Problems have a habit of ramifying," I agreed, "but I don't see how your proposal would simplify this one."

"Then consider this. Since so many people choose to be tenants, rather than property owners, they must find it to their advantage, I mean taking good times with bad. In the past they have usually been able to find a landlord willing to rent to them, pay property and school taxes and assume other obligations incidental to ownership and adjust the tenant's complaints. It looks now as if landlords would shortly become extinct. Then what will happen to tenants?"

"Granted that landlords perform a useful function, why psychopathic landlords?" I countered.

"I was coming to that." He lowered his voice. "I don't want to be quoted on this, but frankly landlords as a class are going mental. You've probably seen the odd one on the street, walking about in a daze, or talking to himself."

"I have seen several," I admitted, "but didn't suppose. . ."

Frustration

"You've heard of the rat experiment?" he continued. "By a series of carefully calculated frustrations, rats have been driven insane. First they become neurotic, then plain balmy. I don't claim it's deliberate in the case of landlords but the effect is the same. They become psychopathic. That's where my Society will come in—to restore the landlords and incidentally preserve the tenants."

"But why are landlords particularly frustrated?"

"Let's take a few illustrations. As a wartime emergency measure, rents were frozen. No one complained particularly, as it was part of a general policy. At the same time, the landlord's operating costs weren't frozen, nor did he receive a cost-of-living bonus when prices rose. He was caught in a double squeeze. Then there's the question of possession. In the past, a property owner has always enjoyed the right to occupy his own house. He has to occupy some living quarters somewhere and why not his own? Because of the housing shortage, a new ruling required him to give six months' notice to get possession.

"There was no particular hardship in that," I pointed out.

"Perhaps not, but the point is that the property owner was being pared down. His rights were diminishing, his obligations increasing. The house shortage was becoming more acute. Many tenants, in order to get accommodation, decided to purchase. Under the ruling they could enjoy the privilege of moving into their own houses in six months as a minimum or a maximum of a year. In the meantime little or nothing was done to relieve the housing shortage. Naturally it became worse. The Emergency Shelter Administration was set up under which tenants were required to procure a Hunting License before looking for accommodation and the landlord had to get permission from the Rental Control before he could give a tenant notice to move under the former ruling."

"But wasn't all this necessary to tide over an emergency?"

"Let us follow it through, remembering that we're dealing with minds—the minds of tenants and landlords, also that tenants and landlords frequently change their position as their own interests dictate. The next step in the freezing process was to freeze all tenants in their present quarters. The tenant who had purchased a house could not occupy it. An owner can sell his house but cannot occupy it. A purchaser can buy it but if he wants accommodation, he is no better off."

"It's pretty complicated, all right," I said, not wishing to commit myself.

Relative Hardship

"It's more than that," he insisted. "We haven't really entered the ramifications yet. Take, for example, the doctrine of Relative Hardship. That, as my paternal grandsire would have said, is a Hum-Dinger. To temper the wind to the shorn lamb, it is provided that up to a certain date, in the case of a landlord who can prove to the Court of Appeals that he would sustain greater hardship than the tenant by being deprived of occupancy, the ruling shall not apply. Just how the question of relative hardship should be applied is presumably left to the presiding judge. Possibly he would inaugurate a point system, following the demobilization precedent, allowing so many points for children, for comparative income and such pertinent factors as age, mental anguish and fallen arches."

"But what alternative would you suggest?" I enquired.

"I'm not suggesting any. I'm merely pointing out that people have minds which work according to certain laws. You can even learn something from mouse psychology. A friend of mine discovered a mouse in her kitchenette. He was quite clean, respectable and well-behaved, apparently being aware of the Obnoxious Tenants exemption in the Act. At the same time he knew his rights. Instead of darting off as a normal mouse should on being disturbed, he sauntered casually away, as if to say: 'Well, what are you doing to do about it? I'm here and I'm going to stay. We're frozen. Consult your Act.'"

Apply Psychology

"But how would you apply psychology to the housing crisis?"

"In the first place, I would recognize that in any circumstances, people will normally act in what they conceive to be their own best interest. If they want to buy, sell or rent, it is because they can see an advantage in doing so. If you take away the advantage, you take away all incentive for action of any kind. That is where landlord psychology applies. Who will go into the business of supplying the needs of tenants' needs, that is to say, building and renting houses and apartments and improving property, if you hedge them about with all kinds of restrictions, order them about, hale them into court and make it both unpleasant and unprofitable for them to do business? What investor will want to risk his capital under such conditions?"

"But if there is an emergency . ." I protested.

"There would always be an emergency. Nothing was done to release manpower and materials to meet the shortage. Everything has been done to remove incentives, to discourage initiative and to inhibit action. Mental hazards have been created in the minds of property owners and tenants. Everyone is jittery. No one is sure what he will be allowed to do or when he has done it, whether some new ruling will not upset his plns. The normal, voluntary relationship of landlord and tenant has been broken. People with large houses who would otherwise be willing to rent rooms or flats to relieve the shortage are afraid to admit tenants when they are unable to terminate the relationship at their own discretion."

Landlords' Rest Home

"But where does your Society enter the picture?"

"It could function as a Rest Home for landlords and tenants suffering from sheer frustration and neurosis. They could start with croquet or bowling and perhaps eventually take up golf. In fact, they would engage in any activity which gave a sporting chance that a given action would lead to a given result. In this way, they might finally be restored as useful citizens. Of course, there would have to be psychopathic wards for violent cases and the staff and equipment of a modern psychiatric hospital. The Society could also inaugurate an educational program for legislators as a preventive measure and thus attack the problem at its source. There are many activities which suggest themselves."

"But you've forgotten one thing," I reminded him. "Wouldn't the Society's program call for a large expenditure, not merely financial, but of materials and labor so badly needed for the construction of houses?"

"One can't think of everything," he replied. "That's just another of the ramifications."

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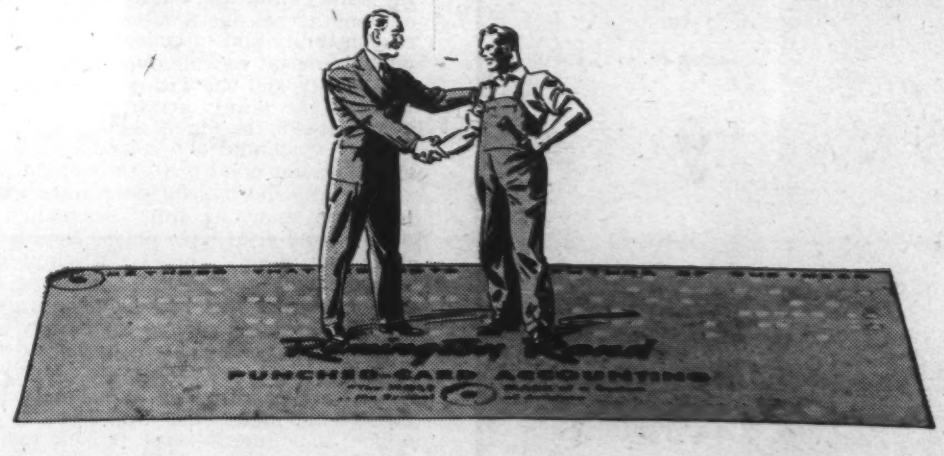

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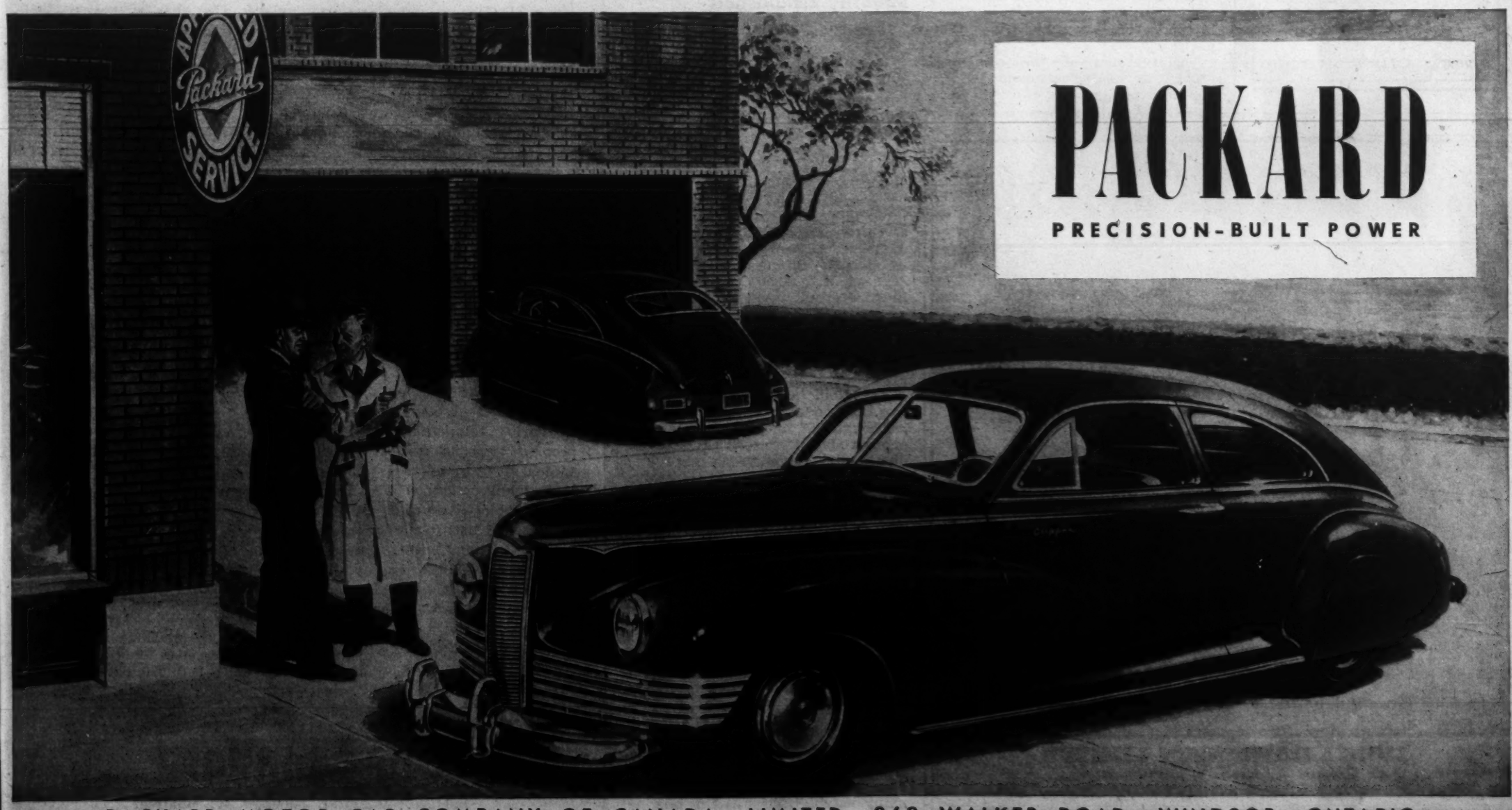
In short, for your sake, and your country's sake, do everything you can to keep your car rolling. Even when new cars start coming off the assembly lines once again, it may be longer than you think before you can buy one!

» ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE «



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THE OTTAWA LETTER

New Faces and Untested Ability A Feature of New Parliament

By WILFRID EGGLESTON

THE 21st Parliament since Confederation brings many new faces to the Green Chamber. The mortality of the general election in June was high: 103 members of this House were not members of the last. It is only sixteen years since the writer first sat in the Press Gallery, yet of the 245 members of that day, I could find, on a hurried count, less than a score who are still in the House.

Of these the Prime Minister himself has the longest record: he first came to Ottawa from North Waterloo in 1908 and was chosen Minister of Labor by Sir Wilfrid Laurier. Are there any others in the present House who sat with Sir Wilfrid? Yes, two: Hon. P. J. A. Cardin, who was first elected at the general election of 1911, and Hon. Charles G. (Chubby) Power, who came to Ottawa in 1917. Three members in the present House were first elected 24 years ago: Hon. George Black, of the Yukon, Mark Senn of Haldimand and Joseph Harris of Toronto.

Some well-known Parliamentary figures are among the missing this time. There was A. W. Neill, the Independent member for Comox-Alberni, who spent 24 years in the House: his biting irony was sometimes the most mordant feature of a long debate: He will be missed. There was the gentle, kindly figure of "Billy" Esling, with a record of 20 consecutive years. There was "Tom" Crerar, now elevated to the Red Chamber: He came to Ottawa at the time of the Union Government in 1917, and though he did not sit continuously since then (he was away between 1922 and 1929) yet he was, after Mackenzie King, the senior member of the Privy Council in the House.

Hon. R. B. Hanson is missing: he first came to Parliament in 1921. So is Col. J. L. Ralston, who first came to Ottawa in 1926, but who had sat in the Nova Scotia Legislature in 1911 and who contested a federal seat as far back as 1908—the year Mackenzie King squeezed by in a tight contest, in a riding traditionally Conservative.

Other Veterans Gone

Other members who had sat in the House for a considerable period and are now missing include Gordon Ross of Moose Jaw, Sam Factor of Toronto, Ross Gray of Sarnia, Dr. F. W. Gershaw of Medicine Hat (who went to the Senate), Dr. J. P. Howden of St. Boniface, Dr. J. R. Hurtubise, Donald Mackenzie of Neepawa (beaten by John Bracken), Gerry McGeer of Vancouver, Billy Moore of Ontario riding, E. E. Perley of Qu'Appelle (another 'old-timer' of the House who was beaten by Mrs. Gladys Strum, sole woman member of the new assembly), Roy Graham of Swift Current, one of the real "finds" of the last Parliament, F. G. Sanderson, deputy Speaker of the House for several years, "Billy" Taylor of Norfolk, chief Liberal Whip for some time, and Gray Turgeon, member for Cariboo. Since it was the Liberal representation in the House which was severely slashed in the June election (from nearly 180 down to 127) it is not surprising that most of these missing figures were from that party.

The fortunes of the campaign brought us, of course, among the 103 new members, at least two who were here before and are returning, others who have already established some political reputation in provincial legislatures, a few eminent in some other line than politics, and a great many who have yet to make their name, novices whose performance in debate and in committee will be followed with interest and sympathy.

There is "Bill" Irvine, who first contested a federal election back in 1917 and was defeated, but succeeded four years later. In 1925 he was again defeated, but he came back in 1926 and then sat here continuously until he was beaten by a Social Credit candidate in 1935. In all previous contests he ran in Alberta: this time he comes from the Cariboo. There is John T. Hackett of Stanstead, who beat a Bloc Populaire member to become the Progressive Conservatives sole representative from Quebec: he first ran in 1926 and came to Ottawa in 1930.

Most eminent of the newcomers is, of course, John Bracken, the Progressive Conservative leader. He was Premier of Manitoba from 1922 until he was chosen to his new post three years ago. It will be his first experience in opposition; his first bow in the federal arena. W. E. N. Sinclair is another newcomer with long experience in the provincial field: he was, of course Liberal leader in Ontario in the days of Howard Ferguson. Dave Croll also won his spurs in provincial politics: he was Minister of Public Welfare and Municipal Affairs. Solon Low comes as the new Social Credit leader: He was Provincial Treasurer in Aberhart's Cabinet.

Among the newcomers who for one reason or another will be watched with especial interest are Mrs. Gladys Strum, the sole lady of the new House, who not only beat E. E. Perley (the only Saskatchewan Conservative to survive the anti-Bennett sweep in 1935) but General McNaughton to boot; J. M. Macdonnell, whose eminence in business and long experience in public affairs is expected to find an outlet in parliamentary debate; A. L. Smith of Calgary, reputed an able lawyer and debater; General Pearkes, whose outspoken comment on Canada's manpower policy may be echoed in the coming session; Colonel Cecil Merritt, who was awarded the V.C. for his exceptional courage and resource under fire at Dieppe in 1942.

Majority Established

The decision of several Liberals who were elected as "Independents" to join the Liberal caucus minus the qualifying adjective settles, apparently, any indecision as to whether the government will have a clear-cut majority in the House. After the election, most compilations gave the Liberals only 118 or 119 "sure" supporters, which is not enough, in a house of 245, for stability. But the late Colonel Normandin, whose task as editor of the Parliamentary Guide made it necessary to ascertain the exact party affiliation of the various degrees of Quebec's "independence" in Liberalism, reported a few days ago that 125 members now style themselves full supporters of Mackenzie King, that there are two Independent Liberals, Messrs. Pouliot and Gibson (the latter successor to A. W. Neill in Comox-Alberni), and five Independents.

Though 126 may seem a slender enough majority, especially after deducting the name of Gaspard Fauteux, the new Speaker, an examination of the opposition shows that the normal government majority except under the most unusual circumstances, is likely to be at least twenty votes. As against 126 government supporters, the combined vote of the three main opposition parties is only 107, and judging from past experience, it would require a freak issue to bring all the Social Crediters, all the C.C.F. members, and the Progressive Conservatives together en masse against a government motion.

In contrast to the last two Parliaments, however, the opposition will be large and relatively strong, which is a very desirable feature in a Parliament which has to grapple with as many notable issues as this one.

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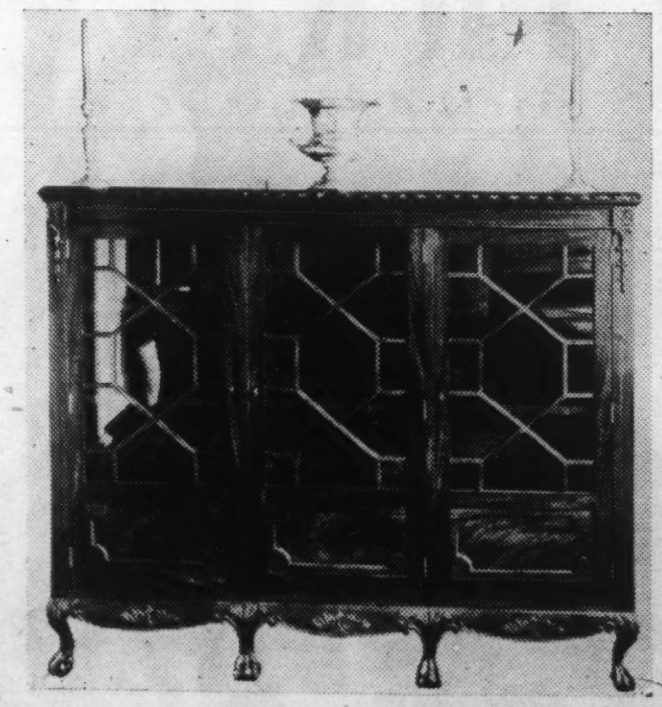

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The Last Train From Leipzig

The day after Germany invaded Poland, Winifred Bambrick boarded the last train from Leipzig. As she scrambled aboard, her one thought was to escape, she had no idea that this was her first step on the road to fame as an author.

The story goes back to Ottawa where she was born. Encouraged by her parents, Miss Bambrick had shown great promise as a child harpist, and made her public debut at the age of 12 in New York. There she was instantly acclaimed, by press and public alike, for her talent and versatility. Her renditions of modern music, combined with her brilliant technique in concertos, attracted the attention of one of America's most famous band leaders. An engagement followed immediately, and she appeared throughout the United States, Mexico, Canada and Cuba.

Her career seemed established. True, she did have an omnivorous reading appetite, reading at least one new book a day. She did enjoy meeting people. But as yet, there was no indication of her talent as a writer. Her childhood was spent travelling thousands of miles, appearing before countless audiences including concert appearances at Carnegie Hall and feature broadcasts over the National Broadcasting Company network.

London called, and in 1935 she left for a concert tour of Great Britain, appearing with many famous London bands in broadcasts over the B.B.C.

Fate intervened at this time and she succumbed, as she says to "a mad desire to know more of the different peoples of the globe." An offer of a contract by an impresario for a concert tour on the continent of Europe offered her this chance, and she accepted.

On the Continent, a whole new world appeared before her eyes. Travelling with her on the tour were peoples of many lands, and of varied temperaments. These people, their characters, their speech, their mannerisms made a lasting impression on Miss Bambrick's retentive mind.

August of 1939 found her travelling in Germany with the troupe. September 1st, 1939, the day Germany invaded Poland, Miss Bambrick, together with other British members of the troupe boarded the last train from Leipzig and reached England on that fateful day, September 3, 1939.

For a while, through some of the worst of the blitz and the Battle of Britain, Miss Bambrick continued her musical career. Finally, early in 1941, she sailed for Canada and set about doing her bit by taking a job in a war plant near Montreal.

Far away from Europe, and the excitement of the travelling and playing, she began thinking about the places she had seen and the people she had met. The more she thought about it, the more she thought other people might like to read about her travels.

She wrote a book.

She brought the manuscript in to The Standard. The fiction editor, always on the lookout for a fresh approach read it carefully, casually appraised it as another travelogue, a sketchy Baedeker guide to Europe. However, he had a talk with the budding author. As she recounted some of her experiences with her travelling companions, he realized that here was a wealth of material for short stories. It was another case of turning an author's mind in the right direction.

He persuaded her to re-write the book as a novel—written about people instead of about places. He also suggested that some of the chapters of the novel be written in such a way that they could be used as short stories in The Standard. The first of these stories appeared in The Standard in April 1944. It attracted reader interest immediately. Several more followed, all of them well received. Winifred Bambrick, the little girl who started out in life as a harpist, had successfully entered the ranks of popular writers.

This fall, Faber & Faber, of London, England, will publish her novel. In accepting the book, Geoffrey Faber wrote: "Of course, nobody can say that a book will make the same impression on the public that it makes on a publisher, but there is no question of the skill with which Miss Bambrick has painted her large and remarkable canvas."

* * * *

The Standard publishes this advertisement, not only as a tribute to Miss Bambrick, but also as further evidence of its editorial policy of encouraging new authors into the field and of providing more than 200,000 Canadian families with fiction that is both original and entertaining.

The Standard

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Will Atoms Make Power Soon Virtually Free?

By JOHN J. O'NEILL

Are we really going to have automobiles with sealed energy units which will never need refuelling, atom-power heated houses with no furnaces or chimneys, factories and steamships and locomotives run by atomic energy and airplanes able to stay in the air for ever as far as fuel is concerned? Mr. J. J. O'Neill thinks so and he is by way of being an authority, having been for years Science Editor of The New York Herald Tribune, and as such a well-known writer on science matters.

RELEASE of atomic energy is the most gigantic and important achievement of the human race in conquering its environment.

It can be received as a blessing that will make it possible for the human race to create a close approach to an earthly paradise in its home on earth —if used with wisdom—or it can bring about a more realistic inferno than anything the human race has experienced thus far, if it is used for selfish purposes.

All the freedoms and comforts which man enjoys can be reduced to terms of energy available to him with which to work out his ideas. When he had to depend on the energy of his muscles his work was endless and his freedoms few.

Coal, when we learned to use it as a fuel and source of power, brought the present power age which made it possible for man to have days of leisure in his week, hours of recreation in his days, and at the same time provide an era of plenty in the matter of necessities and a vast array of luxuries and comforts.

The amount of power now used in the United States gives each person the daily equivalent of thirty-seven horsepower hours of energy. On the basis of human work output this is equivalent to each individual in the country having seven slaves working for him every hour of the day.

Cheaper Than Coal

Atomic energy will increase vastly the energy available to us. Uranium gives off 3,000,000 times as much energy as an equal weight of coal. It will not be 3,000,000 times as cheap because of processing expenses. If we are able to get the advantage of only one tenth of 1 per cent of this output, coal will be more than 1,000 times as expensive as uranium.

With such a tremendous leeway atomic energy unquestionably will be made extremely cheap—like "free air" at the service stations.

Industrial projects on an almost free energy basis, in factories operated to a large extent by robots, will be able to turn out a mass production of goods unparalleled by anything we have done heretofore.

In time a tremendous unemployment problem will be created which will make the depression seem like a busy period unless we make arrangements to prevent it, and these arrangements can be devised along engineering lines. We will tackle tremendous national projects. One may be a new vacuum tube transportation system in which we will travel to the coast in half an hour.

Atomic energy will be used first in power houses, our present establishments, where it will be transformed into electricity. Our homes, factories and offices will be heated by electricity. There will be no coal bin or furnace in any cellar. Houses will not have chimneys. They will be air-conditioned. They may be artificially lighted at all times.

Our automobiles eventually will have atomic energy units built into them at the factory so that we will never have to refuel them. They will be operated by steam engines of a new type.

There will be some delay in providing these automobiles as a way must first be found to shut off from passengers the tremendously powerful radiation—much more powerful than the hardest X-rays. This can now be done but the weight or bulk of the materials required is too great to meet practical considerations. The problem is far from being insoluble.

Steamships and locomotives operated by atomic energy will be practical in a short time. So will very large airplanes. Airplanes powered with atomic energy will be able to stay in the air for any length of time as far as fuel is concerned—for the lifetime if the ship will hold together.

There are a host of operations that could be performed directly by atomic energy, such as cooking food, by a process even simpler than electricity, as not even wire connections would be required. But it is possible that in the home electricity will be used instead.

In a relatively short time we will cease to mine coal. The gasoline service station will disappear from the road sides. The coal industry will disappear but the oil industry will remain, not as a fuel producer but as a producer of chemical products such as synthetic rubber, plastics and a host of other substances.

With vast amounts of cheap energy available to handle excess water we may find it cheaper to mine the ocean for a great number of the mineral substance for which we now dig holes in the ground. It also may become the source of new types of food supplies.

The technical effects of the world going on a new energy basis will have international repercussions. On the economic side the war has been directed towards control of oil and mineral supplies of the world. Campaigns and territorial changes have been based on oil control. Now oil will fade out of the picture.

There will no longer be strategic supplies of minerals as atomic energy will make it possible to work the poorest grades of ores that are very widely distributed.

• •

A TRUE PROPHET

"AND I doubt not but posterity will find things that are now but rumors verified into practical realities. It may be some ages hence as ordinary to buy a pair of wings to fly into remotest regions as now a pair of boots to ride a journey. And to confer at the distance of the Indies by sympathetic conveyances may be as usual to future times, as to us in a literary correspondence."

—Joseph Glanville in "The Vanity of Dogmatizing", 1661.

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THE LIGHTER SIDE

Everyone Reads The Comic Strips It's Hard To Say Just Why

By MARY LOWREY ROSS

AS SOON as the morning or evening paper comes into the house the children seize it and spreading it and themselves on the floor, brood silently over the comics. They never laugh at anything in the comic section. But when I ask them why they are so fond of it they always say trustfully, "Because it's funny."

Sometimes I have watched grown-ups reading the comics in the streetcars and their faces invariably wear the comic-strip look—an expression of brooding vacancy gently touched by melancholy. In fact there is nothing to distinguish an adult reading the comic-strips from an adult reading the obituary column. Apparently a strict un-funniness is one of the rules that govern the making of comic sections. In spite of this everyone reads them, and recently I have taken to reading them myself in order to find out the secret of their particular magic. So far all I have been able to discover is a sort of sober witlessness. I've even tried reading the comic section up and down instead of laterally and though it gains a little in incoherence it still isn't funny.

At first I set down the universal absorption in the comics to the national childlikeness of the American character. This theory seemed to be borne out when Mayor LaGuardia read the comics aloud over the radio during the newspaper strike; for Mayor LaGuardia with all his vision and energy is still in many ways just a large vivid hyper-thyroid child himself.

As it turned out, the argument stirred up by Mayor LaGuardia's act of benevolence produced a number of new angles on the problem of the comics. One was that people read the comics not because they are funny, which they obviously aren't, but because they represent the common touch. It was pointed out that during the banking crisis of 1933 Henry Ford took time off to send a telegram to Harold Gray, the creator of "Little Orphan Annie." Mr. Gray, it seemed had created a national crisis of his own by having Orphan Annie lose her dog Sandy . . . "Please do all you can to find Sandy. We are all interested," writes Henry Ford. This seemed to establish the ultimate justification not only for the comic section but for Henry Ford, a man of noble simplicity who differed from his fellow creatures only in his ability to make a billion dollars.

AT THIS point it looked as though one would have to be born again, either as a little child or as the Common Man, to enter the Kingdom of Comics. Actually however it is even more complicated than that. Recently I have discovered a sort of *avant garde* group of comic-section followers who don't belong in either of the above categories. One is a Rhodes Scholar and Greek classicist who has been following the Jiggs and Maggie strip for twenty-five years and claims that it represents the artist's savage attack on the matriarchal system of America. One is a distinguished biochemist, who is devoted to "Li'l Abner." Another, a leftist literary critic, is a fanatical follower of Blondie and Dagwood.

"Do you mean to say you never read 'Blondie'?" she said, and when I said I had seen it in the movies she gave me the kind of look I would have expected if I had admitted that I had never read "A la Reserche du Temps Perdu," except in the Scott-Moncrieff translation.

"You can't possibly appreciate Blondie that way," she said, "you have to follow it in the original strip."

THE "Li'l Abner" enthusiasts are, I have found, the most ardent and articulate of the *avant garde* group. When two or more are in a room together they have a wonderful time exchanging quips in the Li'l Abner idiom, or matching Li'l Abner episodes amid gales of happy laughter. To an outsider it all sounds strangely stupefying, as though one were listening to someone recounting a long involved dream, or to a little child trying to describe a movie. In the end however it usually sends me back to "Li'l Abner," to discover what it is I must have missed. It's never any use however. For whatever it is that these trained and literate minds see in, for instance, a dialogue between a couple of bosomy blondes ("She's no more his wife than a flatiron but (sob) she's legally married to him. Oh that makes it *so* confoosing!") goes right over my head.

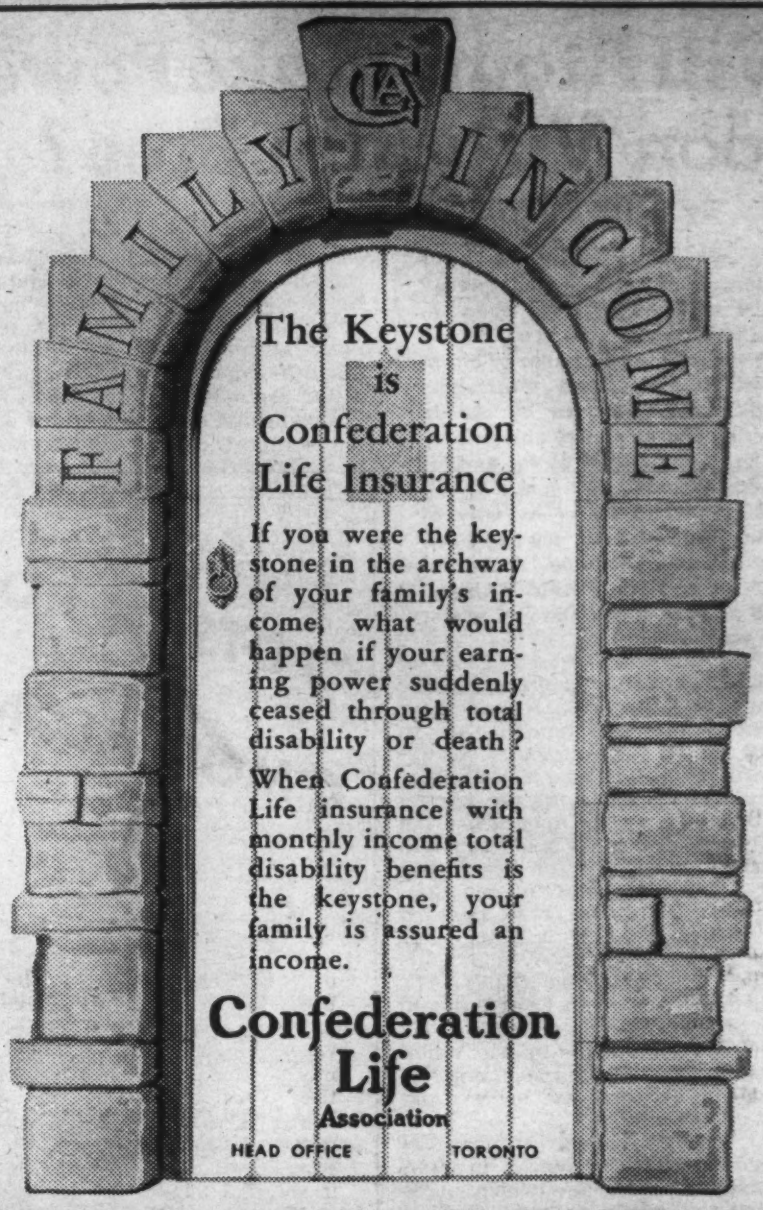
There is no doubt however that their enthusiasm is geniune and their knowledge of "Li'l Abner" scholarly and acute. Once or twice I have invented episodes for Li'l Abner in order to trap them but I invariably get trapped myself. "Did you see the one where he put out packages of Poison Ivy Crispies for Cerebral Kiddies?" I ask, and they look at me as though I had attempted to pass off as original a parody of Finnegan's Wake. "You made it up," they say instantly, "You'd never find a thing like that in 'Li'l Abner'."

They are not to be fooled by inferior brands of folk culture either. Once, for instance I made the mistake of sending a "Li'l Abner" enthusiast, a professor of Romance Languages, off to see Abbott and Costello. I said that while their work was repetitious, it was true comedy, violently transposed from the material of tragedy, and that between them they represented the catharsis of laughter and pity; also that the inevitable sequence which shows Costello riding on the end of a firetruck ladder represents the traditional *frisson* of the comedy theatre in which the pressure of terror explodes in violent laughter. I built up a wonderful Abbott and Costello myth right on the spot and ended by almost believing it myself. Greatly stimulated, my friend hurried off to see "Here Come the Grads." When I met him some time later he said that Abbott and Costello were a pair of incredible oafs who should be back in the low-class burlesque house where they belonged, and whatever gave me the idea I was a movie critic?

LITERATE admirers of the comic section rarely claim that comics are funny. They talk instead about their verbal inventiveness, which I take to mean their dramatic use of such words as "whoosh" and "oops," and they admire them for their extraordinarily expert draughtsmanship. I still have to be convinced on the latter point however. The better ones are certainly superior to the worst ones; but then the worst ones look rather like doodling on a telephone pad.

This is as far as my investigations have carried me in the field of the comic section. Sketchy as my findings are however they should prove that everybody reads the comics, including the group that reads them to discover what on earth everybody sees in them.

Over forty representatives of Westmoreland Youth organizations in England took part in a farewell ceremony to the staff and students of the Lycée Française de Londres. At the outbreak of the war these French students studying in London were evacuated to the shore of Lake Ullswater and at the end of this term they are returning to London. English and French students are seen dancing on the lawn by the sunlit lake.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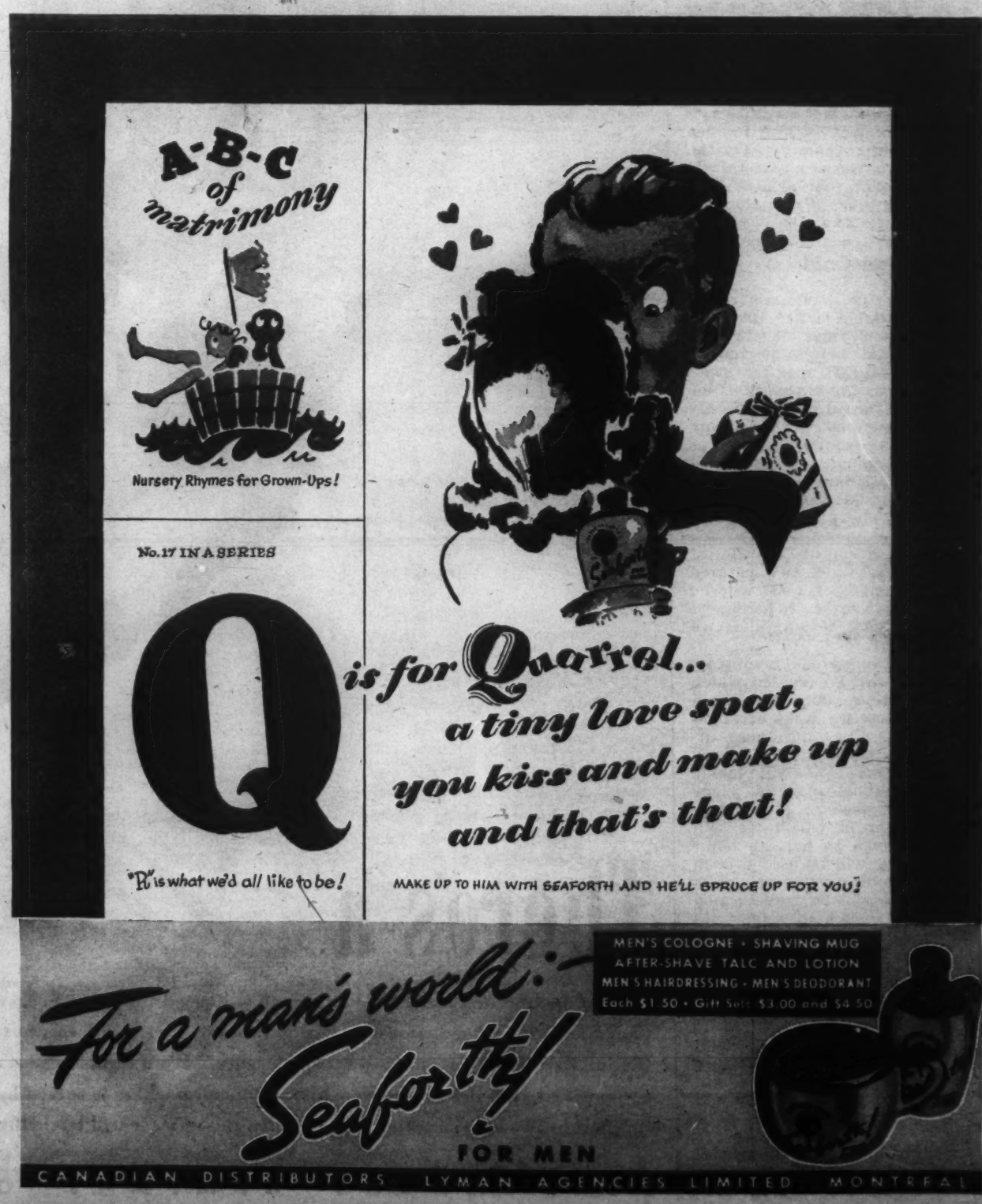
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Ten Years To Remove War's Death-Traps

By MICHAEL BARON

Millions of mines and other explosive articles all over the world have now to be removed, as well as tank obstructions, shelters, emergency pipes, miles of barbed wire, undersea obstacles and thousands of mines in the seas.

The task of clearing all these away is a hazardous as well as lengthy one, for the idea that high explosive is rendered harmless by time is erroneous. This was proved after the last war by the tragic fate of a salvage ship, which, in trying to clear from off the French coast the wreck of a freighter which had been filled with explosive, was itself blown to pieces.

THE great explosion at a large arms dump at Dunkirk recently while French and German soldiers were rendering shells harmless is a reminder that the task of clearing up the mess of the war is going to be a dangerous as well as a very long job.

All over the world are now almost countless dumps of shells, ammunition, bombs and explosive of all kinds. In addition there are many millions of landmines still buried, tens of thousands of mines in the sea. In France alone there are estimated to be still some 30,000,000.

The removal of each is a hazard, yet the work is urgent for the mines render useless thousands of acres of valuable agricultural land. Some time ago the Russians announced that they had cleared large parts of the Ukraine and Byelorussia of explosive articles—mines and unexploded shells or bombs—and that the number removed exceeded twelve million.

The removal of explosive articles alone represents a tremendous task that will not be completed for years. But it is only part of the task of clearing up after the battles of the last six years. In Britain, for instance, there are millions of miles of barbed wire that must be removed, countless concrete and steel tank obstructions, as well as undersea obstructions, air raid shelters, bricked up ground floors and so on.

To get some idea of the size of the task it is only necessary to give a recent estimate that 200,000 men would be required working for six to eight weeks to remove the innumerable shelters, static water tanks, sandbags and miles of emergency water pipes in the streets of London. There is no possibility of 20,000 men being available for the job, much less 200,000 and we may expect, therefore, that it will be years rather than months before the last of these eyesores and obstructions disappear and Londoners are not daily reminded of the blitz.

Huge Areas to Clear

The same conditions apply in other large towns which made similar preparations for meeting raids. And all over the continent, in North Africa and even in America there are the same emergency structures requiring removal. And now that the war with Japan is ended, there are huge additional areas to be cleared of explosives and obstructions.

The expert who gave ten years as the least time in which we might expect to remove these relics of the war was probably being optimistic rather than pessimistic. And this, of course, takes no accoánt of replacing the destroyed buildings, a task which is not likely to be completed within the lifetime of the majority of people alive to-day.

Accidents due to relics of the last war were occurring right up to the outbreak of the present war, twenty-one years after the Armistice. No year passed in England without at least one accident due to an old shell or hand grenade being either accidentally or carelessly thrown into a fire or incinerator. In France, many farmers received injuries through their plows setting off "dud" shells that had lain in the ground for fifteen and twenty years.

The idea that high explosive becomes harmless with the passage of time should have been finally laid by the tragedy of the "Artiglio." Thirteen years after a United States freighter had been sunk off the French coast in the last war, it was decided to clear the wreck which was something of an obstruction.

The task was delicate because the freighter had been filled with high explosive. The famous salvage ship "Artiglio" undertook it. The divers worked carefully, knowing that on the other side of any plate or bulkhead they cut with their torches might be high explosive.

But no explosions occurred and the salvage experts became more confident. When most of the explosive had been removed it was thought that time would be saved by destroying the remains of the ship with dynamite. The charge was placed and the "Artiglio" stood well off before firing it. What exactly followed is known only from a few members of the crew who found themselves in the sea. The "Artiglio" simply disappeared. There will be scores of ships to be cleared from fairways and many of them will carry risks like this.

The task of the men sweeping up mines to make the seas safe again is equally hazardous, for the mines used in the present war have not been the straightforward objects used in the last war and have been designed especially to resist sweeping. One British mine, for instance, is designed not to explode on the first occasion it is swept, but to "stay put" and catch a merchant vessel passing a supposedy swept area. The devices are secret and the British have, therefore, to do the sweeping themselves instead of leaving it entirely to the Germans as during the last war.

Last War's Record

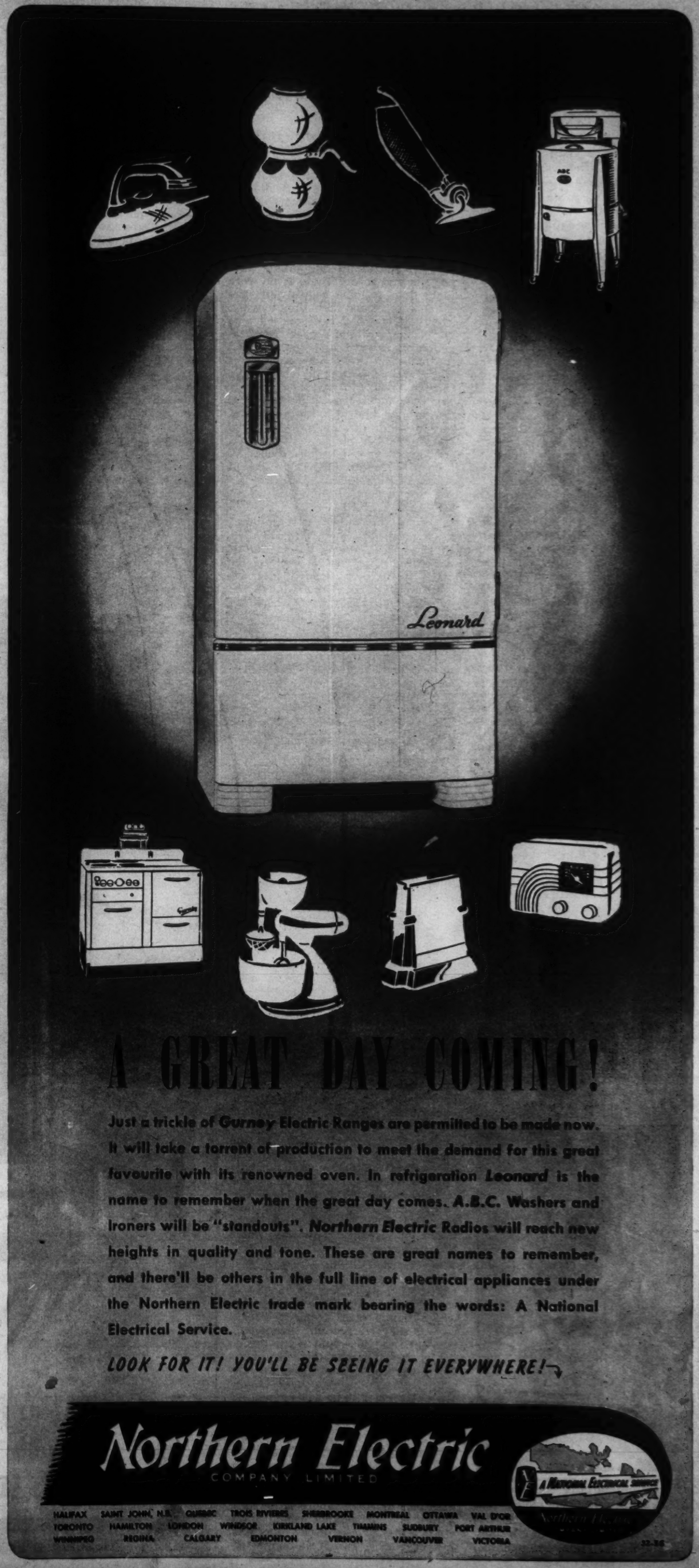
The force of 16,000 men who spent one year after the Armistice in 1918 clearing mines from European waters suffered losses, but not a single merchant ship was lost by a "forgotten" mine during this period. All the 23,000 Allied mines and thousands of German ones were cleared in a year —a speedy piece of work.

Clearing land and sea mines and unexploded bombs and shells will be made somewhat easier this time by the devices which have been invented for detecting them and rendering them harmless. An American expert recently spoke of a new development in radar that enabled a sea mine to be detected at a distance of miles and on land the electrical devices used are so accurate and sensitive that the men engaged on the beaches have made quite a little haul of coins and trinkets dropped into the sand by careless holiday-makers.

Clearing the concrete pillboxes and obstructions will be a task of years and probably many will stay, like the Martello towers, to remind people yet unborn of the perils of the war. People in Britain, for instance, unfortunate enough to have concrete "teeth" in their gardens have been told they must clear them themselves and obviously there will not be the skilled labor and specialized machinery necessary for a long time.

The huge anti-tank ditches dug in the South of England may be filled-in eventually when mechanical excavators and bulldozers become available, but the scar will remain for ever. A thousand years hence a photograph from an aeroplane will show where the ditches ran, as photographs today show Roman ditches and roads.

The world has known great devastation before, but there has never been anything to approach the mess that has been made in Europe and North Africa.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32-86

Young Convicts Don't Get a Decent Break

By ROBERT B. MOXON

This was written by an ex-convict (using a pseudonym) recently released from Kingston Penitentiary, a third-time offender, now 44 years old.

On his own experience, he pleads for less thoughtlessness in the handling of young delinquents by penal authorities and society at large.

The public attitude generally, he says, is against its own best interests, and he notes several examples of bad practice in the handling of young criminals.

THERE is one good thing about the wave of juvenile delinquency that has been so serious during the war. It at least, judging from the concern evidenced in the press and public discussion, has made the public more conscious of the problem of youth and crime and this, in turn, promises that concrete steps may be taken towards correction.

I have a few suggestions as to the direction in which some of these steps should be taken. They concern the treatment of young offenders by society when as convicted criminals they come under its care. As an "habitual criminal" I have had experience of this treatment and am in a position to realize better than most just how important have been the shortcomings of our "most highly civilized nations in the world" in their guardianship of young criminals.

Some criminals probably are born. But by far the great majority are made, and of these society itself by thoughtless handling makes a good share. A youth who is a first offender against the law is not necessarily a criminal. I think that enlightened authorities will agree that in the majority of cases he isn't. He has probably made a mistake that is based on foolishness rather than criminal intent. But he is the timber from which a future criminal can be created. And much too often today, efforts which should be shaping that timber into a good citizen are having the opposite effect. I have classed this mishandling as thoughtlessness. I think that is the correct labelling.

Segregation

Take, for instance, the very first steps in the guardianship (isn't that what it is?) of a young criminal.

He commits a crime, is arrested, taken before the magistrate and convicted. For him we have instituted reformatories in the belief that young criminals should be segregated, and not mixed with, and be susceptible to the influence of, older, confirmed criminals. The magistrate therefore sends him to the reformatory.

This new all-purpose washing machine, which washes both clothes and dishes, is a British invention. Dishes to be washed are placed in a basket, which is lowered into the machine.

But in practice a strange procedure is followed. The convicted youth eventually gets to the reformatory all right but while awaiting trial and then transportation he is held for a period of ten days or more in the county jail. And here he is kept in a corridor with fifty or so other prisoners, including most probably a repulsive crew of oldtimers, sex degenerates (plentiful in all jails), pickpockets and so on. There is no work to be done in most county jails and the inmates spend their time in whatever deviltry they can conceive and in "cutting up" old scores. The conversation is lewd and obscene, and the oldtimers are the heroes. And if you don't think that in ten days of this any boy with natural curiosity won't receive at least a minor education in vice, and also learn many of the tricks of picking pockets, burglary and other elementary criminal arts, then you just haven't spent any time in a county jail. There should be segregation from the start.

Again, take reformatories themselves.

The basic idea behind reformatories is good. But, they too have their shortcomings. One is the matter of work. Here, no general constructive policy is followed. Some institutions have trade schools, others don't. And in some of those that do there are still inmates who must spend all their time working in the kitchen or the laundry, or as cleaners in the cellblocks. Any lengthy period spent in such unproductive activity is bound to have the opposite effect to "reform". The general situation bespeaks careless, or lazy, planning.

Food Doesn't Breed Health

Reformatory food, also, isn't adequate for the job it should do. Essentially, if reformatories are to be anything else than houses of detention, their major task is to build healthy citizens, which of course means healthy bodies and minds. But the usual diet is greatly lacking in the necessary calories and vitamins to do this. Conspicuous by their absence are fresh fruits, eggs, milk, green vegetables etc.

And in most reformatories an even bigger failing than either of these two is a lack of recreational facilities. Usually the only recreational possibilities are walking in the yard, chess and checkers, and gambling for tobacco on the hockey games—this last is a favorite winter pastime. Outdoor games such as baseball and football, and cultural entertainment such as music and moving pictures should be on the agenda at all prisons. Their lack is a major example of shortsightedness. There is a limited use of radio but, I believe, much more advantage could be taken of it.

The above are but a few of the many specific examples which could be given of the ineptitude in our handling of young criminals. Each is a serious failing which should be corrected. But, however important they may be individually, much more serious is the general situation which they reflect.

At the root of this situation is, I believe, a question of attitude. The public looks on prisons as "houses of correction". But the conception which hangs over from mediaeval days is that "correction" means punishment, and it would seem this is so deeply implanted that the public generally as yet hasn't grasped that proper correction, even with criminals, means curative as well as punitive measures.

Society has advanced to the stage where it has realized that cruelty and physical punishment aren't the sole ways of dealing with crime. But there is still the fixation that all measures should be essentially punitive, and too little appreciation that criminals, particularly young ones, are in a broad sense diseased persons, as much to be "cured" as mental patients or others suffering from illness. The public should realize this. It would be to its advantage if penal institutions did the best possible job. And as yet they're not doing it.

So far as prevention of crime is concerned, it might even be argued that rather than present half-way practice it would be better if we went entirely back to the mediaeval conception and made all penal institutions as horrible as possible, so horrible that the prospect of being imprisoned would be dreaded by all criminals.

Prisons today aren't bad places. They are not so bad in themselves that they are a very compelling deterrent to crime. The deterrent is the detention itself, the lack of freedom. But prisons could be made so awful that the actual physical discomfort would be another deterrent. We might even borrow torture and some of the other Nazi methods.

The practical catch in this of course is that all detention is only temporary. With few exceptions every inmate of every jail today is potentially a future free citizen. And it is to public advantage that he be, as far as possible, a good citizen. And particularly with youth, this aspect is, I believe, much too little in mind today.

This is nowhere more evident than at the crucial point in a delinquent's life: the time when he is leaving his place of detention and resuming again his role as a citizen. As a final example, I can think of no better illustration of the thoughtlessness which I have been discussing.

What does society do when it is about to send a boy back into the world after being "corrected"? How does it go out of its way to ensure that the boy will have a fair chance of becoming a good citizen? I will tell you.

Five Dollars For New Start

When a boy is ready to leave the reformatory he is first given a suit. It is of a very undesirable type. It is made of a material like gunny-sacking, and is of a red-brick color which every policeman knows well. If spotted on the street in such attire the wearer will be stopped by the gendarmes and closely questioned.

Then, before finally quitting the reformatory the boy is called into the warden's office and, after advice from that great man, he is handed . . . . five dollars!

This is the extent of society's contribution. These two puny gestures, a shoddy suit which is a badge of dishonor and five dollars, are all it feels necessary to make to the citizen whom it is encouraging to make a fresh start in the world. After spending several months or years in effort to cure a "patient", these are the only aids which it gives him to assist him to keep his health.

What chance does the lad have?

How can he get started after paying room-rent and having a good meal on release? Most probably he goes straight to the nearest pawn-shop for a screw-driver and other burglar tools. And even if he doesn't, as soon as he gets good and hungry he will invariably look up old friends made in the reformatory and soon will embark on another crime in order to get money to live.

It is, I believe, not only the duty but decidedly the practical interest of society to see to it that this boy is taken care of on release. He should be properly supervised by competent and understanding welfare officers and not by probation officers with a policeman complex. Both suitable employment and decent living quarters away from his old environment should be found for him.

Society's real problem starts upon a young criminal's release. Look after him in the proper manner and there won't be much trouble with him in the future. There never was a lad being released for the first time who didn't vow to himself he wouldn't go back again. And if he does fall again it is because he becomes discouraged. Particularly, it is surprising how many businessmen shy away from a man once the prison is mentioned.

THE SCIENCE FRONT

Tests Indicate Wins at Dice Can Be Induced by Mental Desire

By JOHN J. O'NEILL

THE investigations of the effects of mind upon mind and of mind over matter being conducted at Duke University at Durham, North Caroline, are posing some new problems for science to solve:

In the mind-over-matter experiments the results, called psychokinetic effect, or PK for short, were obtained in the early tests by using a pair of dice which were rolled by hand or machine. The scores showed that the desired number, usually the six, was obtained a sufficiently large number of times more than any other number to supply apparent mathematical evidence that something more than chance was operating, or that there was some kind of control over the dice associated with the mental desire of the experimenter.

Now the mind-over-matter experiments have been set up on a new basis, in which the number of dice rolled at one time is ninety-six. Despite the tremendous increase in the number of dice used in a single throw, the mental-control effect continues to be found in the scores and to about the same extent as when a single pair was used.

The ninety-six dice are contained in a cylinder in which they are shaken and then, by pulling a string, caused to roll out on a padded green cloth topped table. The arrangement prevents any direct contact between the experimenter and the dice.

It is hard enough to conceive of any agency that will, without its operations being observable, control a single pair of dice, but when it is required to try to form some mental picture of an agency controlling ninety-six dice simultaneously, the task becomes almost impossible.

Heavier Dice, Too

As a preliminary step, a change was made from using the standard-size dice, measuring seven-sixteenths of an inch along each edge. Dice much larger and heavier were employed. More energy is required to move a heavier body than a lighter one. The agency through which the apparent power of mind over matter is manifest in this dice rolling becomes depleted very rapidly in an individual in almost the same manner as the ability to call the right card in extra sensory perception tests. The body seems to have only a small amount of whatever is employed, because it seems to get used up very rapidly in the first few tests, after which scores drop continuously to just the chance level.

If the "something" that the body uses in this phenomenon is like ordinary energy, it would seem logical that it would be used up more rapidly if it were required to do a heavier job, in which case the high-scoring early period should be very brief.

But when the heavy-dice tests were run the scores followed the same pattern as with the lighter dice.

These are not the words used by Dr. Joseph B. Rhine, professor of psychology at Duke University, and his associates, but they state the problem more briefly.

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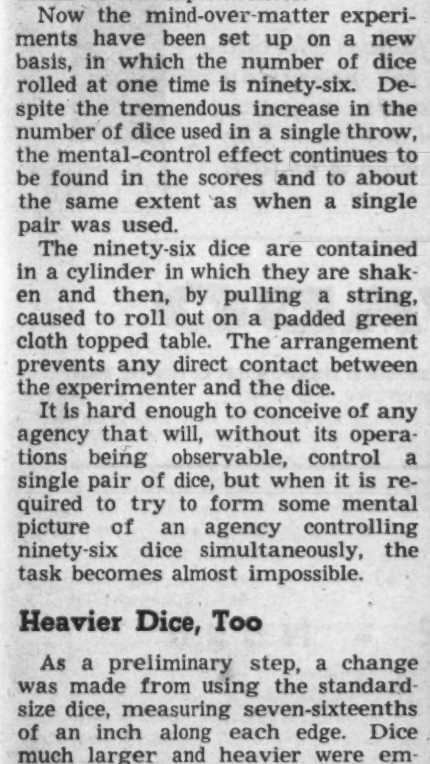

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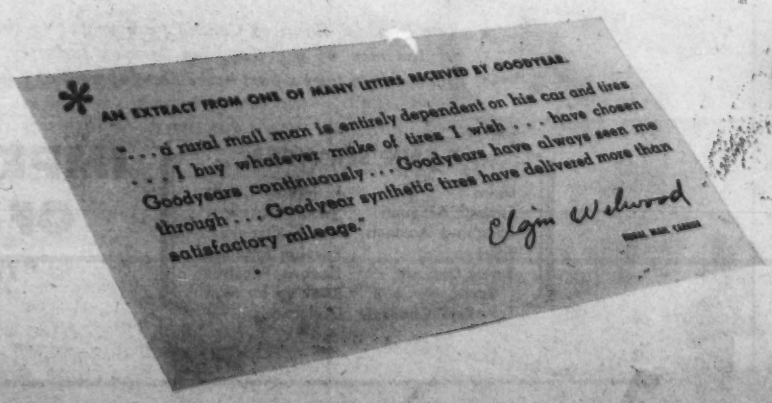
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Elgin Welwood

GOODYEAR

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

Young Convicts Don't Get a Decent Break

By ROBERT B. MOXON

This was written by an ex-convict (using a pseudonym) recently released from Kingston Penitentiary, a third-time offender, now 44 years old.

On his own experience, he pleads for less thoughtlessness in the handling of young delinquents by penal authorities and society at large.

The public attitude generally, he says, is against its own best interests, and he notes several examples of bad practice in the handling of young criminals.

THERE is one good thing about the wave of juvenile delinquency that has been so serious during the war. It at least, judging from the concern evidenced in the press and public discussion, has made the public more conscious of the problem of youth and crime and this, in turn, promises that concrete steps may be taken towards correction.

I have a few suggestions as to the direction in which some of these steps should be taken. They concern the treatment of young offenders by society when as convicted criminals they come under its care. As an "habitual criminal" I have had experience of this treatment and am in a position to realize better than most just how important have been the shortcomings of our "most highly civilized nations in the world" in their guardianship of young criminals.

Some criminals probably are born. But by far the great majority are made, and of these society itself by thoughtless handling makes a good share. A youth who is a first offender against the law is not necessarily a criminal. I think that enlightened authorities will agree that in the majority of cases he isn't. He has probably made a mistake that is based on foolishness rather than criminal intent. But he is the timber from which a future criminal can be created. And much too often today, efforts which should be shaping that timber into a good citizen are having the opposite effect. I have classed this mishandling as thoughtlessness. I think that is the correct labelling.

Segregation

Take, for instance, the very first steps in the guardianship (isn't that what it is?) of a young criminal.

He commits a crime, is arrested, taken before the magistrate and convicted. For him we have instituted reformatories in the belief that young criminals should be segregated, and not mixed with, and be susceptible to the influence of, older, confirmed criminals. The magistrate therefore sends him to the reformatory.

This new all-purpose washing machine, which washes both clothes and dishes, is a British invention. Dishes to be washed are placed in a basket, which is lowered into the machine.

But in practice a strange procedure is followed. The convicted youth eventually gets to the reformatory all right but while awaiting trial and then transportation he is held for a period of ten days or more in the county jail. And here he is kept in a corridor with fifty or so other prisoners, including most probably a repulsive crew of oldtimers, sex degenerates (plentiful in all jails), pickpockets and so on. There is no work to be done in most county jails and the inmates spend their time in whatever deviltry they can conceive and in "cutting up" old scores. The conversation is lewd and obscene, and the oldtimers are the heroes. And if you don't think that in ten days of this any boy with natural curiosity won't receive at least a minor education in vice, and also learn many of the tricks of picking pockets, burglary and other elementary criminal arts, then you just haven't spent any time in a county jail. There should be segregation from the start.

Again, take reformatories themselves.

The basic idea behind reformatories is good. But, they too have their shortcomings. One is the matter of work. Here, no general constructive policy is followed. Some institutions have trade schools, others don't. And in some of those that do there are still inmates who must spend all their time working in the kitchen or the laundry, or as cleaners in the cellblocks. Any lengthy period spent in such unproductive activity is bound to have the opposite effect to "reform". The general situation bespeaks careless, or lazy, planning.

Food Doesn't Breed Health

Reformatory food, also, isn't adequate for the job it should do. Essentially, if reformatories are to be anything else than houses of detention, their major task is to build healthy citizens, which of course means healthy bodies and minds. But the usual diet is greatly lacking in the necessary calories and vitamins to do this. Conspicuous by their absence are fresh fruits, eggs, milk, green vegetables etc.

And in most reformatories an even bigger failing than either of these two is a lack of recreational facilities. Usually the only recreational possibilities are walking in the yard, chess and checkers, and gambling for tobacco on the hockey games—this last is a favorite winter pastime. Outdoor games such as baseball and football, and cultural entertainment such as music and moving pictures should be on the agenda at all prisons. Their lack is a major example of shortsightedness. There is a limited use of radio but, I believe, much more advantage could be taken of it.

The above are but a few of the many specific examples which could be given of the ineptitude in our handling of young criminals. Each is a serious failing which should be corrected. But, however important they may be individually, much more serious is the general situation which they reflect.

At the root of this situation is, I believe, a question of attitude. The public looks on prisons as "houses of correction". But the conception which hangs over from mediaeval days is that "correction" means punishment, and it would seem this is so deeply implanted that the public generally as yet hasn't grasped that proper correction, even with criminals, means curative as well as punitive measures.

Society has advanced to the stage where it has realized that cruelty and physical punishment aren't the sole ways of dealing with crime. But there is still the fixation that all measures should be essentially punitive, and too little appreciation that criminals, particularly young ones, are in a broad sense diseased persons, as much to be "cured" as mental patients or others suffering from illness. The public should realize this. It would be to its advantage if penal institutions did the best possible job. And as yet they're not doing it.

So far as prevention of crime is concerned, it might even be argued that rather than present half-way practice it would be better if we went entirely back to the mediaeval conception and made all penal institutions as horrible as possible, so horrible that the prospect of being imprisoned would be dreaded by all criminals.

Prisons today aren't bad places. They are not so bad in themselves that they are a very compelling deterrent to crime. The deterrent is the detention itself, the lack of freedom. But prisons could be made so awful that the actual physical discomfort would be another deterrent. We might even borrow torture and some of the other Nazi methods.

The practical catch in this of course is that all detention is only temporary. With few exceptions every inmate of every jail today is potentially a future free citizen. And it is to public advantage that he be, as far as possible, a good citizen. And particularly with youth, this aspect is, I believe, much too little in mind today.

This is nowhere more evident than at the crucial point in a delinquent's life: the time when he is leaving his place of detention and resuming again his role as a citizen. As a final example, I can think of no better illustration of the thoughtlessness which I have been discussing.

What does society do when it is about to send a boy back into the world after being "corrected"? How does it go out of its way to ensure that the boy will have a fair chance of becoming a good citizen? I will tell you.

Five Dollars For New Start

When a boy is ready to leave the reformatory he is first given a suit. It is of a very undesirable type. It is made of a material like gunny-sacking, and is of a red-brick color which every policeman knows well. If spotted on the street in such attire the wearer will be stopped by the gendarmes and closely questioned.

Then, before finally quitting the reformatory the boy is called into the warden's office and, after advice from that great man, he is handed . . . . five dollars!

This is the extent of society's contribution. These two puny gestures, a shoddy suit which is a badge of dishonor and five dollars, are all it feels necessary to make to the citizen whom it is encouraging to make a fresh start in the world. After spending several months or years in effort to cure a "patient", these are the only aids which it gives him to assist him to keep his health.

What chance does the lad have?

How can he get started after paying room-rent and having a good meal on release? Most probably he goes straight to the nearest pawn-shop for a screw-driver and other burglar tools. And even if he doesn't, as soon as he gets good and hungry he will invariably look up old friends made in the reformatory and soon will embark on another crime in order to get money to live.

It is, I believe, not only the duty but decidedly the practical interest of society to see to it that this boy is taken care of on release. He should be properly supervised by competent and understanding welfare officers and not by probation officers with a policeman complex. Both suitable employment and decent living quarters away from his old environment should be found for him.

Society's real problem starts upon a young criminal's release. Look after him in the proper manner and there won't be much trouble with him in the future. There never was a lad being released for the first time who didn't vow to himself he wouldn't go back again. And if he does fall again it is because he becomes discouraged. Particularly, it is surprising how many businessmen shy away from a man once the prison is mentioned.

THE SCIENCE FRONT

Tests Indicate Wins at Dice Can Be Induced by Mental Desire

By JOHN J. O'NEILL

THE investigations of the effects of mind upon mind and of mind over matter being conducted at Duke University at Durham, North Caroline, are posing some new problems for science to solve:

In the mind-over-matter experiments the results, called psychokinetic effect, or PK for short, were obtained in the early tests by using a pair of dice which were rolled by hand or machine. The scores showed that the desired number, usually the six, was obtained a sufficiently large number of times more than any other number to supply apparent mathematical evidence that something more than chance was operating, or that there was some kind of control over the dice associated with the mental desire of the experimenter.

Now the mind-over-matter experiments have been set up on a new basis, in which the number of dice rolled at one time is ninety-six. Despite the tremendous increase in the number of dice used in a single throw, the mental-control effect continues to be found in the scores and to about the same extent as when a single pair was used.

The ninety-six dice are contained in a cylinder in which they are shaken and then, by pulling a string, caused to roll out on a padded green cloth topped table. The arrangement prevents any direct contact between the experimenter and the dice.

It is hard enough to conceive of any agency that will, without its operations being observable, control a single pair of dice, but when it is required to try to form some mental picture of an agency controlling ninety-six dice simultaneously, the task becomes almost impossible.

Heavier Dice, Too

As a preliminary step, a change was made from using the standard-size dice, measuring seven-sixteenths of an inch along each edge. Dice much larger and heavier were employed. More energy is required to move a heavier body than a lighter one. The agency through which the apparent power of mind over matter is manifest in this dice rolling becomes depleted very rapidly in an individual in almost the same manner as the ability to call the right card in extra sensory perception tests. The body seems to have only a small amount of whatever is employed, because it seems to get used up very rapidly in the first few tests, after which scores drop continuously to just the chance level.

If the "something" that the body uses in this phenomenon is like ordinary energy, it would seem logical that it would be used up more rapidly if it were required to do a heavier job, in which case the high-scoring early period should be very brief.

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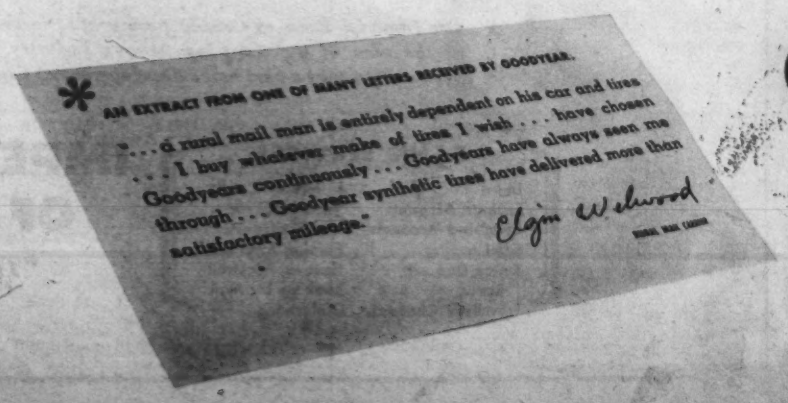
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THE WORLD TODAY

U.S. Strength, Peace-Time Draft Will Closely Concern Canada

By WILLSON WOODSIDE

JUST as the strength of the United States was the decisive factor in both theatres of this world war (and proved a revelation to her own citizens as well as to the rest of the world), so the maintenance of American strength promises to be the greatest single factor in maintaining peace and freedom in the world during coming decades. As things appear, and without attempting to draw too close a comparison, it will take over the role which British power played in the nineteenth century.

At its base there must, of course, be a smooth-functioning economic system. But that is a field all in itself. Here we are concerned with military power and diplomatic policy. In regard to these there have been four recent developments of particular interest.

There is the nation-wide discussion whether to retain the draft in peace-time, which is closely coupled with the plans of the military chiefs to maintain in the immediate post-war period an army of 2½ millions and a navy of half a million men, a strength about four times as great as the pre-war American forces. There is the diplomatic counter-offensive of the democracies which is in full swing in Bulgaria, Rumania, Hungary and the Argentine, and is expected soon to be extended to Yugoslavia and Spain, in accordance with President Truman's expressed purpose of helping to spread free government across the world.

Pearl Harbor Report

And there is the Pearl Harbor Report. In its wider implications this raises the questions of a unified army and navy leadership, and the development of a more truly executive U.S. cabinet, making joint decisions, with joint responsibility, on major questions, and more closely linked to Congress.

One of the most striking passages in the Army's Pearl Harbor report is that which shows Mr. Hull conducting diplomatic policy on his sole responsibility as head of the State Department—as was his fully constitutional right—though the Army and Navy Departments were bound to be, and indeed were promptly and drastically, concerned in the outcome. While the Army Pearl Harbor Board in no way attempts to whitewash General Short of his responsibility for the defence of Hawaii, it finds that the Secretary of State did, in effect, issue what the Japs regarded as an ultimatum, without adequately warning the Army that this was what he was doing.

We may expect an answer to that charge in due course from the redoubtable Tennessean. But the lesson being drawn by some Washington observers from the confused and painful military and diplomatic experience of November 1941, is that such decisions of high policy should be made by a much more closely-knit cabinet, perhaps adopting the joint responsibility principle of the British cabinet.

As it was, we find Mr. Stimson, the War Secretary, noting in his diary that Secretary of State Hull favored one day proposing a three-months armistice to the Japanese emissaries, which policy both Army and Navy favored as they were anxious to gain time for defensive preparations. Next day, when Stimson phoned Hull, he found that the Secretary of State "had about made up his mind not to make the proposition, but to kick the whole thing over and tell the Japs we had no other proposal at all." Actually, this same day, Hull presented his memorandum of "ten points" to the Japanese, which was taken as an ultimatum by them.

U.S. Army intelligence has established that the very next day the Japanese task force was given its sailing orders, and set out for the attack on Pearl Harbor. The fact that the Japs had trained for the attack for four months and during this time developed an intensive intelligence from Hawaii on the daily positions of the U.S. fleet units, shows that they were pretty well decided on such a blow, and had no wish to give the Americans any more time for preparation.

Need Tighter Cabinet

The only point made by the Army Board is that American diplomacy "pushed the button for the attack," as Grew put it, without adequately consulting the military departments or warning them sufficiently of the extreme seriousness of the diplomatic situation. They don't claim that the attack could have been averted, but only that its severity would have been greatly lessened had the American forces on Hawaii been more thoroughly alerted.

It seems quite likely, for example, that Admiral Kimmel, who had remarked five days before the attack, when his Fleet Intelligence Officer said he had no indications whatever of the present whereabouts of two Japanese carrier divisions, "You mean to say that they could be rounding Diamond Head and you wouldn't know it,"? would have been deadly serious instead of jocular about this. And General Short might have switched his main concern from prevention of local sabotage, which called for the massing of his planes on the runways, to preparation for attack, which called for dispersal.

Both reports, the endorsements of the Secretaries of War and Navy, and President Truman's remarks, stress that it is very easy to see now, through hindsight, what should have been done; and there is by no means complete agreement on the responsibility of such highly-respected persons as Hull and Chief of Staff General Marshall. They make allowance for the atmosphere then prevailing, in the country and in the services, before war had actually come.

Truman On Armed Forces

As an illustration of the prevailing atmosphere, a well-known correspondent told me that, passing through Pearl Harbor a week before the December attack, and fresh from long experience in the blitz in Britain, he remarked in a scandalized tone to a conducting officer showing him over Wheeler Field, "Good Heavens, don't you disperse your planes?" "Oh, we'll disperse them when war comes." "Do you think they're going to send you an engraved notice saying it'll begin Tuesday at 8.30 a.m.?"

Another question brought sharply to the front again by the Pearl Harbor Report is whether the Army and Navy Departments should not be merged under a single control. Very significant here may prove to be Mr. Truman's convictions. In an article in *Collier's* just a year ago, he asserted "Our Armed Forces must be unified."

Touching the public more closely is the issue of continuation of compulsory military service in peace-time. Debate over this has been carried on in an extremely lively fashion in the American press and Town Meetings, for many months, and it seems curious that there has been no reflection of it in Canada.

The Canadian Navy has its plans for maintaining an establishment considerably larger than our pre-war strength, but then, like the U.S. Navy, it can proceed in confidence that life at sea will probably attract sufficient young men as volunteers. But there has been almost no discussion in Canada about the army strength which we will need to hold up our end in the occupation of Germany, to contribute to world security and maintain our position as one of the leading United Nations.

The peace-time draft is rarely discussed in our country on its merits, in providing for national security, instilling in our young men the idea of the service which they owe the nation which offers them such a full life, in its usefulness as a conservation corps, and in holding up our own end in self-respect and not counting for our security on the United States. (If the Americans do decide to have a peace-time draft, we will hear about this). "Conscription" has become an almost completely emotional and political question with us, it seems, and was dropped eagerly, as a very hot potato, even before the Japanese War was over.

Surely at least we must maintain a strong and vigorous, if not large, air force, considering our highly strategic position on the inter-continental airways and our invaluable uranium deposits, as well as the great traditions of the R.C.A.F. In this, certainly, there would be no problem in obtaining volunteer enlistment. It is encouraging, in the meantime, that we should be proceeding with the work begun in secret by the Crown company Turbo-Research Ltd., which is well up with the rest of the world in developing jet-propulsion and the gas turbine in its broadest aspects. The peace-time use of this new and efficient prime mover should alone repay the investment.

One cannot pursue very far this problem of how much armed strength

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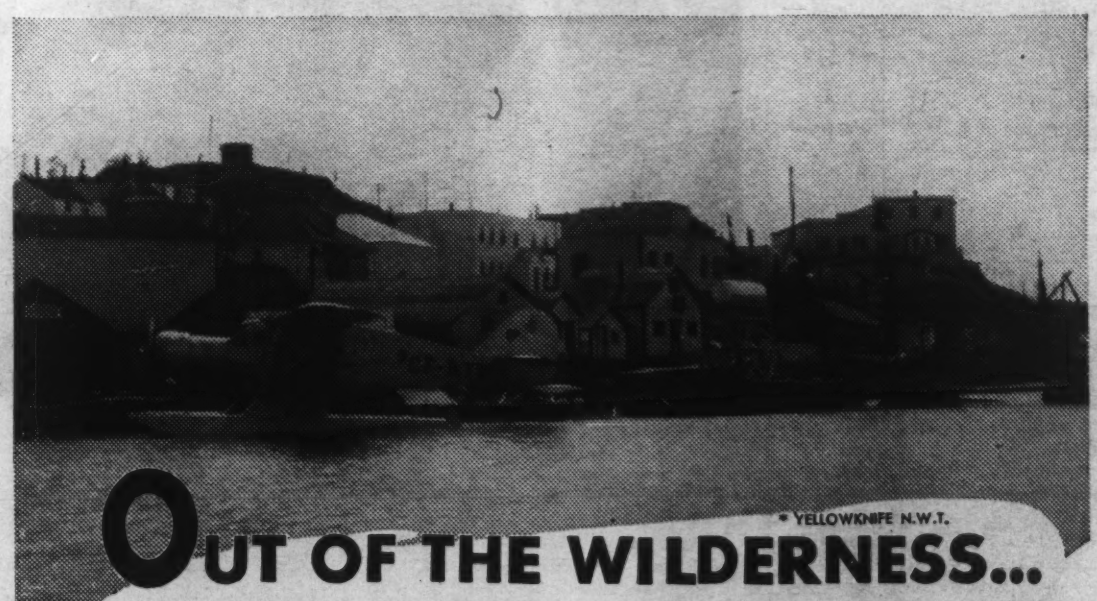
CANADA'S WAY OF LIFE - No. 6



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IMPERIAL BANK OF CANADA

"The Bank For You"

This very fine study of President Truman was taken when he was a guest of the King aboard the battle cruiser H.M.S. Renown at Plymouth Sound. Also Secretary of State James F. Byrnes and Admiral Sir Ralph Leatham.

it would actually take to secure our vast territory without coming up against the question of whether a bare twelve million people can afford such an outlay, and hold such a territory for themselves if the world should continue to be a dangerous place.

Unless one is to assume that the danger has passed, and world security is now assured, it seems we have two alternatives: either to develop a vigorous policy of filling out our spaces, or to rely on the United States for protection. It appears as though the latter policy, or lack of policy, is being adopted by default; and while dependence on the United States and assimilation more and more into her sphere is not a repelling prospect to many Canadians, we should at least clearly recognize that that is the path we are following.

Recent American press campaigns about our lack of full conscription, our lack of meat rationing and so on, should also warn us that if our neighbors feel that they are providing a large part of our security, they have a right to make demands on our policy. Our American friends were mighty welcome when they put through the Alaska Highway and built the great Goose Bay airport, to defend the two far corners of this continent. But in doing this, they showed a perhaps natural, but undeniable air of "taking over," which required a long and quiet struggle on the part of the R.C.A.F. to correct.

One doesn't want to make too much of this. As Winston Churchill said in the dark days of the war, the Anglo-American nations are getting more and more "mixed up," and all to the good. But we surely want to mix on equal terms.

Among the matters of keen interest in connection with the surrender of Japan are first of all the recovery of our prisoners, whose brutal treatment will, one trusts, be kept long in mind as we meet with the tactics of politeness and restraint being adopted by the Japanese in an obvious attempt to gain an earlier reprieve from our occupation. Also, there are the eye-witness reports of what the atomic bomb actually did to Hiroshima; and the question as to how great a part this new weapon played in Japan's defeat.

It seems highly necessary to place on the record that we did not, by any means, secure this enemy's surrender wholly by use of a new and terrible weapon. In its final report, the U. S. Navy shows that the Japanese surface fleet had been reduced to a mere dozen destroyers in seaworthy condition, while its supply fleet had been cut to pieces and the remnant hardly able to pass to and from Japan on account of our mine blockade. This alone is enough to account for the defeat of an essentially maritime nation. How long would Britain have been able to carry on had she suffered a similar catastrophe at sea?

Other Factors in Defeat

The 47 leading Japanese industrial cities had been more or less completely put out of action by the superfortress raids, and along with war production, internal rail transport had been severely restricted. This transport strangulation, on land and sea, had placed a tight pinch on the nation's food supplies. Intelligent Japanese who are willing to talk, admit that they clearly recognized at the time of the defeat on Okinawa that this was the decisive battle and the war was lost.

And the Japanese did, in fact, approach the Allies, through Russia, with a surrender offer before the Potsdam Conference. The use of the atomic bomb and the entry of Russia merely precipitated their decision, while providing them with a convenient excuse which, if we give them a chance, Japanese leaders may use in future to fool their people that they weren't really defeated in the field.

Though the atomic bomb was not mainly responsible for Japan's defeat, the descriptions we are getting of what it did to Hiroshima indicate that, quite alone, it could have defeated Japan. Perhaps no more than 50 missiles, dropped by an operating force of a single squadron of General Arnold's new superbombers, flying from Hawaii or Midway, would have sufficed.

When one thinks of what it took, instead, in the building of a vast navy and supply fleet, and tens of thousands of aircraft, in bloody storming of Pacific islands and atolls and hard fighting all the way up from Guadalcanal through New Guinea and the Philippines to Okinawa, one gets a glimpse of the change in warfare since the beginning of this very summer. Though this is not to suggest that there is no place at all left today for navies or armies.

The best description I have seen of what happened to Hiroshima is by a Japanese newspaperman who was the United Press representative in Tokyo up to the outbreak of war, and whose home was in Hiroshima. He had gone there only two weeks before the bombing, to evacuate his wife and children, and seen the city whole and unscarred. He returned two weeks after the attack, to hunt for his mother.

Hiroshima Had Vanished

He was dumbfounded at the destruction. The centre of the city was razed, and there was a sweeping view to the foot of the mountains to the east, south and north of the city. In other words, what had been a city of 300,000 had vanished. As far as one could see, there were only the skeletons of three concrete buildings standing in the city's business centre. There was no trace of private buildings."

"I also found very little corrugated iron left. This was significant, inasmuch as every other Japanese city hit by firebombs had been found littered with corrugated iron after the fires had burned out. Two miles from the centre of the city I found dwellings heavily damaged. Many of them were crushed, as if from heavily descending pressure." (The Hiroshima bomb was dropped by parachute, and reported to have exploded some 300 feet above the ground. It made no crater.)

He found his mother safe. She had been in the truck gardens on the edge of the city, and had thrown herself flat on the ground as soon as she saw the bright glare of the explosion

The rest of the description has to do with the lingering after-effects of the rays and the fumes from the bomb. Even minor-seeming burns proved fatal in the end. As a further indication, beyond the vaporization of the corrugated iron in the vicinity, of what it means to release the heat of a small sun at close range, garden plants were scorched some three miles from the explosion.

I shall not go here into the question of whether or not the atomic bomb should have been used by us in this manner. And certainly this is not intended to support any Japanese campaign for sympathy. The moral question involved should be long debated by the conscience of Christian people, unless we are to surrender to the Machiavellian principle, adopted by the Nazis, that what serves our interests is right.

The use of the atomic bomb against Hiroshima, the instantaneous snuffing-out of a community the size of Winnipeg, will only be eventually justified if it becomes a test-case for all humanity, only if reflection on it over a period of years really does bring humanity in general to the recognition that war must end.

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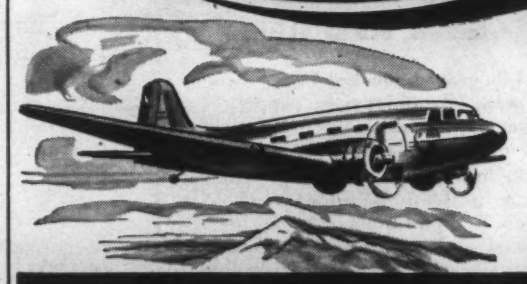

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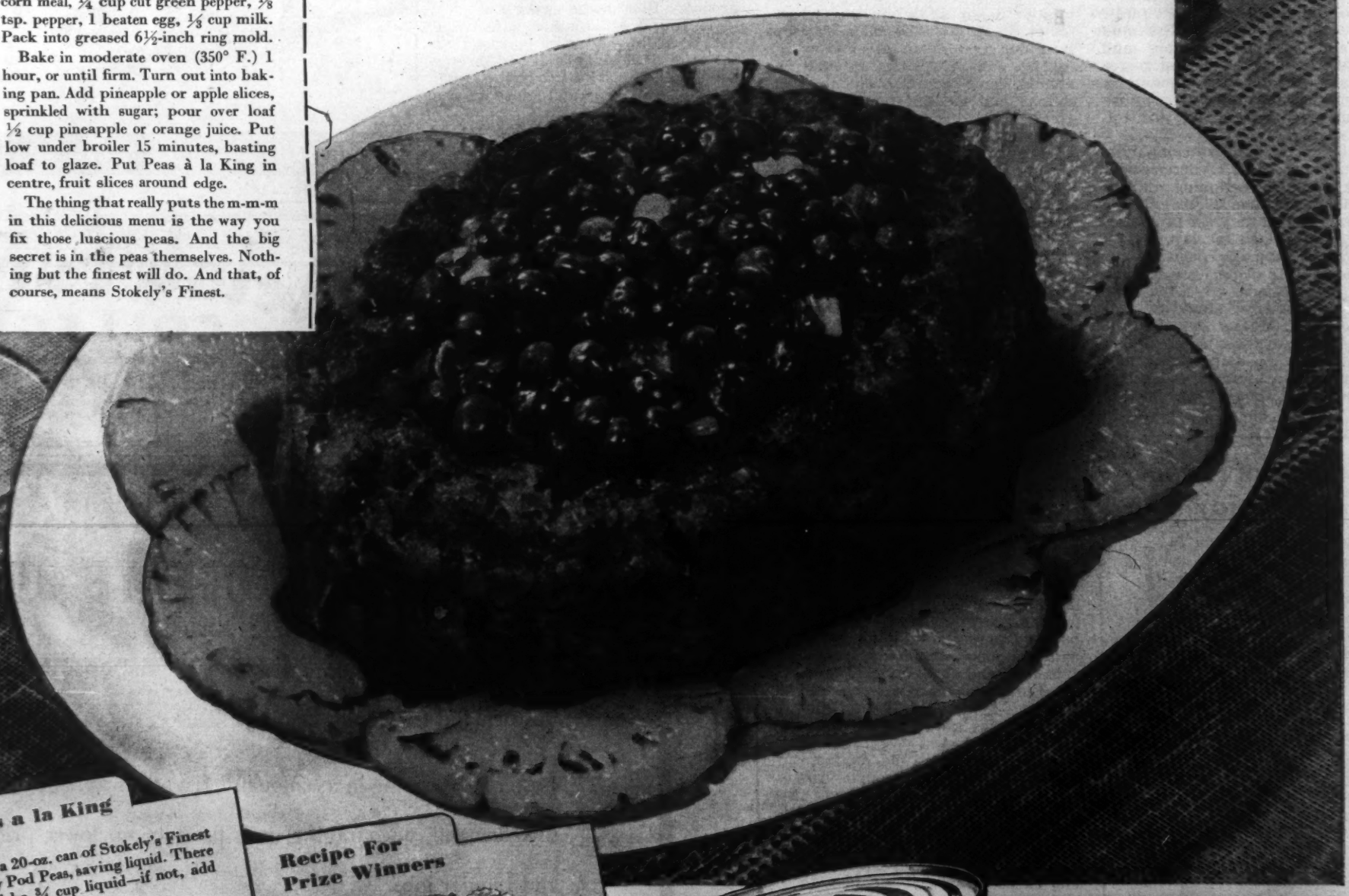
Glazed Ham Ring

Mix 1 lb. ground, smoked ham, ¼ cup corn meal, ¼ cup cut green pepper, ⅛ tsp. pepper, 1 beaten egg, ⅛ cup milk. Pack into greased 6½-inch ring mold.

Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 1 hour, or until firm. Turn out into baking pan. Add pineapple or apple slices, sprinkled with sugar; pour over loaf ½ cup pineapple or orange juice. Put low under broiler 15 minutes, basting loaf to glaze. Put Peas à la King in centre, fruit slices around edge.

The thing that really puts the m-m-m in this delicious menu is the way you fix those luscious peas. And the big secret is in the peas themselves. Nothing but the finest will do. And that, of course, means Stokely's Finest.



Peas a la King

Drain a 20-oz. can of Stokely's Finest Honey Pod Peas, saving liquid. There should be ¾ cup liquid—if not, add water.

Cook 1 cup diced celery in 1½ tbsps. bacon fat. Blend in 1 tbsp. flour, ¼ tsp. salt and few grains pepper. Stir in liquid slowly; simmer 5 minutes, then add peas and 2 tbsps. diced pimiento if desired. Heat thoroughly. Serves 4. And serves them with a dish that's well-named, for Stokely's Finest are the "king of the crop" peas, raised from only the finest pedigreed seed, and picked at the very peak of their perfection.

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FROM THE EDITOR'S CHAIR

Attitude of Youth to Religion Depends on Church's Leaders

By B. K. SANDWELL

THE attitude of the rising generation on the subject of religion, or philosophy of life, is one of the most interesting subjects of inquiry, and very little has been done in Canada to investigate it. The Canadian Youth Commission, which has just completed a set of reports upon many different phases of the problems of youth, set up in March of last year a Committee on Religion and Life Philosophy. It was a very able and representative committee, consisting mainly of residents of Kingston, Ont., in order that it might hold meetings easily and frequently. A fact-seeking body, it resorted to several methods of investigation, including a survey by the Canadian Institute of Public Opinion and a questionnaire addressed to a large number of men and women, both those who were young themselves and those who were known to be closely associated with the young. No recommendations are made and no general conclusions reached in its report, save for this brief observation: "Canadian Youth is predominantly religious, even when it is loosely attached to religious institutions. Antagonism to the churches is small at present, though indifference is far from negligible. Yet the religious forces are there to be harnessed. Whether this religious feeling will issue in a strengthening of our religious institutions depends less, in our judgment, upon the attitude of youth than upon the wisdom, courage and sincerity of the religious leaders of the next few years."

Catholics Higher

Not much of the report relates to persons who are nominally or actually of the Roman Catholic faith, and no general statistics can be made out which will combine Protestants and Catholics. The difference is sharply indicated by the matter of church attendance; 89 per cent of all young Catholics in Canada say they go to church every Sunday, and only 38 per cent of young Protestants.

The report suggests that it may be "useful to think of Canadian Youth as twenty-five per cent religious, fifty per cent slightly religious, and twenty-five per cent completely indifferent or hostile". Since the Catholics would obviously show higher than average figures on the religious side, it follows that the Protestants must be somewhat below this average.

Among the definitely religious Protestants there are found four groups, roughly designated as (a) fundamentalists; (b) liberal evangelicals; (c) church-centred traditionalists; and (d) ecclesiastically loyal but religiously ill-instructed churchmen. A questionnaire in a large Montreal school found 57 per cent saying they did not attend church or synagogue regularly, and 74 per cent not attending Sunday School or other religious school. A most interesting point is the frequency with which the questioned persons asserted that the degree of interest in religion among the young people of their group depended very largely upon the competency, sincerity and strength of character of the minister with whom they came in contact. This was the case quite generally in the rural areas and in the armed forces, in both of which the group has to take whatever religious leader happens to be provided; in the cities, where there is a large choice, this point was less often made.

The Committee was surprised at the lack of criticism from young people with respect to the creeds and doctrines of the Christian Church. "We conclude that, so far at least as Protestant young people are concerned, the majority are not sufficiently familiar with Christian beliefs either to object to or to support them." This is rather surprising in view of the widely prevalent idea that it is the miraculous element of orthodox Christianity which causes most of the difficulty experienced by non-believers in this scientific age. There are however two very interesting contributions from national organizations of young people. The Student Christian Movement deplores the widespread ignorance of the Bible and offers an explanation: "When an attempt to read it is made, the difficulty of interpretation immediately arises to confuse the reader because of the sanctity that surrounds it. A relatively small group of students has made great gains in a study of the Bible, however, by applying the critical-historical method to the scriptures."

And the national youth organization of the United Church of Canada says: "The Forward Movement emphasis on small groups meeting for prayer and Bible study has stirred new interest among many in a search to discover in the Bible God's Word for our lives today. . . One report stresses the desire on the part of young people to have Scripture interpreted sincerely and in the light of modern research and scholarship."

Bad Opinion of Leadership

The Protestants do not as a general rule think very highly of the leadership at present being offered by the Protestant churches. But groups unconnected with the church are naturally more critical than the insiders. The Secretary of the Canadian Congress of Labor thinks that young people feel that the church has failed to make clear that it is on the side of the underdog, and has not helped to make the world comprehensible intellectually. A Y.M.C.A. secretary thinks that young people feel "that any one can get into the church and any one can stay in, retaining standing as a member regardless of conduct or lack of loyalty or service." (This seems to show a certain degree of intelligent observation on the part of the young people.) A director of vocational guidance thinks that "the church is carrying on its program for youth in much the same way as it did fifty years ago when the problems of youth were different.

Protestant young people are also bothered by the competition between religious organizations, especially in rural communities, and naturally have very little understanding of the historic origin of the different sects. The language of the churches is not easily comprehended by the young. However there is also recognition of the fact that the young people themselves are not taking the part in church life which they should take and which would make it easier for the church to meet their needs.

It is impossible to read this report without being forced to the conclusion that one of the chief reasons for the falling away of Protestant young people from active church life is the inadequacy of the supply of able and well trained ministers. The following bitter observation, proceeding from a Short Course in Cooperation and Rural Leadership, Ontario, is typical: "We deplore the attitude of the seminaries and theological colleges that God calls every priest or minister to serve in large city parishes, and request that they begin at once to train the men that are called by God to minister to rural people in the philosophy and the crafts of rural life, in leadership in adult education and cooperation, and in the application of religion to the life of rural people."

Sunday Schools Poor

A university Director of Extension is "critical of the types of young men who are, in many cases, permitted to go into the church," but realizes that they are probably the best of an inadequate supply who are offering themselves. There are hints that the situation in the Sunday Schools is even worse than in the churches. Some suggest that the clergy should play a larger part in the Sunday School teaching program, though how the poor wretches are to do it and keep up the other activities that are expected of them is not explained.

"Sunday School lessons are inadequate, and look like they had been written by the same people who write for the three-to-five-year-old group," complains one critic.

The continuance of a Victorian attitude towards certain forms of recreation is cited by many as an obstacle to the church's success with youth. Dancing is particularly recommended. One great difficulty is of course the unequal distribution of recreational facilities. The poorer the community the more the church needs of these facilities, and the less it will have.

Hardly any of the Protestants seemed to think of the organized church as something to which to take one's problems, and yet there were occasional complaints that "The church and the Sunday School don't give enough advice to young people." One of the most sensible ideas was "the minister should have a secretary to help him. He has too much to do."

A TEXAN ON MAUSOLEUMS

FEW outrages to humanity and to nature are more outrageous than the idiotic practice of those irresponsible rich people who build costly mausoleums in which to preserve their mortician-manicured corpses; the marble that jeers their vanity usurping space on which a lizard might sun himself and in which an earthworm might comfortably digest earth. California, I understand, leads America in this form of idiocy. — From "A Texan in England" by J. Frank Dobie.

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Will We Have Another Louisiana Kingfish?

By STEWART C. EASTON

Canadians who know little of the late Huey Long will find the novel "A Lion is in the Streets" interesting reading.

The book contains a warning.

ON A glorious April morning my wife and I looked up at the clean white shining skyscraper that is the Capitol of the State of Louisiana at Baton Rouge. Though it is nearly ten years since Huey Long was murdered, the evidence of his work is everywhere. Hospitals and schools, magnificent bridges and roads, a State University whose physical plant is hardly equalled in the South, almost every outstanding modern improvement bears a later dateline than 1928, the year of Long's accession to power—and, by no coincidence, the year of maximum prosperity before the depression.

There can be few more beautiful modern buildings anywhere than this Capitol, and none with a finer setting. Set on an eminence, with acres of beautifully tended gardens in the foreground, it is impressive enough outside. But the interior is overwhelming, with its decorations of green, black and pink natural marble, and its walls of pressed lava from Italy, its floors inlaid with plaques depicting the history of the State. For all its magnificence there is nothing tasteless or merely ornate about it. This building itself is wholly good, even though it was intended as a personal monument to the Governor who planned it.

Held People

In the gardens, under the statue of Long, we heard a voice declaiming "He was sent to us from heaven to redeem the poor, a second Jesus Christ. But wicked men put him to death." An old hillbilly was addressing a small crowd of visitors, offering some poem of his own composition. We moved over to him and listened to him for a few minutes.

"He couldn't have been altogether bad," said my wife. "How could he have won and kept such trust, so long after his death?"

"He built this out of graft," I answered. "He made himself dictator of this state. He had absolute control of all activities within it. Even the smallest business man had to pay him tribute. He had a rubber stamp legislature that passed whatever laws he demanded; he controlled the election machinery, he suppressed all freedom."

"Yes, but we have seen he gave something in exchange, something that will endure. Before they had nothing."

Before they had nothing! "They traded a dollar a year for a mite of hope." The swampers, the hillbillies, the share croppers, the po' whites and negroes, had always been close to starvation, and cut off from education. They had always been voiceless until this one man, with his extraordinary gift of homely eloquence and his insight into political realities, rode to power on their votes and gave them schools, free text books, highways and hospitals. Whatever the means of payment, they are there, an unescapable reality. It is a devastating criticism of our economic and political system that this was the way they had to be won, through a local dictatorship as crooked and evil, and as absolute, as any European model.

Youngest Governor

What manner of man was this Kingfish, Huey Long, Governor of the State of Louisiana, and then Senator of the United States? History gives us the external facts. That he was born on a farm, began his career at an early age peddling books and shortening through the backcountry of his state, that he became salesmanager in Memphis for a grocery firm, returned in 1914 to Louisiana, completed a 3 year Law Course in 7 months, practised law for a while, returned to peddling, and finally was elected Railway Commissioner, his first elected post, astonishing the rulers of the state by bringing a huge, neglected, backcountry vote to the polls. That in 1924 he ran for Governor and was defeated by the New Orleans vote. That by agreement with this city's political bosses he repaired this position in 1928, becoming the youngest Governor the state had ever had. That, while still in the Governor's chair, he was elected U.S. Senator, and by adroit manipulation of the law was able to put a nominee in his place. That he continued to run Louisiana from Washington through his local henchmen, that he supported Roosevelt in the Presidential election of 1932, and had a considerable hand in his victory. That suddenly the Roosevelt support was taken away from him, together with the Federal patronage on which he had counted. That he then became Roosevelt's deadly enemy, forcing him by his "Share the Wealth" program to support far more drastic legislation than he could have intended. That he fought back in his own State, handling all patronage himself, obtaining the money through kickbacks and direct taxes. That the Roosevelt administration sent agents into the State and indicted several of his henchmen for income tax frauds and investigated himself. And that suddenly, while his power was still rising and he was gaining the support of the underprivileged in all parts of the country, he was murdered in his own Capitol by the hand, it was said, of an almost unknown man, one Dr. Carl Weiss, whose motives were never divulged. No investigation was ever held into the murder. That after his death, though the machine he had built was still controlled by the same henchmen, the income tax cases were called off "for lack of evidence," Federal patronage poured in, and Louisiana became for a while the very darling amongst states, as the reward for her new support. Westbrook Pegler called it the "Second Louisiana Purchase."

It is an unsavory story of U.S. politics, made possible only by outrageous economic inequalities and the system of political patronage. As long as a man may be rewarded for political services by the gift of a position that carries economic compensation, as long as the votes of the poor can be bought with promises of bread that they are unable to earn by their own efforts, so long will there be political bosses and the danger of dictatorship. The very form of democracy lends itself to the

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method. To be able to vote freely for a person or party he believes best fitted for government, a man cannot be swayed by competitive promises of bread or more bread. And the politician who promises, called upon to deliver, must soil his hands in the endeavor or be defeated by his less scrupulous competitors.

The inner story of the disintegration of just such a man is told in Adria Locke Langley's "A Lion is in the Streets" (Embassy Book Co. $3.50). I cannot think why the author bothered to insert the customary declaration "This novel is fiction and intended as such. Any likeness to characters either living or dead is purely coincidental" nor why the publishers stated in their careful biography on the dust jacket "She has gone into the South, into Wyoming (!) and Arizona . . . making friends with plain Americans," "Purely coincidental" is worthy of her own central character, Hank Martin.

Martin was born in the back-country of the "Magnolia State" (in real life Louisiana is the "Pelican State," Mississippi the Magnolia State—truly a brilliant disguise!); he was brought up on a farm, and peddled for a living (Long's specialty was Cottolene, Martin's Sizzle—both from cottonseed); he entered politics by persuading the inhabitants of his back-country to vote. He was elected Highways Commissioner (Long was Railways Commissioner), he became Governor with the aid of the Crescent City vote—not even an attempt here at disguising New Orleans. Mrs. Langley's description of the city is factually accurate. Finally he is murdered in his own new Capitol by an unknown assailant whose only wish is to rid the world of a tyrant—the usual motive attributed to Dr. Weiss. Though Long had ceased to be Governor and was a U.S. Senator at the time of the murder, the essentials are the same. As I say, I can see no reason for disguising her hero's identity, unless libel laws inhibit her.

Greek Tragedy Quality

It seems to me that this is a perfectly legitimate form of fiction, one of the most valuable forms there is. She has taken a flesh and blood character, and from his external actions imaginatively recreated the internal man, and a magnificent job she has made of it. The other characters are what make the work into fiction, for there is probably little of Rose McConnell Long in the Verity Wade Martin of the story. But if Long had had such a wife this is how she would have reacted to his slow disintegration under the impact of excessive power. And thus she and his genuine friends would have felt about the appalling waste of the life and talents of this man with the outstanding combined gifts of eloquence and administrative capacity.

The plot does not follow the rigid form prescribed by the life of the subject. It has been creatively selected from the totality of the possible, while retaining the decor of the Louisiana scene. A henchman of Long's, one Rudy O'Dwyer, in real life kept an aviary full of rare and beautiful predatory birds. Mrs. Langley has given the aviary to Guy Polli, a composite figure though none the less real, and built up a powerful dramatic scene around it, quite apocryphal, but in keeping with the characters.

In this country Huey Long is not well known. We have heard of his apparently clownish antics in the Senate, and his filibustering; we know of him as a typical political boss in his own state. We thought of his "Share the Wealth" program as a vote-catching idea designed to gain him political support from the underprivileged. We may have been right, but there was much more to the man than this, if only as a social phenomenon, a magnet for the despair engendered by the depression. If he had lived — and he died in 1935 when recovery was still around the corner, before the days of the jaloppy caravans—there is no knowing how powerful he might have become. As it happens, he was the only great popular leader thrown up by the depression, and he was killed while his power was still rising.

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Layoffs In War Plants Bring Labor Demands

By MURRAY COTTERILL

Large scale layoffs in war industry which have followed the end of the Japanese war are, paradoxically, accompanied by a refusal by many war workers to accept the jobs offered to them by Selective Service.

Mr. Cotterill, Secretary of the Toronto Labor Council, sums up the layoff situation in this article and lists the various demands which unions are putting forward in their efforts to solve the layoff problem as it is seen by their worker-members.

THE most disturbing home front news of the last few weeks has been the sharp layoffs reported from all parts of the Dominion. Apparently the sudden ending of the Japanese war has caught both Ottawa and private enterprise a bit off guard, with reconversion plans not as far developed as many had believed. As might be expected from those most directly affected by the layoffs, organized labor has lost no time in demanding that corrective action be taken immediately to protect their uprooted memberships.

A surprisingly large number of Canadians are affected by the ending of war production. By August 28, the total laid off since VE Day had reached 230,000. An additional 250,000 had been previously laid off after the peak of 900,000 was reached prior to the Normandy invasion. That means that more than half of our wartime army of wage-earners has already been demobilized and the end is not yet in sight. Layoffs for the month of June, 1945, are reported by Ottawa statisticians to be higher than for any similar month during the past twenty-five years.

Hardest hit within recent weeks has been the aircraft industry. Small arms production, shell making and a munition concern received their death blows long before any Japanese capitulation.

At the time of writing, aircraft plants in Vancouver, the prairies, London, Toronto and Montreal have been either closed completely or reduced to small staffs, thereby wiping out virtually all of the Canadian industry. Ottawa reports that a British firm will build heavy transports at the Lancaster-producing Victory Aircraft works. DeHavilland workers have been told that some as yet unnamed private purchaser is hoping to use 1000 workers at some as yet unnamed activity within the buildings once devoted to the production of Mosquito Bombers. But nothing definite has been announced about when these new operations will get under way. One Quebec ex-aircraft plant is now turning out prefabricated aluminum bungalows, a development which may have some promise.

John Inglis, once the Empire's greatest small arms producer, is down to about 4,000 from a wartime high of 17,000 and a large section of these are employed in the company's boiler-making commercial division. Small Arms Ltd., the Crown-operated producer on Toronto's western outskirts, went through a sit-down strike before news came out about its purchase by another unnamed private buyer. The big shell-making plant of National Steel Car in Hamilton closed its doors with a thud the day after VE Day. Toronto's Dominion Bridge shell plant took longer to close its doors after VJ Day but they are now closed just as tight. Small-town cartridge shops are finished in all parts of the country. The Wartime Housing cities which surround the ammunition plants scattered through central Canada are now ghost towns.

The shipyards are closing. Toronto's Crown-owned yards are completely finished, according to Ottawa. There have been heavy layoffs on the west coast. At the time of writing, smaller Great Lakes, St. Lawrence and Maritime yards seem least affected but, without quick orders for peace-type shipping, they can't last much longer than the end of the year on uncompleted naval requirements.

Yet Jobs Go Begging!

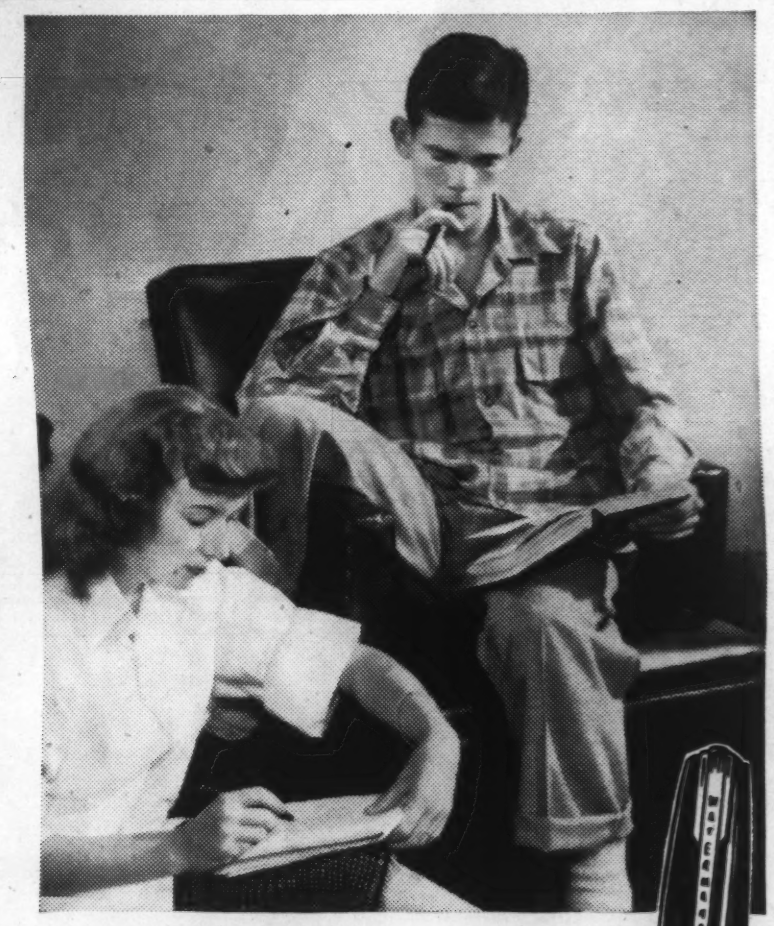
Paradoxically, at this very moment that layoffs are piling up, Selective Service offices report that jobs are going begging. On August 21 it was stated that there were three jobs for every applicant across Canada. In Ontario, the ration was four to one and in Toronto itself, any one worker had the choice of seven occupations. Interviewing dischargees at De-Havilland Aircraft, S.S. men found that only 50 per cent of those laid off would accept any of the jobs offered. On Sept. 1, Labor Minister Mitchell placed the Dominion-wide labor shortage at 154,000.

The big barriers, of course, are the wages and type of work offered. Even with pay scales far below American levels, work in a modern, clean, war plant has it all over domestic service, waiting on restaurant tables, wading through the gore of a packing plant, mucking in a northern mine or machine tending in some dingy, pre-war textile mill. To make things worse, wage freezing laws have kept wages in these so-called "peacetime" occupations at their pre-war lows. Unions report that laid-off members are taking losses of 20c to 30c an hour when they take on new work, losses which are quite severe in view of modern living costs.

Soldiers also seem hesitant about jumping into civilian life. Those now home and in uniform who have no definite jobs to go back to, are not at all anxious to get bogged down in some plant door line-up. A group of such men awaiting discharge were sent to work at a packing plant at army pay and staged whatever is the army equivalent of a strike in protest. They were returned to barracks pending a change in rules which permitted them to receive full civilian rates for the work they were doing. But even after such a change in rules many job calls went unanswered.

Wage differentials are not the only snag. New jobs too often mean a shift in home location which, in view of present housing shortages, is often an impossible barrier. Those living in wartime houses are fearful of accepting low priority work because it might mean that they will lose their home. There are thousands of newly-built permanent home groups which have sprung up around big war plants on the outskirts of the big cities, and

It won't be long now before these British W.A.A.F., who served at this remote Ceylon station as equipment assistants, will be returning home.



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Ask him today his opinion as to the value of life insurance and you will get an enthusiastic answer. He invested in his first Imperial policy while still attending school, working in his spare time to earn the money for the premiums.

Over the years this Imperial Endowment has meant to him protection for his mother —and of late years for his wife. And now, to climax its usefulness, when making one of the most important purchases of his life —his home—the Imperial Endowment "swung the deal" by helping to provide the needed funds.

Looking ahead ten, fifteen, twenty years hence, will $2,000—$5,000—$10,000 in cash be useful to you then? You can provide it in convenient instalments now, and in the meantime give protection to your dependents, by investing in an Imperial Life Endowment Policy.

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war workers, having sunk all their savings in down payments, don't want to get away from the area. They prefer to wait until the nearby war plant has been reconverted as promised during recent election campaigns, rather than taking a job at some far-distant factory.

Job Security

Then there is the matter of job security. Many workers have left peacetime jobs to take on war work after urgent requests by government officials. In so doing they have forfeited their seniority in the old concern. They have, however, built up a new seniority credit in war plant. Should the plant reopen for peace production they could go back with their new seniority intact. Acceptance of jobs elsewhere would mean another forfeiture of seniority at a time when the future in any concern is, to say the least, pretty vague.

The union first cry has been for speeded-up negotiations between Ottawa and private investors who may be taking over the war plant facilities. Quite obviously the war ended sooner than was expected by many of these buyers and plans are simply not available for public announcement. The unions are therefore demanding that, rather than tossing the men and women out pending further delays in transference, the government abandon its policy of turning everything over to private enterprise and proceed themselves with the reconversion of properties.

A money demand which is gaining a lot of backing from the war workers is the request for "severance pay". This civilian equivalent of an army gratuity is designed, once again, to enable people to wait until their plant has been reconverted and to ease the shock of a suddenly-ended income. One such proposal calls for one month's pay for every year worked at war work. To those who claim that there is no comparison between war work and army service, the unions refer back to the many speeches made during the war years extolling the "army of the home front" and point out that many war workers have been transferred by mandate to war jobs and that all of them have been virtually frozen in the war plants while other people were making sure of safe peace-industry berths before the rush started.

Concurrent with this request is the suggestion that Unemployment Insurance benefits be raised to at least $25 a week during the reconversion period. Nobody worried very much about insurance benefits during the boom years but now that unemployment is again a problem, many are realizing that these benefits don't go very far to offset the present cost of living.

Counter-Proposal

Another union worry is reflected in the request that all present union agreements be honored by purchasers of any property. Having established collective bargaining, seniority, grievance procedure and other benefits during the war period, the laborites are naturally anxious to avoid new battles for the same gains from some new employers.

At the time of writing Mr. Howe seems interested in the idea of "severance pay" to the extent of promising it consideration if workers will, in turn, agree to accept any work offered them by Selective Service regardless of wage level. His counter-request reflects a fear that reconversion might be slowed down unless peacetime occupations are filled quickly and it indirectly admits the serious gap between war and peace job wage levels. The suggestion of higher unemployment insurance will be considered with the fear that any increase granted will probably become permanent. The policy of continued union agreements has been so far accepted in cases of changeover, but the trend might reverse unless the idea is backed up by law.

Confronted with the confusion in other industries, many well-established unions and managements are moving up quickly with proposals for shortened hours. Auto workers in Windsor have asked for a 32-hour work week. Fur workers are asking an industry agreement calling for a 34-hour week. Steelworkers and the management of crown-owned Research Enterprises have already agreed to a cut to 40 hours weekly in an effort to save jobs and that same hourly figure has been adopted generally by other locals of the same union in their reconversion proposals.

Very naturally, these cuts in hours will be accompanied by labor requests that wages be increased to permit earnings equal with those possible in the longer work week, requests that the National and Regional War Labor Boards will find most embarrassing in view of continued wage control regulations and which the Federal government, worried about the degree of postwar power it will have over labor matters, will consider equally disturbing.

Feeding a hungry world will be the chief concern for immediate postwar years. There are many like this elderly Jewish refugee in Switzerland.

Playing safe with TEXTILES

The supply of textiles is not adequate to the demand.
For six years, most of the world output has gone to war.
Victory has not improved the situation.
There will not be enough textiles in Canada for many months to come.

HERE ARE SOME OF THE REASONS

Canada depends largely on other sources for raw materials and for some yarns and fabrics.

A serious manpower shortage still confronts the textile industry of all Allied countries.

Shortages overseas must be met. It will take months before production is resumed in Europe.

Substantial quantities of all kinds of textiles are still required by occupational forces.

Domestic demand for textiles increased sharply during the war. It is still going up.

Civilian clothing needs of returning servicemen and women are swelling the demand here at home.

TO PROVIDE CANADIAN WOMEN with guidance and practical assistance in maintaining the family wardrobe, the Board has prepared a series of advertisements, to assist Canadian women. Each subsequent advertisement will illustrate tested ways of styling new and fashionable clothing from outgrown and outmoded garments. For valuable hints on style, economy and CONSERVATION, watch these columns.

CONSERVATION IS THE KEYNOTE

This year, production directives have again been issued to the textiles industry.
They are intended to divert output to more essential goods.
But directives alone cannot cure a situation arising from world conditions.
The answer lies in conservation. More than ever, the need is to conserve, to take care of what there is, to mend, make-over and make-do.

CONSUMER BRANCH
THE WARTIME PRICES AND TRADE BOARD

CONSERVE—AND PLAY SAFE WITH TEXTILES

Germany's Towns Need Complete Rebuilding

By JOHN GORDON

The extent of the destruction in Germany is difficult to appreciate or grasp fully. The writer gives an overall picture of one district, the Ruhr area, gained from an inspection flight.

His findings are: an area which is a vast tomb, millions of people who own nothing, and towns which will have to be pulled down to the last stone and completely rebuilt.

And Mr. Gordon notes there is a serious future problem involved. Present conditions inevitably must fester hate in the German people, and for years to come their logical ambition for revenge will have to be guarded against.

Berlin.

THE three dominant World Powers devised at Potsdam a plan for the future of Germans which it is intended will control their recurrent madness and mischief, and at the same time give them hope that when they have proved their sanity they will be permitted to enjoy the same life as civilized people.

No weapons with which a war could be waged are to be permitted to them.

No organizations intended to foster military spirit, or strength, from a General Staff to a veterans' club, will be allowed to function.

Industry upon which modern war depends is to be restricted so severely that basically Germany will be an agricultural country for years ahead.

The machines upon which Germany based her war power will go in great quantities to Russia. Territories like East Prussia are to go to peoples whose lands the Germans have ravaged.

These decisions are just, if hard. But I wonder how many people in Canada realize that hard as they are, they are the least of Germany's tribulations today.

There has been no retribution in human history so terrible as the retribution that has fallen upon the Germans.

No people have ever brought upon themselves such frightful affliction as now lies upon the ordinary citizens of Germany.

Six years ago, or even less, they strutted their streets with the arrogance of world conquerors. Today millions of them are living an existence little better than that of pariah dogs.

Much has been written about it. Most of us have seen pictures of the debris-heaped towns.

But in spite of all that has been published I doubt if the average man or woman in Canada has any real conception of what life is like in a German town today, or of the future the German is facing.

One day last week I flew for about seven hours over the towns of the Ruhr.

I thought I knew the worst there was to be known about them.

In seven hours I discovered that it takes a bird's-eye view to give you a real picture of what bombing has done to Germany. And it is a picture which is frightful almost beyond comprehension. Let me report in simple words just what I saw and felt.

Flooded Lands

We made landfall over Ostend on a sunny morning. The sea was like morocco leather. The sands were as yellow as ripe corn. The red-and-white houses seemed just as attractive and just as solid as ever.

It was the same right up the coast to Knocke, with just a touch of war here and there—a broken breakwater, a gap in Zeebrugge Mole, now and again the mast of a wreck poking above the water, tank obstacles sprouting like bare, black trees out of the beaches, here and there the bomb crater, now an inevitable part of the European landscape.

Across the Scheldt Estuary to Dutch Walcheren, and suddenly you plunge into a scene of devastation that makes you gasp. The whole island is under water.

The sea has poured through the torn wall, and that great area of Holland looks from the air like a vast lake with here and there a clump of rushes growing out of it. The "rushes" are the tops of dead trees. They are black and leafless. They still stand, but the sea has killed them. There are no roads, no villages, no towns any more; just an endless waste of water broken occasionally by a tree or the upper floor of a deserted house.

Even the port of Flushing is practically entirely under water.

The whole area as far as the eye can see is dead. And it will remain dead for many years, for even for years after the sea has been driven back—a vast engineering work—the soil's fertility will be gone.

Then when you are beginning to think that the catastrophe has no end, you come upon the neat and tidily tilled green fields of Holland, just the same as ever except that now there are very few cattle in them, an occasional farmhouse has been blasted into ruin, and, of course, the bomb craters.

As we moved south the flat fields gave way to wooded undulating country, the trees as beautiful as they are in England. We come to a pretty little town. Peaceful and quiet it looks in the summer sun, peaceful and quiet you feel it must always have been.

Then you see the pock marks in the fields, bomb craters and mortar shell holes, so numerous that sometimes a field is so pitted that no plough could drive a single furrow across it.

Arnhem

Then you notice the many gaps among the houses. The roofs that are torn, and that so often are not there at all. Across one roof is a sign written in English that stirs your heart oddly. It says: "Spare our Zoological Gardens." The town is lifeless.

It is Arnhem. Over there is the bridge for which we fought. Such a little bridge it seems to have cost

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this is the Teller in a branch of a different bank in another city, who made sure that the man who presented the cheque was really the man Jack intended to pay. Then the amount of the cheque was added to that man's deposit account.

this is the Clearing House maintained by the banks so that customers' cheques can be exchanged and the banks can settle their accounts with one another every day. From here, Jack's cheque was sent to the clearing department of his own bank, and from there to the branch where Jack keeps his account.

this is the Ledger-Keeper who made sure that the signature was really Jack's. Then he debited Jack's account. The amount is entered in Jack's passbook next time he comes in, so he always knows exactly where he stands.

This is a sketchy outline of what happens when you pay an out-of-town bill by cheque. Many people pay their large local bills that way too. To be able to pay by cheque is a tremendous convenience which costs you little or nothing. Banks are the bookkeepers for millions of our fellow-Canadians.

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so much blood. Such an insignificant piece of ironwork to have been to so many brave men the Golden Gate.

Below is a low brown building marked with many Red Crosses—probably the historic hospital in No Man's Land, used by both sides at the same time.

I think of a colleague who was murdered with a group of paratroops after he was captured, and wonder was it on that road. I think how strange that fierce and long as the battle was, so many trees still stand in glorious bloom, and, still thinking, find myself over the German frontier above Rheine, the first small German town.

Like Arnhem, it must have been a pretty little town. But it had the ill-luck to be a vital railway junction, and today it is dead.

Only the walls of the gutted houses stand round the towering spire of the church, which is also a ruin. One daylight raid did that, I was told, a terrifying example of the power of bombing.

On the horizon is a silver streak. We move towards it, and suddenly find ourselves over a square mile of earth which seems to have erupted like the mouth of a volcano.

It is the point at which we wrecked the Dortmund-Ems Canal. At least one Victoria Cross was won there, and a basketful of other bravery decorations.

I have never seen a more awesome upheaval.

In the centre of it is the wrecked canal, its water spread out over fields, studded with the wreckage of innumerable barges.

There is not a single blade of green grass over the square mile.

The light brown earth is so pocked by craters that it looks from the air exactly like a pot of boiling porridge, enlarged to the size of a small town.

The devastation is so enormous that you just cannot conceive how to make a start to repair it.

And you can't help thinking, as you look down in awe, how tremendous must have been the ordeal of those airmen of ours.

Nothing Left of Munster

We passed to Munster, which figured so often in the Ruhr raid news. It is a much larger town than I thought, and the heart has been torn clean out of it. There is nothing left but rubble and gaunt walls. The vast railway station looks as though a giant had crushed it beneath his feet.

Some way ahead the railway lines spread outwards and outwards until suddenly the earth below seems to be covered with them. It is Hamm—once-famous Hamm, the great railway junction which became an early war bombing joke.

I fear there was not much of a joke in the bombing for Hamm. By and large, the junction looks like a piece of Meccano wreckage. Even today there are still wrecked trains lying on their sides red with the rust of years.

From Hamm we passed to Dortmund, first of the great Ruhr towns that run almost unbroken to Cologne. Dortmund, like every Ruhr town, is dead.

Every one of its great workshops is either completely destroyed or next door to destruction. A trickle of foot traffic runs through the main streets, but there are practically no side streets—only lanes over heaps of rubble.

The Germans never cleared their blitzed cities as England's were cleared. Obviously the job was far beyond them, and under the rubble still lie the bodies of the dead. How many, no one will ever know, but the toll was high, for we know that in Hamburg alone on one terrible night more than 40,000 people died.

Across Bochum, also still and dead, we pass to Essen, once the heart of German war power, now an empty shell.

The lesson of Essen is that bombing gained a power such as Malta, and London and Portsmouth, and Plymouth, and Coventry never knew even in their worst days. The vast Krupps workshops are not merely wrecked—they have been rubbed out as if a cyclone had torn the heart out of them. The wreckage is unimaginable.

Life in Essen is practically at an end.

Down the broad and lovely Rhine we came to Cologne, once the greatest city of them all, now the most frightful. From 1,000 feet up it looks a shell, dominated by the tall black spires of what was once its cathedral.

Only Can Be Pulled Down

I should estimate that practically every wall standing in Cologne today will have to be pulled down. The entire city has to be rebuilt. It is one vast eerie tomb.

As in all the other cities, a little traffic flows down the main streets, but most side streets no longer exist. The mighty Hohenzollern Bridge, once the pride of Germany, is sunk in the river as if the heavens had fallen on the middle of it. The second bridge beside it has only a beginning and an end.

The green belt round the inner city is littered like a battlefield with wrecked and stationary tramcars—scores of them.

Wherever we went across Aachen, Gelsenkirchen, Duren, Julich and the rest of them it was the same story. These towns can never be patched up again.

They can only be pulled down to the last stone and rebuilt. There has been no destruction like it in world history. You cannot realize the extent of the catastrophe without seeing it.

It is a staggering problem in material loss. But there is another side to it, perhaps a much more important side, the human side.

How many people in Canada realize that most of the millions of people who lived in the great and small German cities possess today practically nothing beyond what they stand up in. Their houses have gone. The contents of them have gone.

They have nothing left. If they owned their house they now own merely a rubble heap.

If they worked, the place at which they worked is probably no more. If they lived on investments, the place which produced the dividends is no longer in existence.

Put yourself in the place of these Germans. What would your feelings be? I'll suggest that they would be deep and abiding hatred for the people who robbed you of victory and inflicted such punishment upon you. That, I am sure, is what most Germans feel about us.

Now I don't pity Germans. They don't want pity anyway and in my view they have got their just deserts.

But one day as surely as the sun rises they will seek revenge if it is possible. That danger will face us through this generation and the next, until the leopard changes his spots. And we shall be foolish if we underrate it.

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MOSCOW LETTER

It's Hard for Foreigners to Get the Hang of Russia's Rubles

By RAYMOND ARTHUR DAVIES

Moscow.

ONE of the greatest difficulties encountered by a foreigner in Russia is the question of money. From the very first days of the foreigner's stay it becomes obvious that the whole concept of the word "money" differs from ours.

In effect, the ruble is worth about 20 cents in our money for purposes of foreign exchange. It buys nearly two pounds of potatoes in the ration goods store where the correspondents trade. In the farmers' market, five rubles will buy a pound of potatoes. In the rationed goods store sixty rubles will buy a half liter (about a pint) of vodka. In the commercial shop it will take a hundred and fifty rubles to do the same. In the open market about a hundred might be enough.

But it is even more involved than that. If you earn 500 rubles a month your rubles will buy "twice as much rent" as they would were you earning a thousand. And again, no matter how many rubles you have, because of prevailing shortages, you can't buy a suit, except at commercial prices which are high, unless you are a "good" worker, a "shock brigadier", a "stakhanovite", an important and deserving official, or an invalid or invalid's wife or child. To buy the suit, if you rate, you'll need not so much money as an officially-issued order.

So what is a ruble? What is money in the U.S.S.R.?

This month Professor Z. Atlas, who last year came out squarely in defence of gold as the medium of international exchange and ridiculed all plans to abandon gold for this purpose, writes a most comprehensive article in the magazine *Bolshevik* entitled "Money and Exchange in the Soviet Economic System." This article clarifies much of the Soviet concept of money under socialism.

"The war," Atlas begins, "called forth serious economic and financial difficulties. Under war conditions it was dangerous to underestimate the role of money in socialist economy, to adopt the erroneous view that supposedly problems of cost, monetary economy and financial discipline in wartime have lost their meaning, since the demands of the front have to be satisfied regardless of expense."

Transition Problems

Nor does Atlas anticipate the transition into peacetime economy to be entirely without its own monetary problems. "Even in the U.S.S.R." he writes, "in the process of postwar transition to peacetime economy, there will arise great and complicated economic and financial problems. Because of that the study of theoretical problems of exchange and money in socialist society takes on special importance."

Far from abandoning money, Atlas remarks, the Soviet system having inherited it from the past has "caused it to be reborn, vanquished it; subjected it to its own needs."

The "domination of money" was undermined (he states) by the nationalization of land, heavy industry, transport and banks. The role of money as a common equivalent was thus limited, since it became no longer possible to use money to buy lands, factories, railways. Money stopped being a *common equivalent* in our sense of the word. But what did it become?

Atlas says that following nationalization of banks and banking system, the Soviet Government began to use money to solve some of the basic problems of the "dictatorship of the proletariat." A new type of money was created—*Soviet Money*. At first this money was valued against gold. In the early days of the Soviet Union all Government operations were carried on by means of two parallel systems of monetary calculation—in gold and in paper. In 1924 the Soviets achieved stabilization of currency by selling on the market goods belonging to the Government at fixed prices. In 1926-1928 all imports and exports of Soviet currency were banned. Gold was withdrawn from all *internal* Soviet economic operations. By the beginning of the thirties Russian money had indeed become almost completely different from money in any other country in the world.

The well-known Soviet economic principle, the cornerstone principle of socialism "from each according to his ability, to each according to his work" demanded, says Atlas, the strictest control over the measurement of labor and measurement of consumption for this control money was utilized. Money became the *weapon* of the Soviet State during the construction years 1930-1940. Not all agreed on the use of this weapon, however. During these years all kinds of theories developed in Russia concerning the "dying out of money, trade and credit." In effect, these theories encouraged the uneconomic (printing press) issuance of paper bills, spread carelessness in accountancy and financial control, discouraged the very concept of reduction of production costs. These theories, Atlas reveals, were used "by all types of enemies of the socialist State."

Socialists Need Money

The Soviet Government did not accept these theories. On the contrary it adopted the view that "money is essential to realize the socialist principle of distributing products according to labor, and as a form of organization of economic contacts within socialist industry."

For example money was found necessary for payment of wages and salaries in a way relative not only to the number of hours of work put in by individuals but above all to the quality of the work. Hence the differentiated rates for piece work. In organizing industry to achieve greatest possible efficiency, it was found that money alone could serve as a weapon and measure of labor efficiency, productivity and economic management. Money became a form of measurement of, and a measure of control over the activity of State-owned plants and industries.

A special method of using money for purposes of such control has been worked out. This is done, according to Atlas, by the principle of "satisfying monetary requirements of an enterprise only in proportion to the degree to which it has carried out its production plan and according to the level of its expenditures. Failure to carry out established plans results in losses and immediate shortages of funds. The plant must ask for more money to continue producing, and thus reveals its poor management and lagging behind."

The same situation in a different form exists in the countryside. The collective farm owned by its members, nevertheless does not live a closed life. It must receive supplies, machinery etc., from the outside so that it must trade with the outside and this money is essential. When income is low, the lack of money reveals weaknesses and signalizes need for help.

Soviet money, Atlas explains, is a means for public (social) control of labor spent in producing and at the same time is a form of social exchange of commodities. "Money is used to effect general State control over both quantity of labor and quantity of consumption."

The Soviet State "uses money to record and control the turnover of material values in State-owned industry and to a considerable extent also in agricultural economy."

Atlas shows that "the planning of production of goods, of national income, of national wealth, of the basic funds of socialist economy is impossible without money as a measure of cost." And he adds that "without monetary control it is impossible to rationally organize the functioning of enterprises, since without it, it is neither possible to compare expenditures and results of production, nor to effect business-like accounting."

In practice this means that the State itself establishes prices and controls costs of goods produced in State-owned industries. This does not mean however—and this point has been made rather often of late—that the Government can set any price it pleases. On the contrary, though possessing the power of varying prices,

Contributed by
DAWES BLACK HORSE BREWERY

on the whole the Government can set them only within the limits of the well known economic laws dominating costs of production which also appertain under capitalism. Under the Soviet system, as under capitalism, the price of each individual item does not necessarily coincide with its cost. But in the Soviet Union the whole mechanism of variation of prices from costs is used by the government "to realize its plans in the sphere of production and distribution." In other words, the Government can use money to dominate, control markets, and lead to the desired effects that such domination can bring about.

Stabilized by Goods

In 1933 discussing the monetary situation, Stalin said: "How is the stability of Soviet currency assured, other than by the gold reserve, if we take into consideration the organized market of course, and not the unorganized market which has subsidiary importance? The stability of Soviet currency is assured in the first place by the tremendous quantity of products in the hands of the State being released for sale at stable prices. What economist can deny that such assurance, taking place only in the U.S.S.R., is a more realistic means of ensuring the stability of currency than any gold reserve?"

In recalling this statement Atlas says that in capitalist countries the value of currency cannot be backed by goods since the production of goods is not in the hands of the government.

What about gold? Gold, says Atlas, in the Soviet Union serves the purposes of a national fund in the form of a centralized State gold reserve. This is the reserve hoard of "world currency" for the use of the whole Soviet society. It also is used to back, in part at least, Soviet currency along with the products belonging to the State.

The other uses of money are quite similar to ours. For instance money is used as a medium of savings. Russian savings banks are encouraged in every way and the growth of deposits serves as an index of prosperity, just as it does in Canada.

To sum up, money is used by the Government for wage payments, for the financing of State-owned industry. Money is a weapon of the Government, a tool of the State, a measure of efficiency, productivity and prosperity. In many of these functions it resembles money in Canada. But Soviet money can not be used for investment in anything but society as a whole, which itself "begets" the money on the basis of the existence of real and realizable wealth.

What Will Happen To French Indo-China?

By JOHN HASSALL

The valuable territory which makes up French Indo-China, the writer believes, may be a centre of discussion in the Far Eastern settlement. French connection with the territory goes back nearly 150 years.

ONE of the interesting questions in the settlement of affairs in Asia is the fate of French Indo-China. This very rich and strategically important territory which used to separate the vast expanse of China from the Kingdom of Siam and the State of Burma is the only considerable outpost of French authority remaining which has not been brought once again under the French tricolor. France, as General de Gaulle has already announced, expects shortly to have the territory once more as part of a United French Empire, but in view of the apparent disposition of the major Allies to keep their individual positions in the Far East as strong as possible, together with the dubious Indo-China record during the war, it would not be at all surprising if there were some clash about the territory.

In point of fact, French connection with this territory goes far beyond the attachment of North Africa from the point of view of years. It was shortly after the French Revolution in 1797 that the reigning King of Annam conceded to the French a slice of the Asiatic mainland and an adjacent island. It is true the connection remained a tenuous one, but, nevertheless, it persisted until modern times.

As the last century progressed so the sphere of French influence increased, until, at the time of the outbreak of the present war, the French Asiatic possession, including two small leases of land from China further up the coast in the direction of Canton and Hong Kong, amounted to 286,000 sq. miles, with an estimated population of 23,250,000. Although there are many races, such as obtains in every wide area of Asia, the inhabitants are for the most part followers of a Brahmin cult, and this made the task of local administration very much easier. At the same time there used to be very considerable Catholic Missionary influences in some of the States, especially Cambodia and Cochin China.

Fine Temples

The inland country is rich in native religious architecture. The temple of the Angkor-Vat, one of the best preserved examples of Khmer art, is built in a moated park more than three and a half miles round. And this is but one of many such works to be found scattered in the jungles and forests.

Cambodia in the far south has been a French protectorate since 1863. It used to be governed by a French Resident Superior who lived at the capital of Pnom Pneh, and who had more or less complete military and civil control over the native king.

Cochin-China, one of the former protectorates of Indo-China, is an actual French colony, for it was ceded by the King of Annam in 1868. In this section is the great river and seaport capital of Saigon, with a population of more than 100,000, but with an influence far excelling its actual size. Here the rule was maintained by a titular Governor, and the appointment was one of the former plums of the French Colonial Service.

Tonkin, or Tonquin, another protectorate, came later in 1883. Again there is a French Resident Superior, but he is all powerful. The French in recent years elevated the powerless King of Annam from whom they obtained Tonkin, to an Imperial throne. It is interesting to note that after the Japanese aggression he was far more resolute in his opposition than many of the high French officials.

The other protectorate is Annam itself. This was taken over the following year—in 1884. Since they obtained possession of this great Asiatic colony, the French have characteristically developed it with railways and up to date roads. They re-established important factories and, before the war, most of the country was in a thriving state. The French may treat their colonies on terms of equality, and give their Deputies a place in the home Parliament, but at the same time they demand that they also pay their way and contribute to the home Exchequer an adequate return.

• • •

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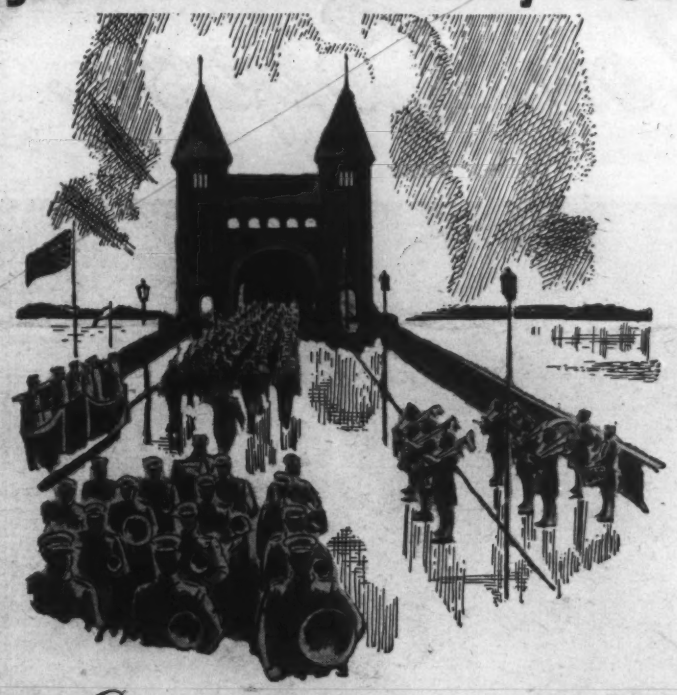

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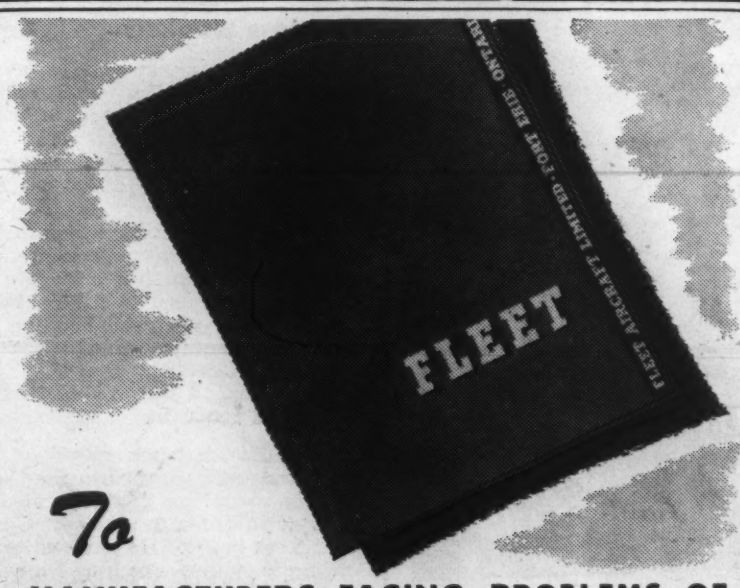

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BRITISH COLUMBIA LETTER

B.C. Nurses and Internes Claim to be Overworked and Underfed

By P. W. LUCE

MORE THAN 300 nurses and internes at the Vancouver General Hospital have signed a protest against the quality of food served to them. They complain that between breakfast at 6 a.m. and dinner at 5 p.m. only a light luncheon is served, though this is not exactly borne out by menus submitted by those in charge. The staff counters this by pointing out that doctors and nurses do a great deal of hard physical work, and should not be expected to thrive on such light meals as are suitable for sedentary office workers.

The chief grievances are the lack of variety and the indifferent service. The nurses say the foodstuffs are all mixed together "like a dog's breakfast", and that concoctions of cold beans, carrots, corn, peas, lettuce, radishes, and beets come to the table all smothered in sauce, "as repulsive a sight as an operation for a ruptured appendix," as one critic put it.

There is said to be a lack of vitamins in the food offered, an amazing state of affairs in a hospital which is classed as among the best in Canada. A suggestion has been advanced that bowls of vitamin pills be placed on the table to offset their deficiency, but vitamin pills, however efficacious, can hardly be classed as an appetizing offering on a hot day.

Fifteen cases of pyorrhoea are said to have been traced to the wrong kind of foodstuffs, and there have been some cases of scurvy believed to have originated from the same cause. Oranges and fruit juices are rarities.

In rebuttal, those in charge of dietetic arrangements point out that the average girl gains 14.6 pounds during the three years she is in training.

To this the report is made that the average girl has not finished growing when she enrolls, and that the disliked diet includes a lot of bread, milk, crackers and butter, all decidedly fattening foods.

Dr. A. K. Haywood, hospital superintendent, is investigating the complaints. He does not eat with the staff.

Apart from what they term "messy meals", nurses in British Columbia have rather a hard time of it. They are seriously overworked because the services have drawn away large numbers of the more efficient sisters, and the number of recruits falls far short of what is needed as replacements for trained girls who marry when their three years are up, or who refuse to stay in a profession that is rapidly losing its appeal.

St. Paul's Hospital, a Catholic institution in Vancouver, is said to have the most overworked staff in the west. Kamloops is the most unpopular. Tranquille, the TB centre, is regarded as unattractive. In Nanaimo, two sections have been closed because of staff shortage, and only persons acutely ill are now admitted. The normal staff of 25 nurses has dwindled to 11, and these have had to forego their annual vacation so that the patients would not be left unattended.

Careless Smokers

Cigarette smokers were responsible for starting 1485 fires in British Columbia in 1944, according to the annual report of Fire Marshal W. A. Walker. The loss from these live stubs totalled $189,191, and one death resulted.

Defective chimneys accounted for 223 fires. Hallowe'en pranksters are relieved to learn that only five outbreaks were traced to firecrackers.

For the ten-year period ending 1943, British Columbia's annual fire loss averages $3,208,466.

Chinese Hootch

Yip How, a truck gardener near the Condstream Ranch in the Okanagan, is preparing a potent alcoholic drink with which to celebrate Chinese New Year in 1947. He has two gallons of sam suey into which he introduced a live rattlesnake two years ago, poison fangs and all. The reptile is slowly disintegrating, but the liquor will not be clear for 18 months or so.

Yip How assures his white friends that the hootch will pack a powerful kick, and is issuing invitations to a party for which there are surprisingly few acceptances.

Auction of House and Lot

For the first time in 25 years, a house and lot has been sold by auction in Vancouver. It was a four-roomed bungalow built a year ago, and it brought $2125, with a substantial cash payment. Bidding had started at $700, and had been run up to $2400, but the prospective purchaser reneged at the last moment and scrambled away over the back fence. The auctioneer had to start all over again.

A large number of lots were auctioned during the real estate booms of the early days, as well as the occasional house. Mostly the lot sales took place in a down town hall, for the offerings were far in the outskirts and decidedly speculative.

The first real estate sales by auction in Western Canada took place in Winnipeg in the 'eighties. These included property in Edmonton and points north, and many of these lots have not yet been located by the buyers or their heirs and assigns.

Bishop Sexton and Liquor

From the pulpit of Christ Church Cathedral in Victoria, the Rt. Rev. Harold E. Sexton, Bishop of Columbia, has severely indicted the provincial liquor system, and by so doing stirred up an agitation that may have far-reaching effects. The bishop demands laws "that will encourage citizens to drink like ladies and gentlemen in congenial and attractive surroundings."

The use of the word "encourage" was perhaps inappropriate. A highly vocal element which would like to see the return of prohibition promptly pointed out that citizens do not need any "encouragement" in their drinking.

In his sermon, Bishop Sexton condemned existing laws because they forbid alcoholic refreshment with meals in public places (except by special permit as at banquets), herd men and women into beer parlors where they do nothing but "guzzle", interfere with the liberty of the individual, force people into hotel bedrooms to entertain their friends, induce boys and girls to believe it is smart to take a bottle on the hip to a dance, and have greatly contributed to the development of automobiles into bedrooms on wheels.

The bishop accused most so-called temperance reformers of being themselves intemperate when they discuss the liquor question. He added that the cultivation of decent drinking habits is of far greater importance than the nationalization of the liquor traffic.

A number of unions, service men's organizations, and other groups have endorsed the bishop's conclusions, but the prospect of any immediate change is remote.

One minor improvement has brought joy to beer parlor patrons. "Collars" of foam are to be no more than half an inch on a full glass, a gentlemen's agreement to this effect having been reached by operators and the Liquor Control Board. Hitherto, in some parlors, the glasses held about forty per cent foam.

Gin rations for September have been increased as a result of the lifting of restrictions by Ottawa. The quantity available depends on the supply of bottles. There is no chance of more whisky, rum, or other spirits which must be aged before sale. Sugar shortages prevent any increase in local wines.

British Columbia has about 50,000 gallons of rum in storage, and a further supply of this favorite beverage is expected within a few months.

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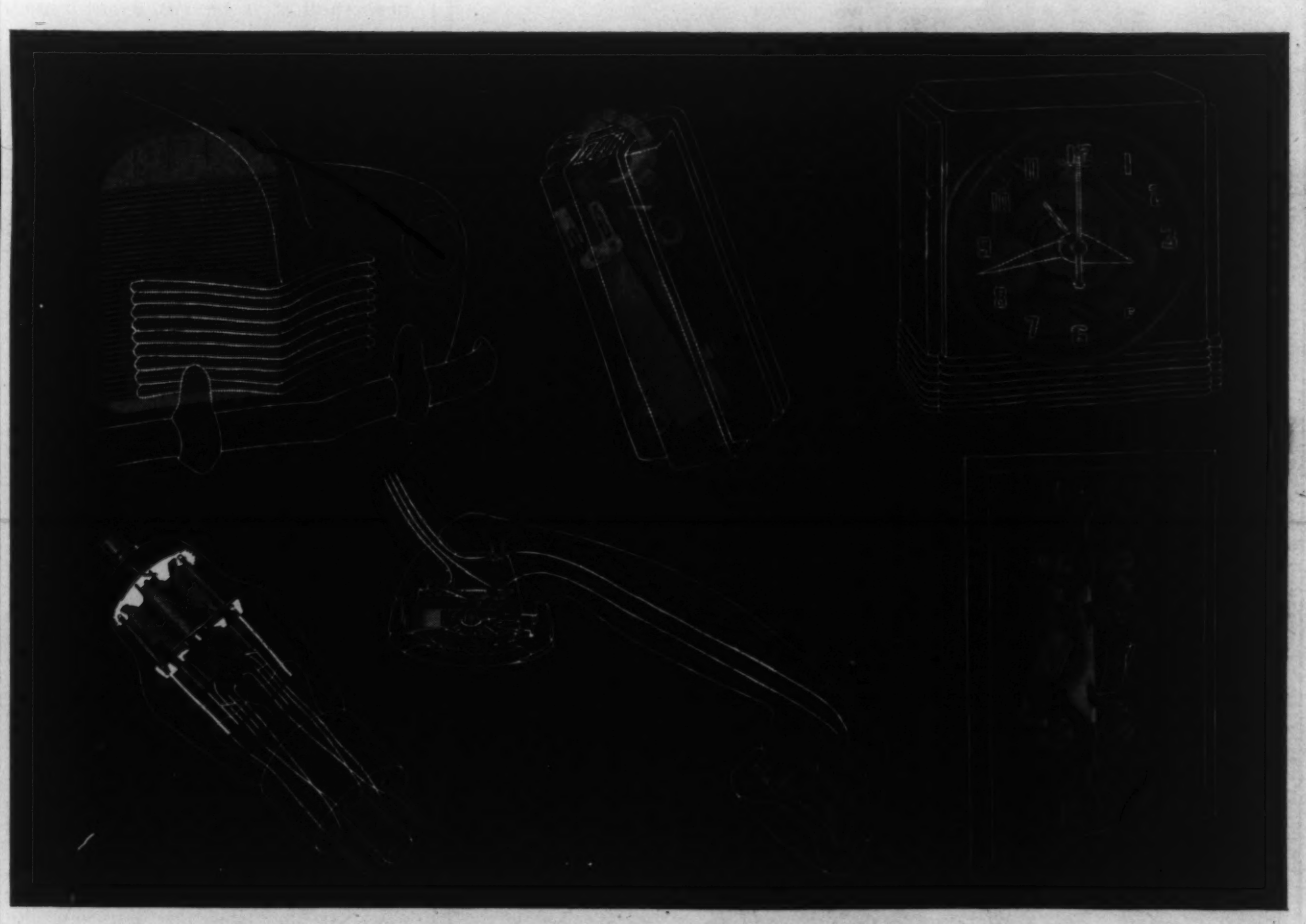

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THE LONDON LETTER

Labor to Create Political Peers For Debating in House of Lords

By P. O'D.

TO THE thoughtful foreigner Britain's House of Lords must seem one of the queerest institutions in this bewildering country. There it is, the reputed stronghold of hereditary privilege, the haunt of reaction and vested right and ancient tyranny, and yet one of the very first things the Socialist Government is expected to do is to appoint about 20 or 30 new members to it—just tell them off to go and be peers, and no argument about it! And not for the first time!

In a few weeks, no doubt, we shall have Lord Bill Smith and Lord Tom Jenkins and a lot of other new Labor lords, and everyone taking it for granted as an ordinary and necessary political expedient — though what some of the old dukes and marquesses say to one another in quiet corners may be hot enough.

It is simply that the Government needs to raise its debating strength in the Upper House, and this is the way to do it. Besides, it is likely that some of the new Labor peers will look a good deal more like lords than do the representatives of families that have enjoyed such distinctions for centuries.

A story is told of the visit of some leading French Socialists to the House of Commons before the war. Speaker after speaker from the Socialist benches got up, carefully dressed, precise in speech, restrained in gesture. The Frenchmen hardly bothered to listen. But when Lord Robert Cecil got up, shaggy, untidy, careless in manner, but very much in earnest as always, the Frenchmen leaned over in excited attention.

"Ah, this is good," they told one another. "Here at last is a real workingman—*un vrai ouvrier!*"

Parliament is a confusing place.

Angry Motorists

Motorists are far from grateful. They had expected that the new Government . . . and the new Government hasn't—or as nearly as makes no difference. A mere 25 per cent increase on the old gasoline ration! Something like offering another thimbleful to a man dying of thirst.

When the end of the German war brought the restoration of the basic ration, and it was once more possible to get the old car out on the road, motorists were delighted. It is true that the ration was tiny, but it was a start. Though motorists were "not entirely gruntled," as poor old P. G. Wodehouse used to say, they were not disgruntled. All this would be put right when the war with Japan was won, they told themselves and one another.

But now the war in the East is over, and all we get is a niggardly gallon or so more. From a new government, too, that might be expected to be generous! But motorists are in no mood to turn the other cheek. Already angry protests are going up on every side in such volume and vigor as to cause even the doughty Mr. Shinwell, the new Minister of Fuel and Power, to make excuses and promises—rather vague promises, it must be confessed. But he had better do something about it soon, or a good many of us will be putting the old 'bus back on the blocks and demanding a refund of our road-tax. That ought to larn 'em!

Beauty or Utility

Durham and Lincoln each with its ancient cathedral perched high on a rocky eminence, are two of the most beautiful cities of England. And each has for the past year or more been the centre of a fierce controversy about the erection of what are called "cooling towers" by the Central Electricity Board. These are huge things, 90 feet high or thereabouts, and grouped in batteries of six or eight or even more. They are not beautiful.

Far be it from me to plunge into the argument! Let others decide the troubled problem of priority as between beauty and utility. In Durham beauty has won, in Lincoln utility. Let it go at that! But what I would like to know is why it is necessary to have cooling-towers at all.

Why must all this heat be expensively dissipated and a city made hideous, when most of us are wondering how we are going to keep from freezing next winter? Surely it is not beyond human ingenuity to do something useful with this concentrated warmth. Why not dissipate it into people's houses? It might even show a handsome profit —in time.

Cartoonist's Death

More than fifty years as leading cartoonist of *Punch* is surely enough to make an artist a public figure. Sir Bernard Partridge, who died the other day at the age of 84, was all of that. Other cartoonists have been funnier. A few—David Low, for instance—have been better artists. But it is safe to say that no cartoonist of his time has had more influence. And not just the influence of *Punch* itself. His best cartoons were fine and memorable pieces of work in their own right.

There was something peculiarly English about Partridge's work—and this is said in admiration—something solid and careful and restrained. Partridge did not regard a cartoon as a form of self-expression. He set out to depict an idea, and he did it with a realistic completeness that may at times have seemed a little stodgy in its careful detail, but was always dignified and impressive, and at its best full of dramatic force.

He had been in his early youth an actor, which may help to account for this almost theatrical quality. He had also been a designer in stained glass, which certainly affected his composition. The rest was the reflection of his own serious, dignified, and kindly personality.

Hidden Savings

There seems to be something peculiarly old-world about the habit of keeping one's savings in the secret drawer of an old dresser, or behind a loose brick in the chimney, or stuffed down into the mattress of a bed. I cannot believe that many people do this sort of thing in Canada—though naturally people who do it don't say much about it—but I am often amazed at the number of cases that come to light in this country, usually through someone discovering the hoard and making off with it.

The other day in London one of the meanest men in the world slipped into the tiny home of an elderly ex-flower-girl and stole her life's savings from a recess in a wardrobe. More than £1,000—which seems a very remarkable amount for a flower-seller, even with a pitch in Piccadilly Circus, to accumulate. A clever bit of finger-print-work on the part of Scotland Yard landed him in jail in a couple of days, but the money was gone.

Bombing also revealed quite a number of such hiding-places. I remember, after a blitz on the little town near which I live, coming upon a local policeman carrying an apparently heavy canvas bag from a bombed cottage. I asked him what was in it.

"Money," he said. "Mostly silver, but quite a bit of gold with it. The old fool 'ad it 'id in 'is chimney. The bomb blew it all over the bloomin' place. I don't 'old much with banks, but they're safer than that."

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The Mayor of Browdley And His Problems, Family and Civic

SO WELL REMEMBERED, a novel, by James Hilton. (Macmillans, $2.75.)

GEORGE BOSWELL is a Lancashire lad in the cotton-spinning town of Browdley, born and brought up in poverty and depression. His father had been a Methodist local-preacher and millhand, sternly insistent on work and conduct. Perhaps the boy inherited the hope for an improvement—far-off, but preferred to get it in this world if possible. And how, if not through local politics? Browdley is no heaven; the room for improvement is immense. So George gets into the town council; at 24; and makes a living by a printing shop. He is a bit of a radical and believes that bad drains and bad housing should be mended, despite all the vested rights in England.

Naturally he has opposition, but he has respect at the same time. He is honest and downright, but there is a wheedling strain in him that in time overcomes opposition, and his optimism never fails. In every respect George is a man worth knowing, for his private dependability and his public zeal. No wonder he comes at last to be Mayor.

He marries a girl of crooked ancestry, fiercely possessive in her love, but as fiercely selfish. She is jealous of municipal business which removes George from her sight, even temporarily. She counts it all as nonsense and when at last she cannot break her husband away, she leaves him. After the divorce she marries a young diplomat and ruins his career. All in all she is one of the most despicable-attractive characters in fiction while George is a symbol of patient, weary, but indomitable England, in war as in peace.

The novel is slow-moving, but the suspense continues and the grace of Mr. Hilton's writing makes the reading a continuing pleasure.

•

Of Peril Ahead

WHILE THERE IS TIME, by Stephen Leacock. (McClelland & Stewart, $2.00.)

THIS last work by a distinguished writer (who writes no more) gathers up his conceptions on the nature of man and of man's daily business, and expresses them with vigor and at the same time with charm. He begins with a paragraph that long has needed to be written in Canada:

"We will take our start from the fact that we are all honorable men; that a Social Crediter from Alberta, or a member of the *Bloc Populaire* from Chicoutimi, P.Q., is all right when you know him, and so is an Orangeman from Orangeville. We will agree that an old, fashionable Tory from the most old-fashioned street in Toronto, who hasn't changed his opinion for a hundred years, is as good as an old-line Grit who altered his only fifty years ago, or an up and daring Enthusiast who changes his opinion as easily as he changes his shirt, in fact easier. We are all good Canadians. Others need not read."

With this introduction he makes a searching examination of Private Enterprise; of its merits in production of goods and services and human diligence, and of the evils that came in its train, sweatshops on the one hand and millionaires' follies on the other. How the most desperate of the ills were mended by trades unions and public protest is fully explained but the merits stand and must stand when the condition of the civilized nations today are compared with that of a hundred years ago.

Then Mr. Leacock examines Socialism as an idealism and as a practical way of life. He points out that with perfect citizens any government would be good. In a population of angels Socialism would work to perfection. The gravest danger of Socialism is ruthless rule from the top down, as we have seen it in Germany and Italy.

The book is bright with humor and satire. It is easier to read than to answer.

•

War's Aftermath

BRICKS UPON DUST, a novel by Paul Tabori. (Musson $2.50.)

BACK to a European village where he had been born and had worked as a teacher came a weary soldier. The Germans were gone, leaving not one house intact and only a few people. These were living in cellars, in dugouts, scrabbling for food in ruined fields and rubble, gathering shattered wood for fuel. The children were like old men of some barbarian age; the older folk had withdrawn to a disused quarry, deserted by the children.

Against suspicion and in-grown fear the soldier became a leader in rebuilding the village, working with home-made tools, mastering his own inertia through the inspiration of his old father, now frail from malnutrition, and giving a wholesome example to others. When an old comrade comes back from the wars, the fact that he had been a professional pickpocket makes no difference. The skill of his hands is needed to trace-up the wires leading to booby-traps and other electrical deviltries left by *them*.

It's a good tale, realist to the bone, terrible, yet fine in conception, characterization and structure. As a commentary on war it deserves the widest circulation on this continent.

•

Peering into the Future

AMERICA: PARTNER IN WORLD RULE, by William Henry Chamberlain. (Copp, Clark, $4.00.)

A RECENT cartoon showed a young woman standing beside the ruin of her motorcar and explaining to a constable, "Gabriel Heater sounded an ominous note." Perhaps some commentators whether by radio or by print keep on sounding ominous notes as they look out upon the world and its desperate problems. Yet again and again a cheerful event has been a wholesome balance for a pessimistic prophecy, as when the Japanese war ended in three months instead of in two years.

At the same time the dissemination of information concerning these problems is useful even though the conclusions or the fears are on the gloomy side.

•

Primitives

LITTLE PEOPLE IN A BIG COUNTRY, by Norma Cohn. (Oxford, $1.75.)

CHILDREN draw and paint with a happy ignorance of all the rules. And very knowing people, called critics, regard the pictures with deep respect, stroke their beards (if any) and talk about the Message of the Primitives. Here is a book of authentic Primitives painted by children of Uzbekistan in Southern Soviet Russia. The description of them is simply and admirably written.

•

Unhappy Tale

FOOL'S ERRAND, a novel, by Frederic F. Van de Water. (Collins, $2.75.)

AN ARTIST forsakes his salaried security in New York to go free-lancing from a farm in Vermont. His wife, born to rural life, is happy at the return to the land, even when failure to make a living seems inevitable. But the city man is lost in the silent hills and among the tight-lipped natives. He is introduced to a coterie of rich neighbors who have brought New York life with them to the country, and while he now has good prospect of selling his pictures he gets involved with a predatory siren, sees himself as a ruin and commits suicide.

The story is told with grace and is especially noteworthy for its pictures of rural characters, fine and not so fine.

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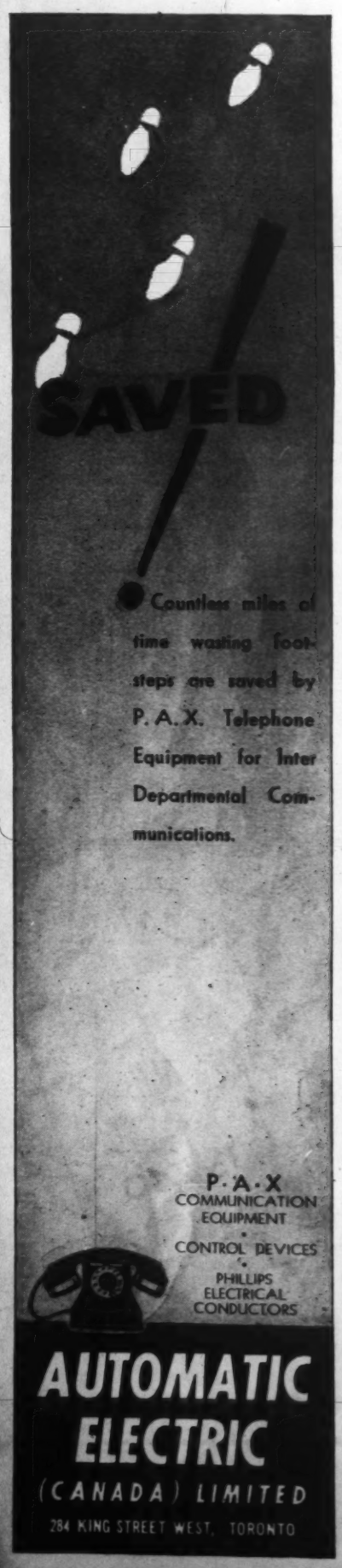

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THE BOOKSHELF

An Attempt to Classify Men of Affairs By Settled Patterns

PHILOSOPHY OF BUSINESS, by Rupert C. Lodge. (University of Chicago Press and W. J. Gage, $6.50.)

OF THE mystery of thinking, willing and doing, wise men—and others—have spoken and written, generation after generation, and the mystery remains mysterious. From the same observations psychologists reach conflicting opinions, and philosophers being more given to reflection than to observation divide into classes—almost one to each class. Is there a mind, distinct from nerve-ends and brain convolutions? "There is," says one. "There isn't," says another. Is the world real or a mere projection of the mind? And so most of us can say with Omar Khayyam:

"Myself when young did eagerly frequent
Doctor and Saint and heard great argument
About it and about; but evermore
Came out by the same door where in I went."

Is a business man a realist, an idealist or a pragmatist? So inquires the author of this book having first explained as fully as necessary—perhaps more fully—the root-conceptions of realism, idealism and pragmatism. In time he concludes that man must be made of all three if he is to reach any measure of success. But the same thing can be said of men in other vocations. A complete realist, with no ideals, would be a brute; a complete idealist ignoring realism, a fool; a complete pragmatist dismissing all past experience and living by trial-and-error, a lunatic.

However interesting the book may be as an essay in speculation and as a summary of systems its value to business men may be fragmentary.

•

An Early Texan

STOCKY BOY OF WEST TEXAS, by Elizabeth W. Baker. (Winston, $2.50.)

By MARY DALE MUIR

HERE is a cowboy story that walks right out of 1878 complete with escapes from Indians on the war path, buffalo hunts, great rattlers and cattle rustlers! Stocky, the young hero of the book, rides well under the pen of the authoress who left Memphis, Tenn. for Texas as a child with her parents fleeing yellow fever. Stocky meets Billy The Kid and finds a friend named Bud Goosetree. He comes upon treasure in the form of coins dating back to 1537. They camp by river and mountain and experience the dangers of quicksand.

Besides being a high ranking "thriller", the book gives an excellent picture of Texas and its inhabitants in the early days.

Gay Prelude

•

TCHAIKOVSKY, by Waldo Mayo; illustrated by Andre Dugo. (Collins, $2.00.)

SOME anecdotes of the life of the great Russian composer told simply for children and radiantly illustrated in color. A happy picture-book for a boy or girl "beginning piano."

•

Old Nova Scotia

TALLAHASSEE, a Ballad of Nova Scotia, by Andrew Merkel. (Imperial Pub. Co., Halifax, $2.00.)

A CONFEDERATE raider, the *Tallahassee* sailed out of Wilmington in 1864 and showed her heels to Federal cruisers of the blockade. On her way northeast she destroyed a good deal of shipping and finally came to Halifax to fill her bunkers and step a new foremast. British naval officers were not unfriendly to the Confederacy, but neutrality laws had to be observed. So the time came for the visitor to leave—with Federal cruisers waiting in the open sea. A daring bit of piloting took her out by the Eastern Channel, tortuous and comparatively shallow, and she got back to Wilmington unscathed. Her commander, Captain Wood, after the war became a noted Nova Scotian and lived in Halifax.

Out of this tale, supplemented by the engagement off Cherbourg of the *Kearsage* and the *Alabama*, and the general politics of the Maritimes on the eve of Confederation, Mr. Merkel has made a ballad of over 100 pages. Mostly the stanza has seven pentameters fully rhymed, (1212233), a metre that would have a rollicking air for a satirical or humorous poem of moderate length, but grows monotonous in plain narrative. For that reason (to me) the section dealing with Tupper and Howe, D'Arcy McGee and other politicians, geared to banquet and oratory, is more satisfying than the rest. Sailing men knowing the sea-approaches to Halifax will be pleased with the piloting story and the long list of names known to every old-timer. Mr. Merkel has some words that rhyme "because he chooses" and not a few imperfect rhythms, but no doubt a balladeer may be entitled to some freedom.

Aero Fantasy

SCHOOL IN THE SKY, by Ruth and Latrobe Carroll. (Macmillans, $2.00.)

A DREAM story of a group of children who learned their geography in a flying machine which went around the world. Excellent for eight-to-tenners and charmingly illustrated.

•

A Lively Western

TROOPERS WEST, a novel, by Forbes Parkhill. (Oxford, $3.25.)

A vigorously dramatic tale of Indian warfare when the Utes were driven to revolt by a stupid agent and the cavalry was called into action. Excellent in structure and characterization and with a romantic interest that ends as you like it.

•

Useful War Memorials

COMMUNITY CENTRES IN CANADA, by Marcus Adeney, Lionel Scott, Gwen Fife and William H. Conrad. (Ryerson 25c.)

A SUMMARY of what has, and has not, been done in Canada towards community organization in a centralized plant, together with illustrations and architectural plans. Municipalities that are considering the form of the war memorials they contemplate should have this fine quarto pamphlet as a guide. Clearly the time for a statue in the public square has gone.

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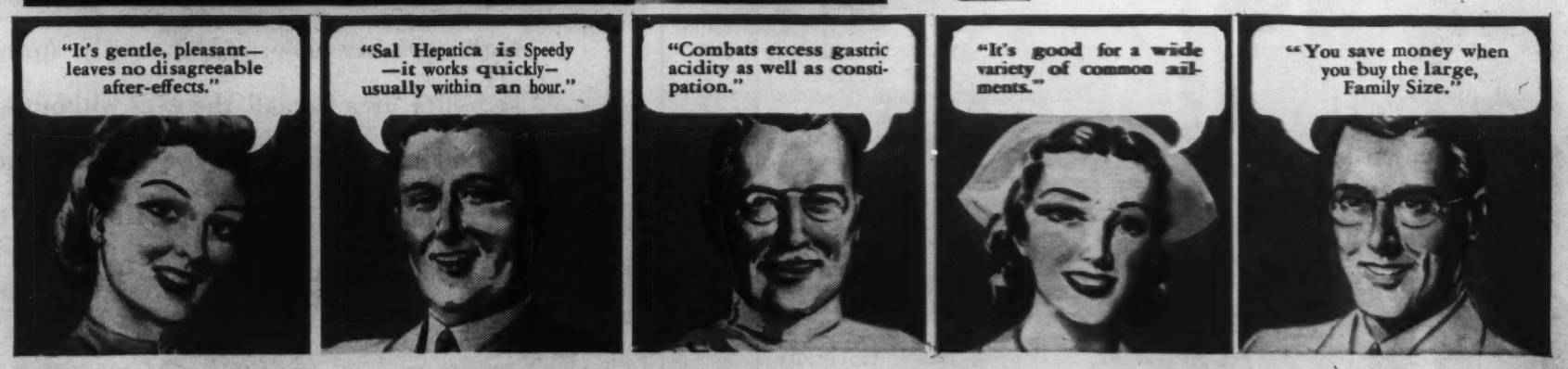
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WORLD OF WOMEN

Careers: Only Women of Highest Calibre Succeed in Medicine

By LILLIAN D. MILLAR

The following is one of a series of career articles being published in SATURDAY NIGHT *to assist young women in finding the answer to the important question, "What shall I be?"*

WHILE a great deal has been accomplished in opening the field of medicine to women, much opposition has yet to be overcome. The fact still remains that the girl who wants to be a doctor must be a better student, must have a greater desire to follow this chosen profession and must have more strength of purpose, tenacity and determination than the average man who enters medical school. For a woman must be more outstanding than her brother to attain the same degree of recognition.

However, while controversy as to woman's place in the profession continues to wage, girls are entering medicine in growing numbers and in almost every branch of the profession there are women who are doing outstanding work. In most parts of the world women are demonstrating their aptitude for this great humanitarian work and are taking a prominent place in the profession. The outstanding example is Russia, where about 70% of all doctors are women. It is generally recognized that women physicians are signally suited to treat women and children. As women and children under 10 years of age compose nearly 60% of Canada's population and as women physicians comprise only 10% of total medical personnel, there appears to be no limit to the field which awaits women doctors in Canada.

A Demanding Profession

Only the strong should consider medicine as a profession. To be a good doctor you need to have strength and nobility of character, superiority of intellect and abounding physical energy and endurance.

It is of utmost importance that a doctor should have the highest moral standards and the courage to maintain these standards no matter what temptation may come. A physician is given power which may be used to render great service to humanity, or which may be turned to ignoble uses.

If you enter the medical profession you must be prepared to assume responsibility for the well-being and at times the life of those you will serve. You must be resourceful, quick and confident, so that you may not be found lacking in an emergency. You should be dependable and be able to inspire confidence and respect. You need to have an abiding interest in people and a sincere desire to help them. Although your primary task will be to heal their physical ailments, you will be concerned also with the troubles and worries which result from illness and also with the economic and personal problems which may be affecting the health of your patients. You must be kindly, sympathetic and tactful in order to deal successfully with all the various types of people you will meet. You need to have great perseverance and determination. And you must have emotional stability for you will plumb the heights and depths of life.

Judgment and Skill

You need to have a keen, alert mind to acquire the skill which is needed not only to recognize and to treat diseases but to discover the cause of disease and how to prevent it. Unless you are by nature a good student you should turn to another career, for the training to become a doctor is long and difficult. Moreover, to keep abreast of new developments requires persistent study so long as you continue to practise. You need to have sound judgment as well as skill of the highest order to analyze each case, to quickly reach a wise decision and to apply correct treatment.

It takes a robust body to withstand for long the exacting demands of this profession. Not only will you be subjected to the dangers of infectious and contagious diseases but your hours will be long and irregular. You must respond to calls at any time of the day or night, regardless of any engagement you may have made. Not only are you likely to be on call for 24 hours of the day but also for 365 days of the year, for usually holidays are difficult to arrange and when they can be planned they entail a loss of income.

Because medicine exacts the utmost of knowledge, skill and judgment, it is desirable to have as broad an educational background as possible. To qualify for admission to the faculties of medicine of universities in Canada you are required to have had from one to three years of general university education in arts and science.

Faculties of Medicine

Details of the courses, educational requirements, fees, etc., may be secured from the registrars of the following universities—University of Alberta, Faculty of Medicine, Edmonton; Dalhousie University, Faculty of Medicine, Halifax, Nova Scotia; Laval University, Faculty of Medicine, Quebec, P.Q.; University of Manitoba, Faculty of Medicine, Winnipeg; McGill University, Faculty of Medicine, Montreal, P.Q.; University of Montreal, Faculty of Medicine, Montreal, P.Q.; Queen's University, Faculty of Medicine, Kingston, Ont.; University of Saskatchewan, School of Medical Sciences, Saskatoon, Sask.; University of Toronto, Faculty of Medicine, Toronto, Ont.; University of Western Ontario, Faculty of Medicine, London, Ont.

The course requires six to eight years, depending upon the amount of arts and science taken. Usually you must spend one or two years as an intern in a hospital. As a rule no salary is paid to the intern but it is customary to live in the hospital and to receive free board, room and laundry. Before you are permitted to hang out your shingle as a physician, you must obtain a license to practise from a provincial college of surgeons or from a licensing board. To qualify for this license you must pass the examinations and secure the Licentiate of the Medical Council of Canada.

General Practitioner?

When you are a fully qualified doctor, a wide field of service is open to you. You may set up in private practice as a general practitioner. In this event you will attend to cases of all kinds, advising and prescribing for patients and performing minor operations. The family doctor is, and is likely to remain, the backbone of the medical profession.

Or you may specialize in one of the many branches of medicine. The specialist is an expert in one type of practice. For example there is the paediatrician, (child specialist), the obstetrician or gynaecologist, the surgeon, or the eye, ear, nose and throat specialist. To become a specialist you would need to take from three to five years in post graduate study. Earnings of the specialist are considerably higher than those of

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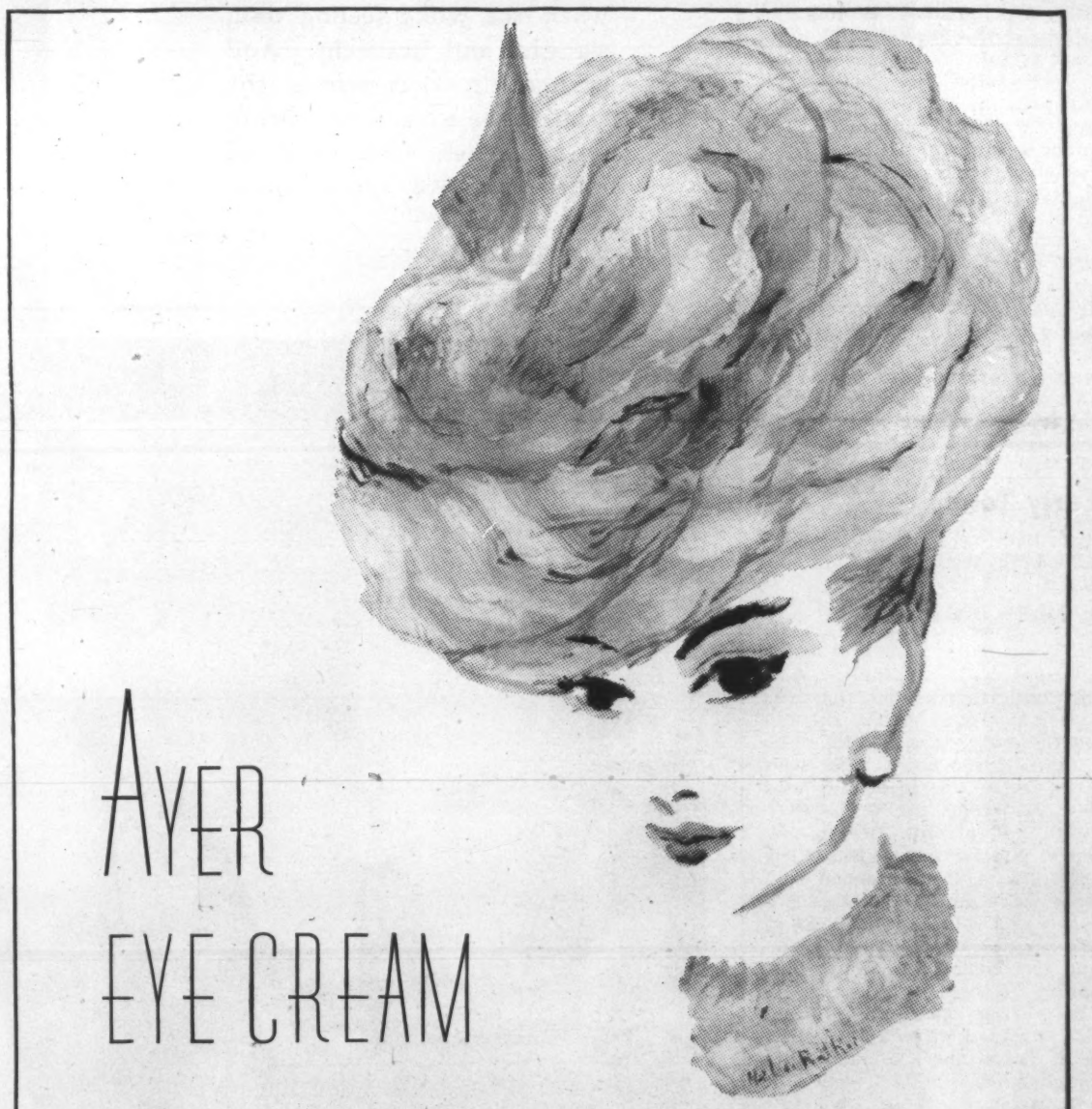

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the average general practitioner and as a rule a specialist can arrange to have more regular hours of work and more time off for leisure and recreation.

The New Physician

Aside from private practice, there are a growing number of fields in which a physician may serve. You may find a position with a public health department, on the staff of a public hospital or charitable institution, with a government department or public agency or with a social service organization. Or you may find an opening with a financial or commercial corporation or a large industrial plant. In past years many women doctors have gone as medical missionaries—a large percentage as married women—to lead active, useful lives in foreign fields. Of, if you have an instinctive curiosity to discover the underlying causes of disease and are of a studious nature, there is the wide field of medical research.

What are the prospects for the new physician? Even when the doctors who are in the armed forces return to civilian practice, there is likely to remain an acute shortage of medical personnel. If the total population of Canada was evenly divided among all our doctors, each one would have to care for more than 1,000 people. In the past many Canadians had no medical service. Many could not visit a doctor because none was near. Some had not the means to pay a doctor and were too proud to incur an obligation they could not meet. Still others were afraid to spend what little funds they had. Another group did not call a doctor until they were within the shadow of the grave.

Both federal and provincial governments are committed to introduce some form of health insurance designed to change such conditions. Most of the proposed health insurance schemes are three-pronged; first, to provide adequate medical service for every Canadian; second, to undertake broad measures to prevent disease from occurring; third, to teach the people how to gain more abundant health.

To implement all these plans, more medical personnel must be trained. Existing hospitals will have to be enlarged and new ones established. While under proposed health insurance schemes the sick person may see the physician of his choice, it is likely that health centres will be established across the Dominion in both rural and urban districts. And both hospitals and health centres will have to be staffed by doctors. Public health physicians will be more and more in demand to execute the measures needed to prevent and to control disease.

There will also be new openings for doctors in the industrial and business fields. From research made during the war it was found that the health of the worker is an important factor in both the quality and quantity of his output. This discovery has awakened the employer to the fact that it pays him to try to keep his employees healthy. As nearly two-thirds of the industrial population still do not receive the benefits of any medical care program, there should be a substantial increase in the demand for industrial physicians. Women now constitute a sizable proportion of total employees in many concerns and are in the majority in some types of business, so there should be a growing number of openings for women physicians in this field.

THE DRESSING TABLE

Change of Face: Fall Cosmetics Follow the Trend of Fashion

By ISABEL MORGAN

NEW season, new clothes, and a new approach to the subject of make-up. Those who have heeded admonitions about care of the skin during the summer months will reap their just reward now. The other 80 per cent of us who blithely tanned, freckled, burned or fried under the summer sun for long periods at a time without frequent dips into sun lotion or cream, or who skipped or skimped regular skin care, will find it necessary to work doubly hard to get the skin back into a presentable condition.

Rich, dark colors and the more formal air of fall clothes call for clear complexion tones. When these succeed cottons and light colors a fading tan looks shabby and sallow.

Mindful of the rush and quickened pace of our days, Helena Rubinstein has devised a high-speed program for quick ridding of tan and reconditioning of the complexion after summer. Chief activator in this program is a whitening cream which is also quite stimulating. A thin film of this "Wake-up" Cream is applied first thing every morning, and left on for twenty minutes or so. While one is dressing it goes right to work arousing the circulation and speeding up the skin's natural but much slower process of discarding old cuticle. After the cream has been wiped off, and followed by "Extrait" lotion, the skin is ready for make-up. For this part of the Rubinstein program the White Flame Cream Tint Foundation is suggested, because it's a soft creamy preparation that does a very thorough cover-up job.

Lip Service

Nothing will boost a woman's morale quicker than a new lipstick, a different hair-do or sometimes a new hat will do the trick. The quickest of these mental pick-ups is the lipstick — probably because it does so many things. The right shade will enhance the skin tone, make the eyes appear more sparkling and attractive, as well as highlight the color of the costume. Lucien Lelong has brought out four lipsticks—each of them tailored to do a special job for a special type. The texture is especially fine and possesses a long lasting quality, and every one is delicately perfumed. For those who have fair complexions there is Freedom (with a pink undertone) for daytime wear; Sirocco, a darker shade for evening glamor. For brunettes Robin Hood, a glowing medium red, accents the colors that become dark girls; for after dark, Black Plum, resembling rich wine velvet in texture and color.

Too many women dab on a circle of rouge, make a general gesture with a powder puff, add a smeary accent of lipstick and call the result make-up. Nothing, claims Ann Delafield, of the DuBarry Success Course, could be farther from the fundamental idea of make-up . . . making the utmost possible out of your individual assortment of features.

First apply your cream rouge of a shade individually chosen for your type—over a good foundation—sparingly and artfully. Blend it over the cheekbone into the shadow of the cheek and back toward the hairline, so that you cannot see where it begins or ends. This is one basic secret of a "natural looking" make-up. Over this apply your powder carefully, *pressing* it in. This helps to set the rouge and emphasize the color.

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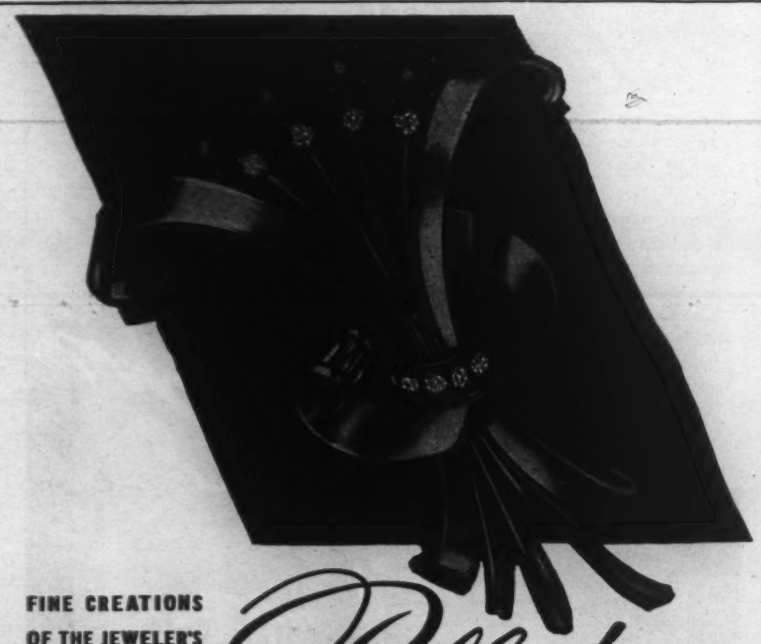
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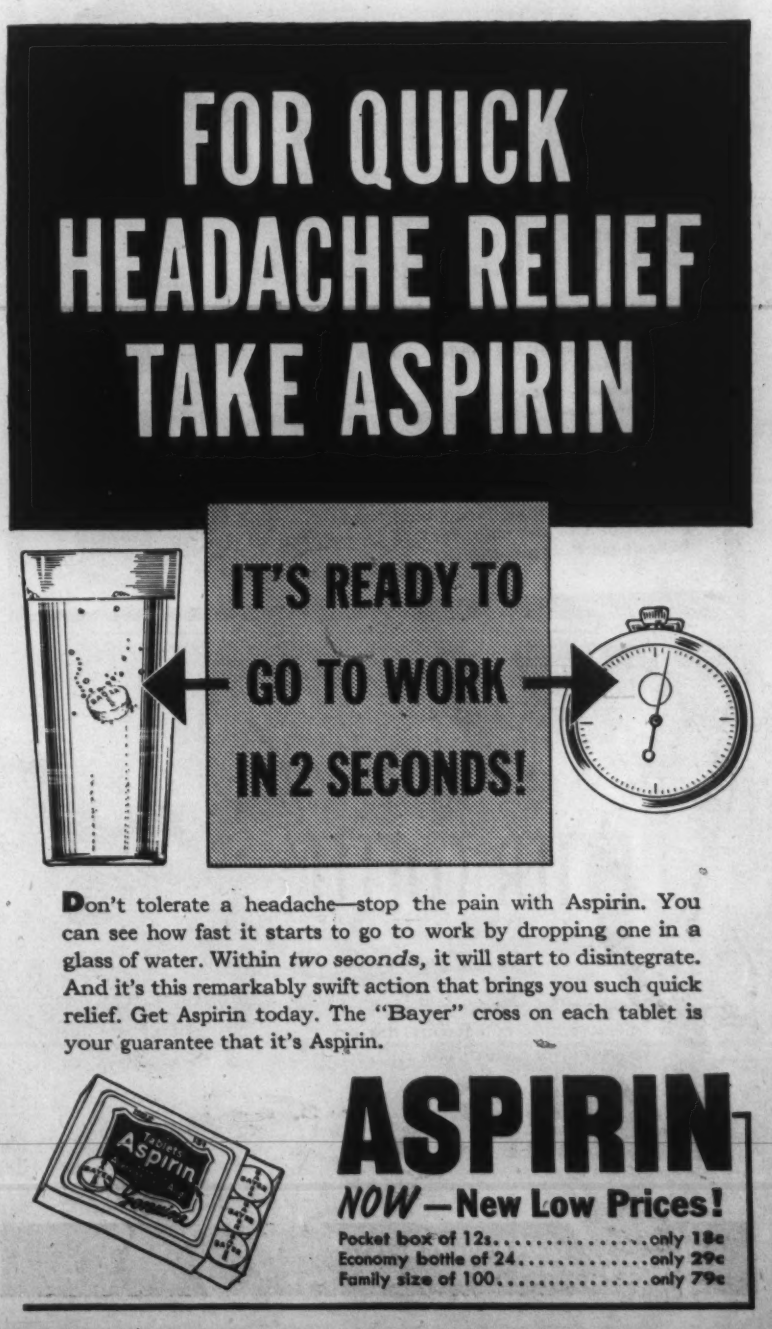
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WORLD OF WOMEN

Why Twenty Thousand Men Will Remember Carleton Place, Ont.

By FLORENCE WHYARD

IT is not on the beaten track, but Carleton Place is a junction point between Toronto and Camp Petawawa, which usually means a stop-over of two hours fairly late at night for any soldier bound for camp on a week-night. On Sundays, travellers must wait six hours to make the train connection for Toronto from the east, and small towns (Carleton Place has a population of about 4,500) don't have much to offer in the way of entertainment at times like those.

For a while that became quite obvious, as groups of army men roamed the streets at night, nowhere to go, nothing to do, restaurants jammed, two hours or more to put in somehow. That kind of spare time must have been what they meant when they first said "Satan will find evil for idle hands to do" and it was pretty clear that something was needed to fill in that spare time. Or else.

Nothing happened for quite a time. War service organizations were not interested in Carleton Place—there were no nearby training centres to attract auxiliary service programs. And it wasn't until one afternoon at a Ladies' Aid meeting that things started happening.

The usual items were on the agenda. Repairs needed at the parsonage; new china for the church kitchen; a fowl supper to raise funds, flowers for the special service on Sunday. One of the good ladies in the group was getting restless as she sat there. There was a war on—most of those women had sons in it or husbands, or sweethearts or brothers. Yet here they sat as if life was going on without interruption, putting all their efforts into repairs for the parsonage roof. It wasn't right, or satisfying, while hundreds of servicemen roamed their streets at night with no one interested in them, no one caring what happened to them in Carleton Place.

She stood up and said her little piece right at the meeting. She told her fellow members that it was up to them to get in on this war—it was their war and these men were bringing it home to Carleton Place. It was up to the churches and to every citizen of the town to extend a hand to the boys in uniform and make their town a place to be remembered in a definitely friendly way, not as a negative blank between trains. She felt sure that if they could get together on it with the women of the other churches, something practical could be worked out.

Fine, said the ladies. We appoint you as chairman of a committee of three to investigate the matter. (That's what nearly always happens to anyone with ideas—they get stuck with the work!)

Fund of Good-Will

But Mrs. W. K. White didn't let that bother her. For the next few nights she could be found around the station, checking the number of army men riding the trains each way; talking to them about how they filled in the time; talking to railroad officials, talking to Legion men, rounding up allies in the cause. She travled to Ottawa and asked the Y.M.C.A. Red Triangle supervisor a lot of questions about organizing a service centre; she got promises of help with donated equipment, the loan of an empty store, furniture from Carleton Place attics, food and volunteers to prepare it.

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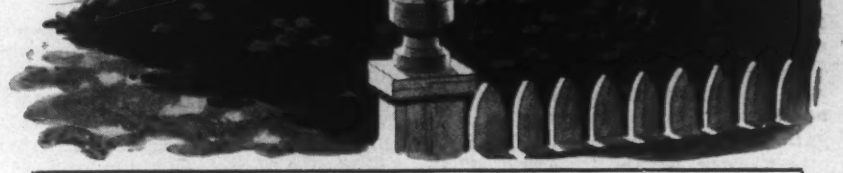

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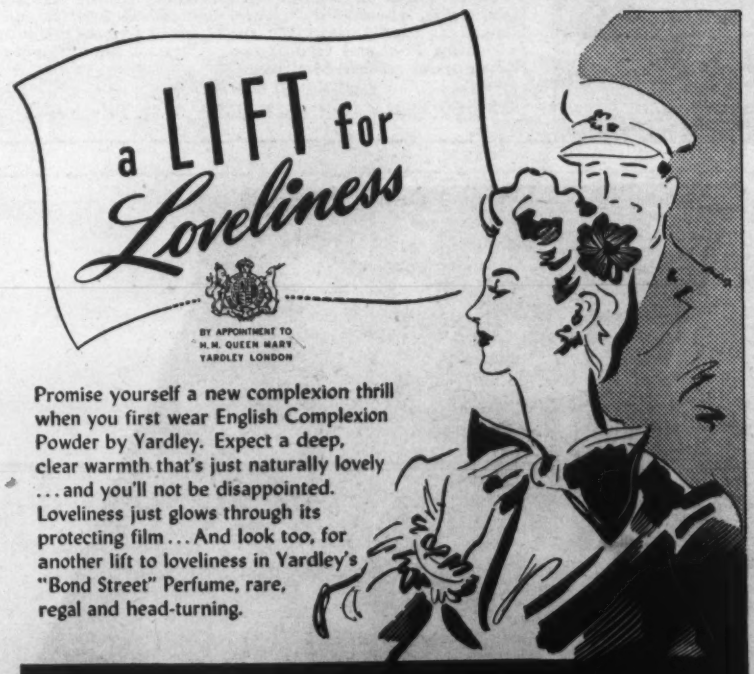
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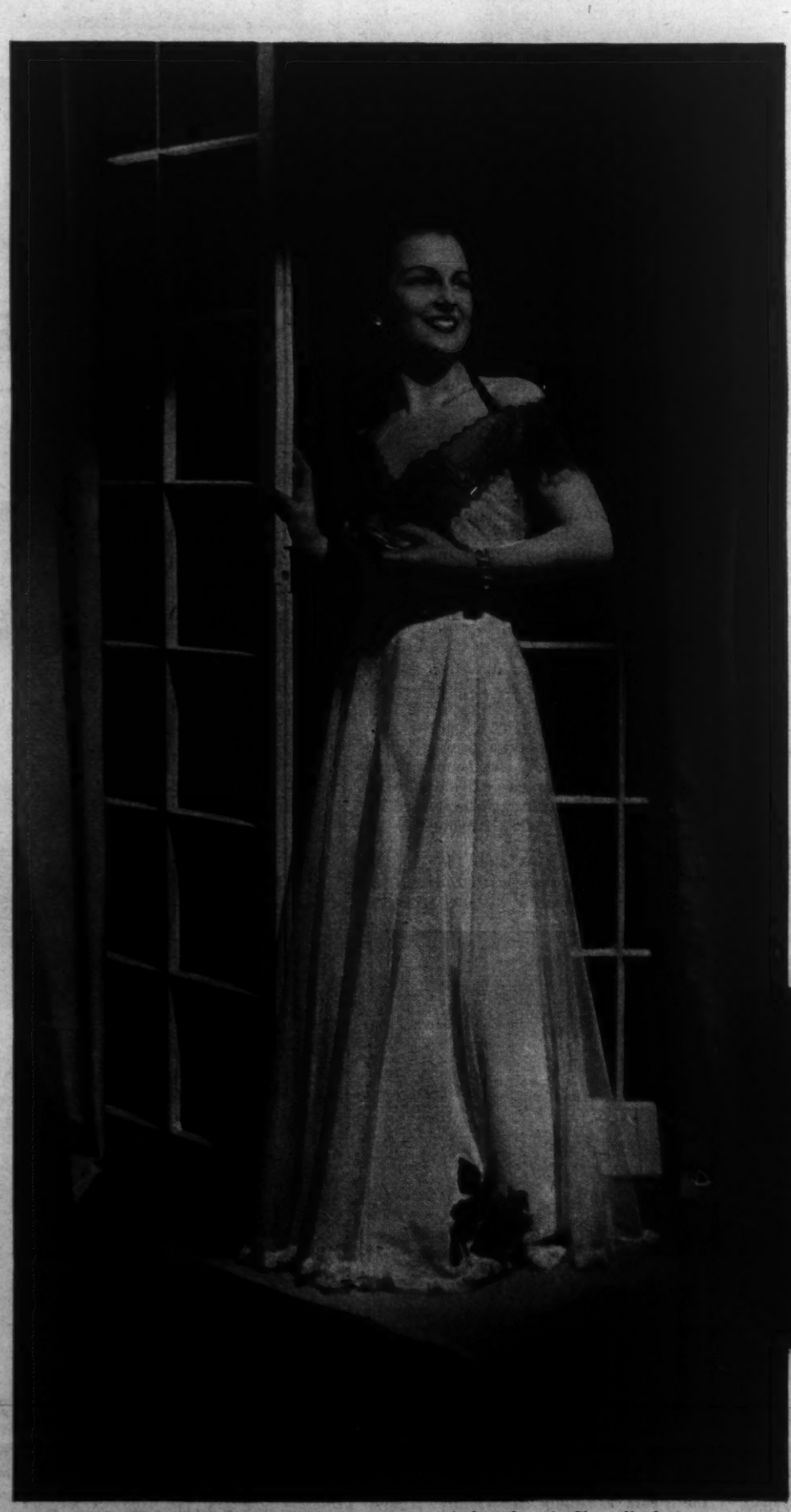

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WORLD OF WOMEN

Why Twenty Thousand Men Will Remember Carleton Place, Ont.

By FLORENCE WHYARD

IT is not on the beaten track, but Carleton Place is a junction point between Toronto and Camp Petawawa, which usually means a stop-over of two hours fairly late at night for any soldier bound for camp on a week-night. On Sundays, travellers must wait six hours to make the train connection for Toronto from the east, and small towns (Carleton Place has a population of about 4,500) don't have much to offer in the way of entertainment at times like those.

For a while that became quite obvious, as groups of army men roamed the streets at night, nowhere to go, nothing to do, restaurants jammed, two hours or more to put in somehow. That kind of spare time must have been what they meant when they first said "Satan will find evil for idle hands to do" and it was pretty clear that something was needed to fill in that spare time. Or else.

Nothing happened for quite a time. War service organizations were not interested in Carleton Place—there were no nearby training centres to attract auxiliary service programs. And it wasn't until one afternoon at a Ladies' Aid meeting that things started happening.

The usual items were on the agenda. Repairs needed at the parsonage; new china for the church kitchen; a fowl supper to raise funds, flowers for the special service on Sunday. One of the good ladies in the group was getting restless as she sat there. There was a war on—most of those women had sons in it or husbands, or sweethearts or brothers. Yet here they sat as if life was going on without interruption, putting all their efforts into repairs for the parsonage roof. It wasn't right, or satisfying, while hundreds of servicemen roamed their streets at night with no one interested in them, no one caring what happened to them in Carleton Place.

She stood up and said her little piece right at the meeting. She told her fellow members that it was up to them to get in on this war—it was their war and these men were bringing it home to Carleton Place. It was up to the churches and to every citizen of the town to extend a hand to the boys in uniform and make their town a place to be remembered in a definitely friendly way, not as a negative blank between trains. She felt sure that if they could get together on it with the women of the other churches, something practical could be worked out.

Fine, said the ladies. We appoint you as chairman of a committee of three to investigate the matter. (That's what nearly always happens to anyone with ideas—they get stuck with the work!)

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But Mrs. W. K. White didn't let that bother her. For the next few nights she could be found around the station, checking the number of army men riding the trains each way; talking to them about how they filled in the time; talking to railroad officials, talking to Legion men, rounding up allies in the cause. She travled to Ottawa and asked the Y.M.C.A. Red Triangle supervisor a lot of questions about organizing a service centre; she got promises of help with donated equipment, the loan of an empty store, furniture from Carleton Place attics, food and volunteers to prepare it.

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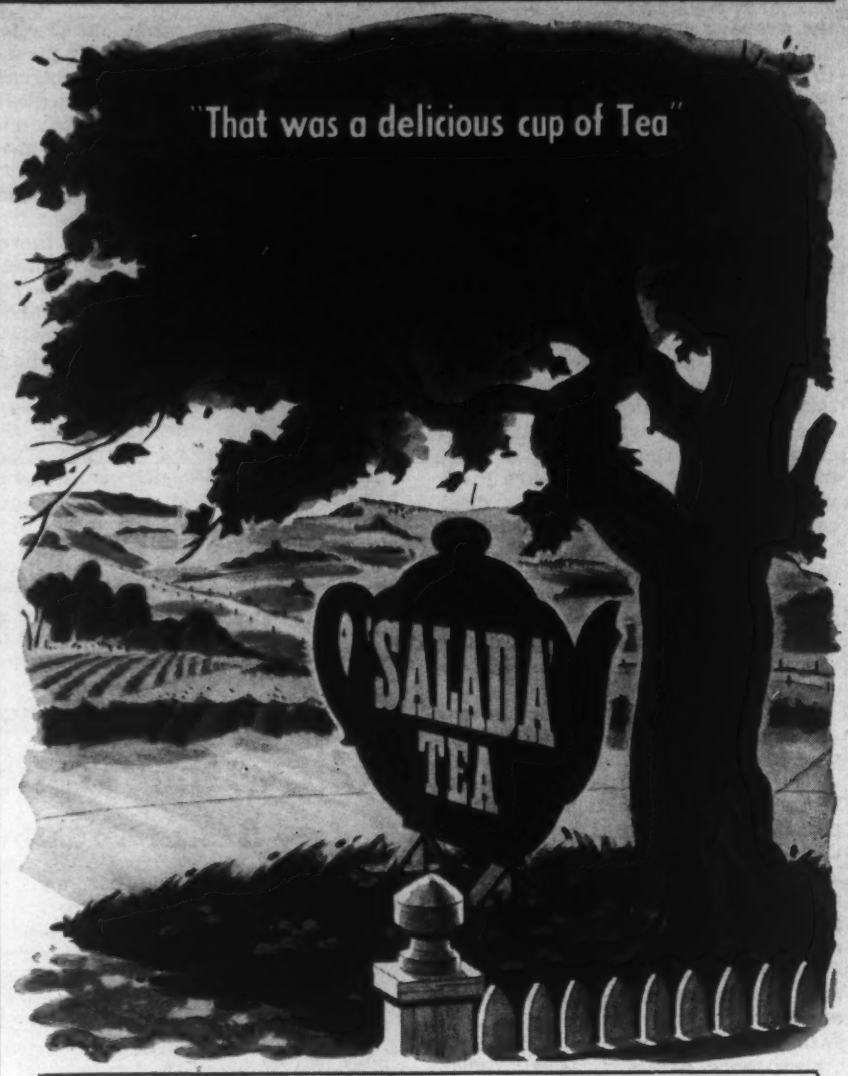

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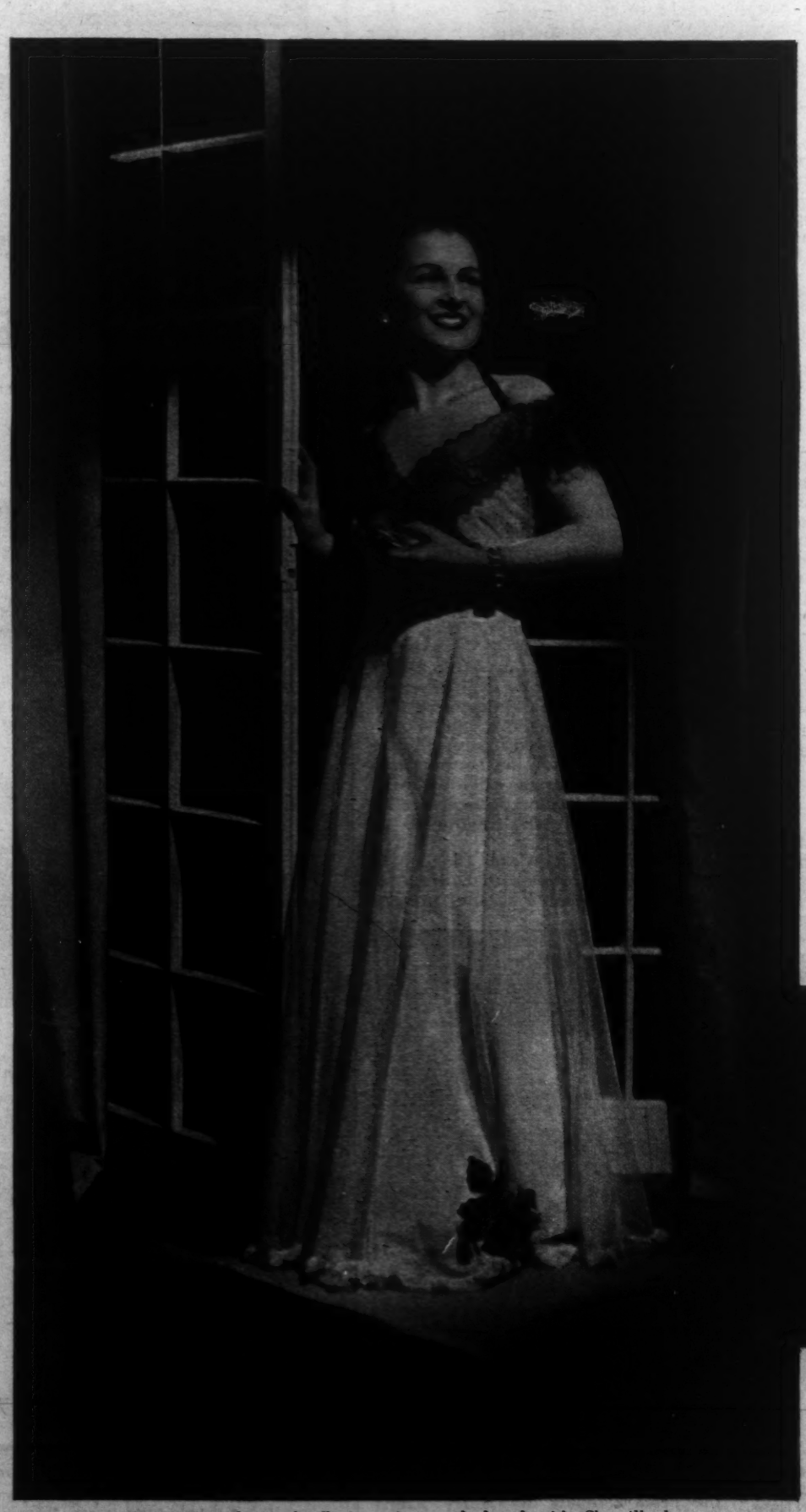

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Strasfogel's Second Appearance; Margaret Daum in Difficulty

By HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

IGNACE STRASFOGEL, the young assistant conductor of the New York Philharmonic Symphony Society, made his second appearance at the Promenade Symphony concert in Varsity Arena last week and once more proved himself a highly efficient conductor with fine interpretative intuitions. The forces under him responded with a broad, satisfying tone and vivid expression.

The numbers he played were all familiar and colorful, and the interest for habitués lay in the fine edge he gave to them. The works of Rimsky-Korsakoff demand exceptional skill in minutiae of any baton wielder. The famous "Scheherazade Suite" is a typical example. Two of its most brilliant movements were played; "The Sea and Sinbad's Ship" and "Festival at Bagdad".

Originally the Russian tone-painter planned this work as an "Oriental Symphony" and it is pervaded by the atmosphere of the Middle East, imaginatively and delicately suggested. He was persuaded by friends, however, that the work would arouse more interest if presented as a series of episodes based on "Thousand-and-One-Nights". Thus the violin solo passages which give such haunting quality to the music (admirably played last week by John Dembeck), were supposed to typify the resourceful young narrator, Scheherazade. By the way, the scenario of the Diaghileff ballet which uses this music, has nothing whatever to do with Rimsky-Korsakoff's original scheme. Mr. Strasfogel's gifts as a conductor were particularly demonstrated in his expert handling of the whirling Dervish themes of the episode known as "Festival at Bagdad".

The rendering of a Suite on the airs of Bizet's "Carmen" was notable for light and shade, and rhythmical urge. The less obvious melodies were rendered with especial grace and delicacy. So also with two other items of an operatic character. The mystical graces of the Overture to "The Magic Flute", and the sparkling gaiety of the overture to "The Bat" by Johann Strauss were delightfully presented.

In addition to these classics Mr. Strasfogel played two pieces, widely popular, but which have an inherent musical distinction of their own, by the modern American composer, Morton Gould. He is evidently of whimsical mind; otherwise he would never have thought of imparting to so solemn and ancient a musical form as the Pavane, a hectic suggestion of the Great White Way. His "American Salute" is one of the heartiest and most stirring compositions born of the war just ended. Incidentally it revives an old tune "When Johnny Comes Marching Home", one of two celebrated songs of the American Civil War. Thomas Brigham Bishop of Portland, Maine wrote both words and music. The other and more famous was "John Brown's Body", but, at present, "When Johnny Comes Marching Home" has more significance.

Facing Sudden Trouble

Margaret Daum a young American lyric soprano, who was making her first Toronto appearance as guest artist was obviously carrying on under a handicap in a manner which spoke well for her courage. After coming to Toronto on the previous day for a rehearsal she developed a severe attack of laryngitis. It was too late to summon a substitute, and she followed the slogan "The show must go on". Under the circumstances it was impossible for her to do justice to her own reputation. It was obvious that she has a voice of pure, emotional quality, and clear, expressive enunciation. Her admirable training was apparent in the way she overcame, in part, the disabilities from which she was suffering. Her best showing was in the two works which opened her groups in the first and second sections of the program: Charpentier's "Depuis le jour", (ideally suited to the lyric soprano voice), and "Ah lo so" from Mozart's "Magic Flute'. In both her legato singing was exceptional; and if it had been possible for her to confine herself to these works, instead of following on with others the evening would have been happier for her and for sensitive listeners.

I was interested in Miss Daum, because of her physical resemblance to Johanna Gadski a great artiste, held in universal admiration in the days when the German people were in good standing with other nations. Just prior to the first World War there were two singers at the Metropolitan Opera House who typified all that was fine in vocal art,—Gadski and Frieda Hempel. Gadski was an artist of much wider scope than Miss Hempel and I have never forgotten the thrill when I heard her rendering of Luise Reichardt's lovely song "In the Time of Roses"; one of many lyrics she sang gloriously. She had one bad habit; she invariably insisted on singing as an encore "Brunhilde's Call", which is just a yell. But she managed to do it mellifluously. She was in fact the living proof that Wagner can be sung without destroying the tender and appealing qualities of a woman's voice. She was born in 1872 and at the age of 20 took over the mantle of another great German singer, Lilli Lehmann. Her career ended 30 years ago, not because her voice and art were vanishing, but because of husband-trouble.

She was in even a worse case than Kirsten Flagstad at the present time. For years she had been an idol of Metropolitan audiences but when her husband was caught in a conspiracy to wreck the Welland Canal, and in other belligerent activities against Canada, it was rather more than the American public could stand, even though the United States was still far short of going to war. Nothing has been heard of her since 1916. Considering all the joy she brought to music lovers as a young woman, let us sincerely hope that she died before World War II.

A Six-Foot Sentence

The other day I read a paragraph from the London Times of August 27, 1845, on the opening of the Worcester Festival, even at that time, more than a century old. I was intrigued by one involved sentence in which the correspondent was lamenting the fact that the Festival was not so good as it was in the period of 1800 A.D. I was at pains to measure this sentence. It ran to exactly 72 inches of modern newspaper lineage, which would mean that it was six feet long. In large decorative lettering it might well furnish a complete dado for a room of considerable size. The correspondent was captious in his attitude toward "provincial" communities to whom, he said, "the decapitation of a criminal, or a rehearsal of music, or a trial for murder, is, in vulgar parlance, a godsend, inasmuch as it occasions the temporary suspension of their monotonous pursuits."

In the sentence, relieved only by occasional commas, was much more to the same effect. Apparently he would have preferred a public execution, for he ignored the music, and has praise only for the bonnets and elegant silk dresses of the ladies he saw in Worcester Cathedral. The Three Choirs Festival managed to survive the jibes.

To anyone who wishes to keep in touch with literature and the arts in the motherland at the present

Grace Castagnetta, pianist, who improvises on themes suggested by the audience, will be guest artist at the Prom Concert in Varsity Arena Sept. 13. Sir Ernest MacMillan is to appear as the guest conductor.

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Toronto Philharmonic Orchestra
SIR ERNEST MacMILLAN
GUEST CONDUCTOR
GRACE CASTAGNETTA
PIANIST-IMPROVISER
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Wednesday, September 19—Evening
"FAUST"
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Thursday, September 20—Evening
"LAKME"
with: Lily PONS, Jacques GERARD, Martha LIPTON, Arthur KENT, Jeanne DESJARDINS, Alice TATE, Thelma ALTMAN.
Friday, September 21—Evening
"LA BOHEME"
with Bidu SAYAO, Frances GREER, Nino MARTINI, Francesco VALENTINO, Arthur KENT, Nicola MOSCONA, Lodovico OLIVIERO.
Saturday, September 22—Afternoon
"CARMEN"
with: Bruna CASTAGNA, Frances GREER, Thelma ALTMAN, Alice TATE, Jacques GERARD, Francesco VALENTINO, Arthur KENT.
Saturday, September 22—Evening
"LA TRAVIATA"
with: Bidu SAYAO, Nino MARTINI, Francesco VALENTINO, Thelma ALTMAN, Lodovico OLIVIERO, Louis D'ANGELO, Arthur KENT.
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time, I cordially recommend a six-penny monthly "Britain Today," published by Oxford University Press. It has been in existence for some years but is not very well known on this side of the Atlantic. My own acquaintance is confined to the current August and September issues. With a sure and graceful touch its contributors cover everything new in the arts, from the best in films to the latest books, and the musical commentary is admirable. In the August issue was the best account I have yet seen of Benjamin Britten's new opera "Peter Grimes," which has won widespread attention, and is deemed the best English opera since "Hugh the Drover," by Vaughan Williams. Mr. Britten's work, with a libretto derived from George Crabbe's poetic narrative "The Borough," is more pretentious, and his music is so fine that within the coming twelvemonth it will be produced in a number of restored European opera houses. The composer, shortly before the war, spent several months in Canada and has many acquaintances here.

In the September issue one learns of successful steps taken by the British Council to secure satisfactory recordings of three modern British choral and orchestral works: Holst's "Hymn of Jesus," Walton's "Belshazzer's Feast" and Elgar's "Dream of Gerontius." All, it is said, show a great advance in technique, which in most previous recordings of large choruses had been fairly bad, and lacking in balance of tone. The new records, it is said, bring the whole complex apparatus of solos, chorus, semi-chorus and full orchestra into focus in a manner never achieved before.

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THE FILM PARADE

Hollywood Is Never Quite Happy Unless It Is Spending Money

By MARY LOWREY ROSS

WE'RE still living at the height of the boom period, with money burning holes in everybody's pocket. Hollywood, which has one of the largest pockets, is naturally spending the most money. In spite of still existing wartime restrictions, productions were never more lavish, or sets more luxurious, or stars better dressed, than they are this season. Most of the boom-time films are show-pieces (for example, "Nob Hill" and "The Affairs of Susan") and as richly decorative as window displays. They are brilliantly designed, both to hold the eye, and to distract the attention from the fact that nothing of much interest is taking place and that the figures themselves are mostly waxworks.

What will happen when the lean years begin to eat up the fat? Will Hollywood continue to dazzle us with luxury sets and clothes when we are all sadly out of pocket again? Or will it attempt to reflect the life of an American that has to pause once more and figure out whether or not it can afford the price of a movie-ticket? The chances are it will go right on feeding us on the familiar illusions of grandeur. For audiences in America, including proletarian audiences, aren't at home with a proletarian screen; and Hollywood itself is never quite happy unless it is spending money.

The habit of extravagance is so ingrained by this time that the industry can't even depict poverty without a large-scale budget outlay to create its authentic illusion. Even so, the illusion never quite comes off. The low-rental flat in Brooklyn looks like a low-rental flat, without sacrificing its air of a set, painstakingly and expensively designed to represent destitution. Except in its technical department, the industry just isn't equipped to deal with poverty.

"The Affairs of Susan," the only pre-holiday opening of the week, is distinctly a luxury item. To be sure Susan (Joan Fontaine) begins her career as a housekeeper in a Rhode Island tourist home. But she is obviously meant for better things and even on Rhode Island her slacks and sweater have an authentic Peck and Peck look. From that point on her clothes get grander and grander and wilder and wilder, culminating in a black velvet evening gown with a bustle trimmed with ermine tails. The film should have quite a success as a fall fashion show. But it hasn't much to offer admirers either of light comedy or of Miss Fontaine.

Essay In Complication

It's one of those complicated films that begin half-way through and then work both ends against the middle. When the picture opens Susan is just launched on a love-affair with her fourth young man (Walter Abel), to the distress of his three predecessors (George Brent, Don Devore and Dennis O'Keefe.) The story is then told in a series of flashbacks by the four beaux who get together at dinner one night to talk her over,—the heels! The first one, a Broadway producer (George Brent) picked her off Rhode Island, gave her a few lessons in diction and then put her straight on Broadway as Joan of Arc. It seems that in spite of the fact that she didn't particularly want to act and was joyously tight five minutes before the curtain went up (having been fed brandy by a treacherous rival) she makes a tremendous success and is reverently hailed by the critics of Broadway. So much for Susan as Mr. Brent sees her.

Dan Devore, the next in order, reveals her as a fascinating play-girl, and Dennis O'Keefe presents her as an intellectual (in the inevitable horn-rimmed glasses). Walter Abel doesn't quite know what to make of her when the symposium is over but wants to marry her just the same. That, I believe makes up the survey of the four of them; and as someone nearby remarked (with justice, for the film is interminable) "Thank God there were no more of them!"

Joan Fontaine has built her reputation as an actress of sensitivity and skill in such formidable dramas as "Rebecca" and "Suspicion." Obviously she wanted to try her hand at something lighter and seized on "The Affairs of Susan" as the likeliest opportunity to show what she could do. On the whole it might have been better to have waited, or even just to have let well enough alone. It takes a comedienne to play a rattle brain effectively. Miss Fontaine is obviously not a rattlebrain by nature, but I suspect that she isn't a comedienne either.

Stratford-On-Avon has been a mecca for Allied service people, who have been attending the Shakespeare Leave Course, which is available to them through the courtesy of the British Council. The course coincides with the annual Shakespeare festival season which runs for 25 weeks. But Stratford is not the only spot where Shakespeare lovers foregather. Here in Regent's Park (London), "As You Like It" was produced in the Open Air Theatre as the opening production of its peacetime season. These productions in the out-of-doors were carried on throughout the war.

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THE FEMININE OUTLOOK

A Little Good Music With Some Incidental Off-Stage Noises

By MARY QUAYLE INNIS

WHENEVER Mrs. Andrews heard a lecture or read a magazine article, her family expected trouble. On no greater provocation she had experimented with batik and soil-less agriculture, attempted to learn Spanish and square dancing. This time Mrs Andrews told herself as she settled into the big chair with her darning,

"It's something I've always wanted to do yet it's always seemed too hard to arrange. How silly when I have only to sit in my own chair and listen. After this I'll do it every week."

That object of public concern, the housewife and mother, she had learned this time, owed something to her own pleasure, her own cultivation. When she had announced at breakfast this not very startling thesis, her family had showed relief that it was less startling than many of her discoveries.

"Sure, why not?" her husband had agreed and her three children had offered no comment at all. "A little good music," the article had suggested. She was, after all, only going to hear an opera over the radio.

"Midst of Revelry"

In her enthusiasm she pushed lunch forward so rapidly that she was five minutes too early for the broadcast and she decided to protect her enjoyment by putting out tickets and a note for the baker. When she returned to her place the program had begun. She scrambled through the newspaper to find the name of the work she was about to hear and saw the bare word "opera". Well, she would soon know. Drawing out a length of gray mending wool she began to listen.

"While the excitement of the quarrel is at its height, the dancers pour in from the other room and begin to sing of the pleasures which make life worth living. In the midst of their revelry, a great noise is heard at the gate—"

Mrs. Andrews smiled, for these words and the music itself sounded faintly, delightfully familiar but she could not yet apply a name to them. She had actually seen only three operas in her life, all of which had been "Carmen". During the one winter she had spent at school in a large city, she had been taken three times to the opera by different friends of her parents. On the second and third occasions she had been not a little surprised to see "Carmen" vigorously repeated and during the years since then she had heard fragments of grand operas, cantatas and operettas which merged in bright confusion in her memory.

"I'll know in a minute what it is," she thought, infused, even while she darned, by a sense of expansive pleasure.

"Mom," Elsa shouted, "when do I have to get my pleated skirt from the cleaner's?"

"Right away if you want to wear it Monday. I thought you were going to get it this morning."

"I had to tie up my paper salvage. Where's the money?"

Mrs. Andrews went back to her desk. "Wait, there's a receipt for it. Now where—" The receipt as usual lurked beneath a drift of bills and of those recipes and verses which she could never resist clipping but for which she never found any further use. She handed money and paper to her older daughter and patted the brown braids with the sustaining realization that this one errand she need not do herself.

When she returned to the radio the chorus had ceased to sing of life's pleasures and a soprano and a baritone had embarked upon an earnest exchange of sentiment. She was beginning to feel almost sure that she recognized the air when the telephone rang. No, she answered it, this was not the home of the Andrews who whitewashed cellars.

Music surged through the house, not gay exactly, but exciting and strenuous, music shaped to a purpose she could not yet discern. Hurrying back to her chair she was seized by Barbara, round-eyed with panic.

"Where's Elsa? She hasn't gone, has she?" Barbara could make the simplest question an anguished demand.

"Yes, she went to get her skirt."

Dukes And Razor Blades

"Oh dear, she said she'd wait for me. I wanted to get daddy's birthday present and she said—"

"Daddy's birthday isn't for weeks yet," Mrs. Andrews said soothingly, trying above the pressure of her daughter's agitation to grasp the music's intent.

"I want to get his present today, I want to! I told Elsa to wait and she's a mean old—"

"You can catch up with her. She can't be far and you know where the cleaner's is."

"Oh goody! I've got the money I earned doing dishes. What'll I get him?"

Mrs. Andrews began gently to withdraw from her daughter's clutch both her sleeve and her attention. "Razor blades," she said firmly, moving away.

"We always get nasty old razor blades. Something new. Oh mom," her voice rose tragically, "not razor blades!"

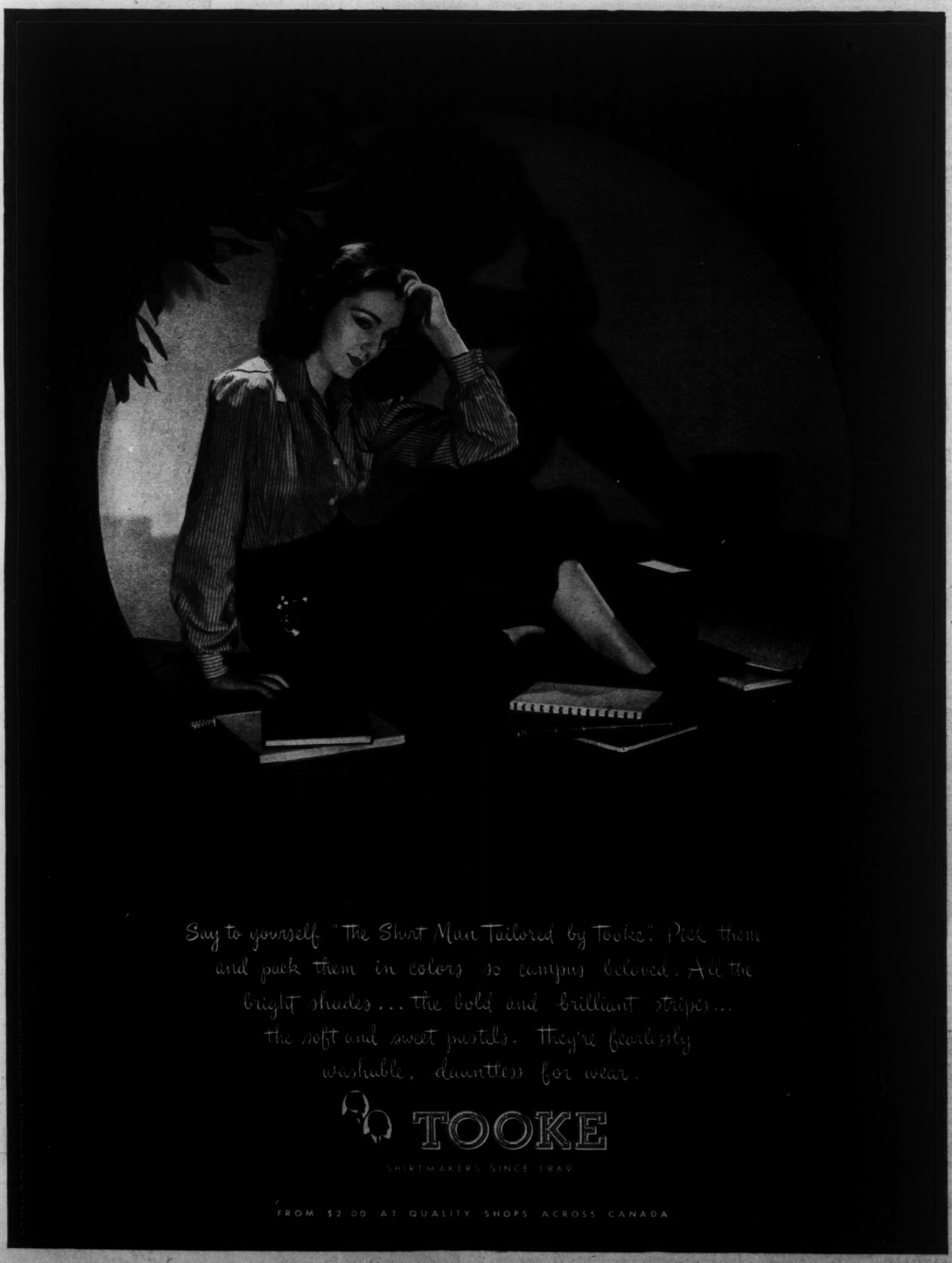
"Elsa'll have ideas and you'll see lovely things in the store." Her voice

TO BE . . . OR NOT

O TO be a Petty gal
Now that summer's here,
With thigh and breast, and tawny crest
And slick and stream-lined "rear".

To lounge against the gilded sands
As in a billboard ad
While some Adonis, thick of neck,
A great athletic cad,
Leans over one with tender sigh
And whispers soft and low,
"The Company who made YOUR suit
Designed THESE trunks, you know!"

MONA GOULD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trailed, for a blueprint to further action was being offered her.

"The Count descended the stair and our heroine, running out upon the balcony, threw herself into his arms, mistaking him for the Duke. The Duke, hidden in the shadows, believed her unfaithful and drew his sword—"

Lovely, unreal world, the perfect resort from her days of letting down hems and making up casseroles. She smiled and gave herself to the storm of voices, the crash of instruments. It seemed to her that she had not listened for five minutes when Guy stood in the doorway between two friends as dirty as himself.

"We're going on a hike," he announced, "and we want to take supper. We'll fix it, you sit still."

She sat still but her attention had left the opera. "You mean sandwiches?" she asked.

"Sure. It'll take too long for Bugsy and Chuck to go home so we'll make 'em here. Don't you get up!"

Domestic Pattern

Held by a sharp effort of will to her chair, she heard from the kitchen a trampling and clatter over which rose Guy's voice, "Where's the butter? Can we use all this bread? What can we put in—"

When he had once relieved his conscience by telling her not to get up and help him, Guy never minded her getting up and helping him. She laid materials ready, smiled, was blind to pushing and spilling. The music stirred in her blood but by the time she could return to it, the omniscient voice had resumed,

"They were even at that moment entering the chapel where the marriage was to take place, the windows of which overlooked the block on which our hero was about to be beheaded. The clamor of battle could be plainly heard and our heroine shrieked when she saw—"

The cosy proximity of nuptials and assassinations, the carefree mingling of vestal choirs and robber bands. She would be interested to know at what marriage, what beheading, she was an attendant, for the music, rising again, only teased her memory with passing resemblances. When Guy and his companions had plunged out of the house she could really listen, really receive —Had she told him to take his coat? She picked up another sock.

"Look what I found!" Elsa shrieked and from the violence of her start Mrs. Andrews knew that her absorption in the music had been complete. "Down on the back steps!" She held out a loaf of bread, badly torn.

"Squirrels," Mrs. Andrews sighed, feeling as guilty as though she had mangled the loaf herself. "I should have gone right out to bring it in."

"They ate the whole end, isn't that a scream? Shall I throw it away?"

"Goodness no. Guy took all the bread in the house for sandwiches. We'll just trim off where the squirrel chewed." The music climbed, surging round her.

"Mom, look what I got for daddy's birthday," Barbara cried, bouncing at her. "I thought of something super. Razor blades!"

Not "Carmen"

Mrs. Andrews felt the tension of an approaching climax and saw in imagination one of those final choruses which cram the stage with flower girls, brigands, sailors, monks and duchesses, all waving steins or garlands and shouting unintelligible words to the kind of melody described by the program as "rousing." She nodded, smiling, at Barbara and Elsa but before she could escape from them the telephone rang.

"Instead of calling a meeting," the committee chairman announced brightly, "I thought I'd telephone the members and see what they think—" Through the torrent which followed Mrs. Andrews had no chance to say what she thought.

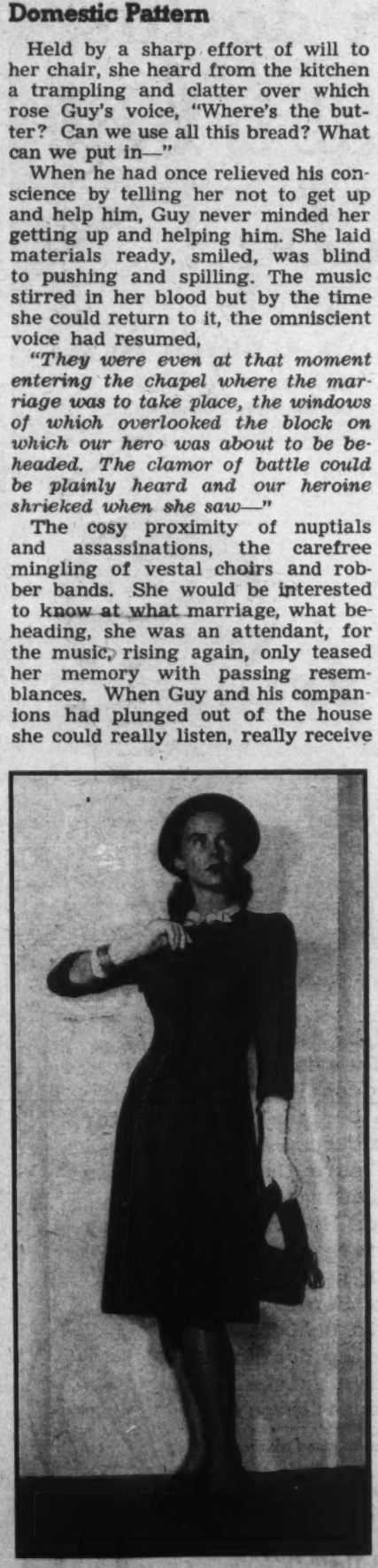
When she returned to the radio it was murmuring a weather prediction; the opera was over. She had not heard the name of the opera for next week but perhaps before then she could find it out.

"Well," Mr. Andrews said, closing the front door. "How's everything?" Oddly, he remembered. "Did you hear your opera?"

"Yes, and it was lovely." She sighed happily, the music still in her ears.

"What opera was it?"

She could not tell him that she knew only that it had not been "Carmen." "It was beautiful," she repeated, pretending not to notice his question. "I enjoyed every minute." It had been the best afternoon, she thought glowingly, that she could remember. "Such a relaxation," she told him earnestly, "and right here at home. I can hardly wait till next week."



The dress that won for June Moffat of Owen Sound the "Canadian Home Journal" prize in the Montreal Dress Manufacturers' Guild "Design Contest." Of Wesley Mason's Shuttle Chevron fabric in the season's high shades, it is manufactured by Carol Deane; sold in shops across Canada. In the photograph above, it is worn by Lenore Johannesson of Winnipeg, who was chosen as "Canadian Home Journal's" cover girl for September.

Packed at the fleeting moment of perfect flavor

CONCERNING FOOD

Par and a Grand Slam in Terms of the Shopper's Daily Hunt

By JANET MARCH

HOUSEKEEPING is going to be very tame when shortages stop and we no longer have little private lists of things which we would like to buy if they could be got. How tedious to find the mayonnaise, the jelly powders, the chocolate bars and the dates in their appointed places day after day, instead of snaring one of the prized items usually left lying on the floor in what looks like an empty carton until you poke inside and find that rare treasure—a can of sweetened condensed milk which will give the family one very fine dish of home-made ice cream.

A lot of women during the war gave up the excitements of golf and bridge to look after their houses themselves and, I bet, when once again they dust off their drivers they won't find plodding through the whacking with their mashies nearly as exciting as chasing up a half pound of bacon for their husband's breakfast—"What? They have some at the chain store on Main Street?" and they are off at a faster pace than the one they used as they followed the ball up the endless fairway of that hole which has five on the card for par when most women feel it should be nine.

Contract too isn't going to be so exciting, not to a woman who has in one morning managed to get a bottle of imported Scotch, a pound of sweetbreads and two cans of peaches. What's a small slam compared to that haul? Still I expect we can all face some of these evidences of reconversion and perhaps some of the salespeople may re-convert their manners which will be a very welcome change. It seems to be a sad but true fact that only the fear of losing a job keeps a thin layer of politeness spread on so many people's natural rudeness.

In the meantime both peace and shortage are realities, and we can thank God for one and the fact that there is less of the second in Canada than in almost any other country in the world. We all really enjoy the rigors of the chase and the date bar or jelly tastes extra good when it is the only one you've seen for months. Before so very long the sport of hunting rare foods will be an antique itself.

If Stalin and Truman can eat liver and onions in Potsdam why not you in Canada?

Liver And Onions

1 pound of thinly cut liver
½ cup of chopped onions
2 tablespoons of shortening
2 tablespoons of flour
½ teaspoon of salt
2 tablespoons of vinegar
Pepper
2 cups of meat or vegetable stock
1 teaspoon of chopped parsley

Sauté the liver and onion and parsley together in the fat, and when they are lightly browned put the meat and onions to keep warm. Stir the flour into the fat, add the salt, pepper and vinegar and then add the stock. Stir till the gravy thickens, then pour over the liver and onions and serve at once.

Cabbages are plentiful, and if you have a garden you'll know that this is one year when your cabbages outdid themselves and grew to a perfectly amazing size and hardness.

Scalloped Cabbage, Apples

4 apples (the early ones are just coming in)
1 tablespoon of sugar (2 if you can afford it)
1 medium cabbage finely shredded
2 teaspoons of salt
Pepper
Cayenne
½ tablespoon of mild vinegar
4 tablespoons of fat
½ cup of bread crumbs

Peel and slice the apples and sprinkle with the sugar. Season the cabbage with the salt and pepper, cayenne and vinegar. Arrange alternate layers of cabbage and apples in a baking dish, dotting each layer with a little of the fat. On top of the last layer sprinkle the bread crumbs also dotted with fat and cook in a 350 oven for about forty minutes.

Peach Shortcake

¼ cup of shortening
½ cup of sugar
1 egg
1½ cups of flour
½ cup of milk
Salt
2½ teaspoons of baking powder
1 teaspoon of vanilla

Cream the shortening and add the sugar slowly. Separate the egg and add the beaten yolk. Then sift in the flour, salt and baking powder and add alternately with the milk into which the vanilla has been stirred. When the batter is well beaten fold in the white of the egg beaten till it is very stiff. Turn into two round buttered cake tins and bake in an oven at about 375 till golden brown Peel the peaches and add what sugar you can spare to them and a teaspoon of lemon juice and let stand for a few minutes. When the cake is ready heap the peaches on one layer and then cover with the other layer of cake and put more peaches on the top. If you have a bottle of Jersey milk which has been in the refrigerator for a day, and you have chilled a bowl and the beater, you should be able to manage whipped cream for the top.

Gold cord and a sequin studded circular veil highlight a black satin hat belonging to the bonnet family. New York hat by Madame Pauline.

They Dream of Fruit Juices and of Malted Milk, Steak and Pie

By DeCOURCY H. RAYNER

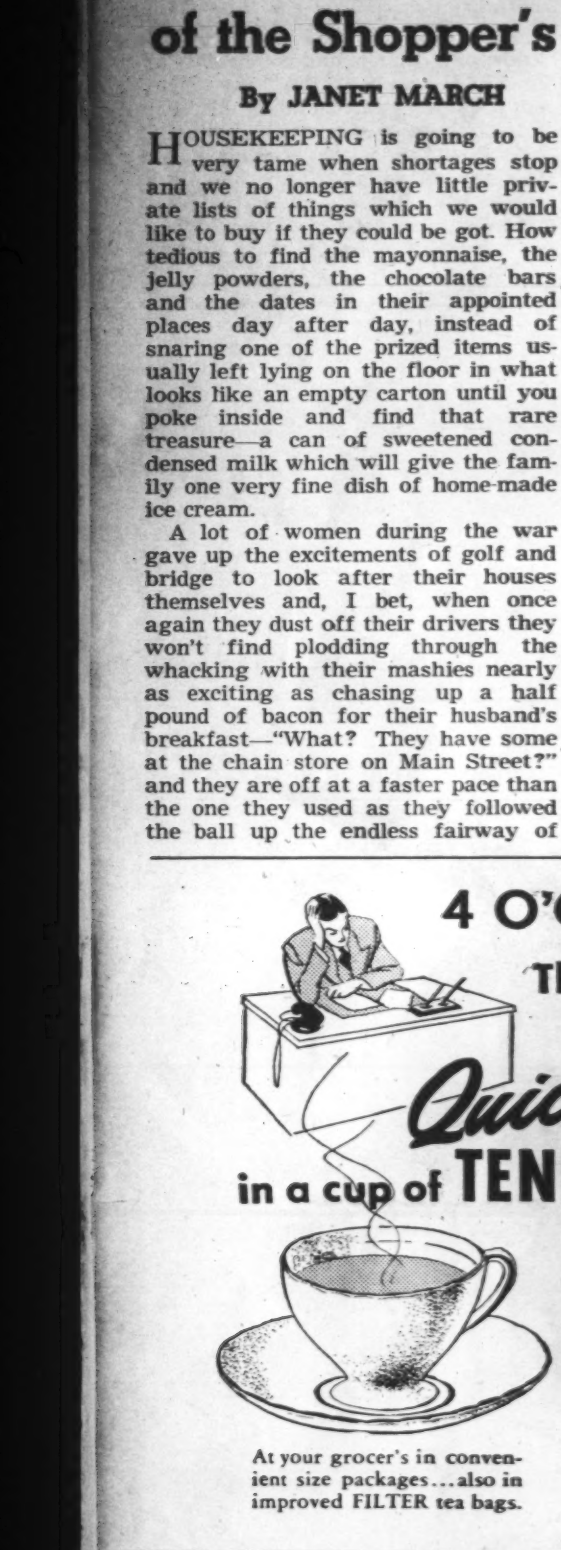
"HOW would you like a real pork sausage, sizzling hot from the frying pan?"

"Sausage! I never want to see a sausage again. Now take spare ribs and sauerkraut. . ."

At that point the two aircrew lads moved out of earshot. But the fragment of their discussion that had drifted in through the window had a familiar tone. It was not the first time that day that food had been mentioned. In fact it would be no exaggeration to say that no other topic is more general among the Canadians who are awaiting repatriation.

"When I get to Toronto," said one of our officers as he started on the first leg of the long trip home, "I'll stop right in the Union Station and have a great big ice-cold malted milk to drink the health of you poor 'bods' putting in time over here."

"The sweetest sound that my ears could hear right now would be the


4 O'CLOCK FAG?
There's
Quick Comfort
in a cup of TENDER LEAF TEA
TENDER LEAF TEA
Superior Quality
At your grocer's in convenient size packages...also in improved FILTER tea bags.
Blended and Packed in Canada

EXTRA GOOD BREAD!
USE FLEISCHMANN'S ACTIVE FRESH YEAST
There's no lost action with Fresh Yeast!
And Fleischmann's fresh Yeast goes right to work because it's actively fresh. It gives full delicious bread flavour, tender smooth texture — perfect freshness.
IF YOU BAKE AT HOME, always ask for Fleischmann's active fresh Yeast with the familiar yellow label.
Dependable—Canada's tested favourite for over 70 years.
LEVURE FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST
An all-purpose FRESH Yeast
Always fresh-at your grocer's
MADE IN CANADA

Let your doctor decide what is best for baby!
by MEREDITH MOULTON REDHEAD Ph. B.
Baby Food Counselor of Heinz Home Institute
Parents are often confused by the conflicting advice of relatives and well-meaning friends! Consult the doctor on all questions directly concerning baby's health. Certainly your doctor is a busy man—but never too busy to help keep your baby well. Always be sure that you ask his advice before making any feeding changes.
For many years scientists of H. J. Heinz Company have been working with doctors and nurses both in the field of research and practical baby care. Heinz Strained Foods are the result of this cooperation. They are scientifically designed to provide the best nutritive values along with the most delicious flavours.
Notice the difference in flavour, colour and texture of—
57
HEINZ STRAINED VEGETABLE SOUP
HEINZ BABY FOODS
Have You Tried Them All?
20 NOURISHING VARIETIES
SOUPS
Strained Beef and Liver
Strained Tomato
Strained Vegetable
MEATS
Strained Vegetables with Lamb
Strained Chicken, Vegetables and Farina
VEGETABLES
Strained Asparagus
Strained Green Beans
Strained Beets
Strained Carrots
Strained Mixed Greens
Strained Peas
Strained Spinach
Strained Squash and Carrots
FRUITS
Strained Applesauce
Strained Apple, Prune, Custard Dessert
Strained Peaches
Strained Pears with Farina
Strained Plums with Farina
Strained Prunes
Strained Apricots with Oatmeal

old refrigerator door slamming shut," said another of the gang as the chatter around the card table turned to food.

So perhaps mothers and wives would like to have some "straight gen" on what to feed that repat of theirs when he gets home. The old adage of how to find the way to a man's heart will stand in good stead when your warrior returns.

Let's start with the soup course, and begin by dispensing with the soup if you have fruit juice or fresh fruit in the house. Remember that he hasn't had either of these for a long, long time. A glass of genuine orange juice, filled to the brim, or a fresh fruit cocktail, right out of the frig, will hit the spot.

However if it is a cold day when your man arrives, or you would like to add soup to the menu as well, make it his favorite brand of tinned soup. In the mess he has been served with soup made by the gallon, and no matter how good it has been he will crave a change.

The Solitary Egg

You can skip the fish, for in most cases he has seen enough of it to last him for a while. Don't be surprised, however, if he has developed a taste for kipper for breakfast, although he will hardly relish it the first week he's at home.

Include a salad in the menu, potato salad if it is his favorite dish, but anyway something crisp and cold, with plenty of mayonnaise.

As for meat, you can take your choice from what is available. Steak is what he dreams of or breaded cutlets, but he will settle for almost anything except hashed meat balls or stew. Board of Trade sausages over here are notoriously weak in meat content, so the sight of sausage will take some getting used to. We were breakfasting in a London hotel last week when one of my pals asked the waiter if the pork percentage in the sausages had been increased any. "Two per cent, sir" was the reply. "Ah," said this English officer, after tasting the sausages, "they now contain two per cent pork."

Canadians on active service have eaten thousands of tins of spam, hundreds of meat balls, gallons of stew, vast quantities of roast meat, and most of them dream of returning to chops and steaks, served hot from the stove, and cooked to one's taste.

If meat is not plentiful don't be afraid to add eggs to the menu. Our mess does very well for itself, but we've had one solitary egg each in the past fortnight. Bear in mind that your man has had them fried, as a rule, and often much too greasy. Or perhaps he has had powdered eggs in the form known as scrambled, and the very sight of eggs that way will be a grim reminder of what has been. Make them poached or boiled or devilled or in an omelet, and, lady, you'll be right on the beam.

Now we've reached the vegetables. Home fried potatoes will strike a responsive chord, as will fluffy mashed potatoes, or baked. He's probably had more than his fill of potato chips, and he's seen heaps of boiled potatoes wherever he's been. On special occasions in the mess the lowly spud has been served up roasted. You can't go far wrong on any of the first-mentioned varieties, or on a steaming dish of scalloped ones, if he likes them that way.

You know his taste in other vegetables, just as a guide we'll list what he has eaten in quantity in Great Britain while waiting to get home. Peas, tasty but tiresome; cabbage, green but grimly monotonous; brussels sprouts, cauliflower, carrots and turnips. Of course he won't mind repetition of these if you take sufficient care in cooking and serving them. Seldom has he seen vegetables creamed or prettied up in any way.

Home-made rolls or biscuits should fit in at this stage of the meal. If you do serve bread make certain that it is not only fresh but freshly cut. For months your man has been greeted at each meal by a stack of greyish, dried-out bread, cut well in advance. Incidentally, when you serve toast, make sure that it pops straight out of the toaster on to his plate. He is a bit fed up with toast that is hard and cold.

And now we come to the crowning triumph of the meal, dessert. Your repat has had puddings, prunes, trifle, custard, and very little variety of these. Apple pie, pumpkin pie and cherry pie, are visions that haunt him in his dreams. An iced cake (make mine chocolate, if you please) hot from the oven, would hit the spot. So would cookies and tarts and a host of other things that are his particular weaknesses.

Bear this in mind that your repat may have fallen into the English way of eating four meals a day, so don't be afraid to suggest a snack in the afternoon or late evening. You may find that he appreciates a frequent cup of tea, especially if he has served and lived with the R.A.F. Tea at elevenish and again in the afternoon is an established custom with the R.A.F. personnel on this station. If it isn't brewed in the office or workshop, it is fetched from the N.A.A.F.I. travelling canteen in one's own mug. Your lazy lad may even expect a cup of tea in bed first thing in the morning, if he has had the right type of batman.

Coffee "Know-How"

Coffee has been saved until last because it is a subject that should be dealt with tenderly. No other item of food is more sorely missed by the Canadian who finds himself in a mess where there are no cooks from Canada. Our British cousins have many admirable qualities, and in their homes they are the very soul of hospitality, but they don't know how to make coffee as we do. Either they mix in hot milk all out of proportion, or sweeten a thick brew that bears no resemblance in taste. So if you must waken him, on that first morning back home have a steaming cup of coffee ready at hand. He'll think he is in paradise.

And now I must scramble. Have to mount my bike and cruise round the station, to scrounge a morning cup of tea!

GREATER LOVE

I'LL wear the sweater
You made for me
The first you've knitted
Obviously.

The stitches are crooked,
The neck is tight
And the left arm is longer
Than the right;

But I'll wear the sweater,
My pretty miss—
Greater love
Hath no man than this!

MAY RICHSTONE

A SHOPPING SUGGESTION FOR HOT WEATHER MEALS

My children love this nourishing food!

I can serve it easily . . . in 10 minutes!

And it costs only 3c a serving!

TOO hot to cook? In a hurry? Just reach for a tin of Libby's Cooked Spaghetti, heat and serve. It's ready in less than 10 minutes with no fuss, muss or bother.

A handy, nutritious, hot dish on your Summer menu. It's sure to please, and it costs less than 3¢ a generous serving.

Those rich, creamy strands of spaghetti are made from nourishing Canadian wheat, then drenched in sauce with the tangy nip of fully matured Canadian cheese and the mouth-watering goodness of luscious, sun-ripened tomatoes. The whole skilfully blended with taste-teasing spices till it fairly snaps with flavour.

Always keep Libby's Cooked Spaghetti on your kitchen shelf. It's a nourishing, economical dish for hurry-up meals . . . a handy menu-stretcher when unexpected guests arrive. Tasty! Tantalizing! Downright irresistible! And it's ready to serve in less than 10 minutes!

SPAGHETTI WITH LEFT-OVER MEAT

Libby's Cooked Spaghetti is a flavourful base for many tempting recipes. When left-over meat is your problem, try this tasty, easy-to-prepare dish:

1 can Libby's Cooked Spaghetti
1 tablespoon chopped onion
2 tablespoons chopped green peppers
2 tablespoons butter
2 cups finely chopped left-over meat
1 cup Libby's Tomato Juice
Salt and pepper.

Heat Spaghetti. Cook onion and green pepper in butter for 5 minutes. Add meat and heat through. Add tomato juice and heat. Add Spaghetti, pepper and salt. Turn out on platter and garnish with parsley.

Libby's COOKED SPAGHETTI

LIBBY, McNEILL & LIBBY OF CANADA, LIMITED
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SSA-85

THE OTHER PAGE

"Why Kill a Man Because You Don't Like Him?" Asks Tarkington

By FRANK CHAMBERLAIN

ON THE way to the Maine coast the other day I read Samuel Hopkins Adams' book on the life of Alexander Woolcott. On page 274 these words appeared: "On the same account he (Woolcott) tried to pick a fight with Booth Tarkington, but his most virulent polemics were ineffectual against the smiling obduracy of the novelist's good temper, and he gave it up on the mutual understanding that 'we will be gentle with one another hereafter.' No one, it is worth noting, has ever successfully promoted a quarrel with Tarkington".

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Woolcott's last visit to Tarkington's home at Kennebunk was in 1940. "He stayed for two days that time", Tarkington's able secretary, Miss Trotter, put in. "Sometimes he came for two days and stayed three weeks".

Tarkington and Woolcott fought over politics. Tarkington has been a Republican all his life. "Except for the year I thought I was a socialist," he smiled. "Most young men are socialists at one time or another. They think it's smart. I lost my socialism when I was elected a member of the House of Representatives and found out a few things I didn't know before. Woolcott was a Roosevelt fan. Actually he was friendly with Mrs. Roosevelt, not the President. He stayed at the White House when he went to Washington, and the White House car always picked him up at the station when he arrived at the capital. Roosevelt had a great knack of winning to his side theatrical and newspaper people, because he thought they influenced a lot of people".

Truman, Alexander

To the suggestion that President Truman was filling the role of President with some skill, Mr. Tarkington said: "You're right. He's doing a fine job. I like his approach to problems. He has the small-town approach. He hasn't made any mistakes yet.

The Boston papers had only that morning announced that Sir Harold Alexander had been appointed Governor-General of Canada. "A first-rate appointment", the novelist said. "A fine man. I read the *London Illustrated News* regularly, and his photograph is often there. He has a splendid face. His war record has been brilliant".

Only a "fragment" of his eyesight remains, Booth Tarkington confessed. "For a time I lost all my sight, and then I spent a year in Johns Hopkins, and an operation restored a fragment of sight. It's enough. You see a fragment, and you see all".

Miss Trotter serves as his "eyes". He dictates his stories to her. He works two hours, 10 to 12, every morning. He wrote his latest novel, "Image of Josephine", in this manner. "A writer can get accustomed to dictating", he said. "It depends upon who takes the dictation. I had a man secretary once, and I always felt uncomfortable dictating to him. I felt him prying into my thoughts. It wasn't comfortable".

Somehow he got talking about Archibald McLeish, who had been quoted in the New York *Times* as saying that world peace would be brought about by mutual understanding between peoples of the world. "Utter nonsense", Tarkington said. "McLeish is a woolly-headed poet. Do you mean to say we must kill each other because we don't understand each other? Because we disagree is that any good reason for shooting each other? I think not. I'm all in favor of a world police force, every country contributing toward that force, and maintaining world peace by united action."

He was unhappy about those who said that one day the people of America would have to fight the Soviet Union. "The Russians don't want to fight", he said. "They are more interested in building up their own country. What are we trying to win, the world championship? Is it necessary for our country to be first in everything?"

He swiftly turned to ask: "What about Canada? What are you thinking about compulsory military training?" I said there had been little attention given to the subject in Canada. Tarkington said "There is a group of people in the United States who are working for it, but I don't think they will get anywhere. The people of your country and mine aren't made that way. People make better fighters when they volunteer their services. We did pretty well in this war, didn't we?"

He was vague when I asked him how many books he had written. "Somewhere around 50, I think." Most of them, he said, had been adapted into moving pictures. "A profitable enterprise", I suggested. "Not as profitable as Hollywood would have you believe", he replied. "Usually I get a third of the figure announced in the newspapers by Hollywood." When I asked him if his movies had been more profitable than his books, he said, "No, I wouldn't say that".

Alongside "The Floats" was a two-masted schooner, "The Regina", long past service. It was in drydock. The wood was rotting. "I brought it here because I wanted to preserve the old atmosphere of Kennebunkport", he said. "In the old days schooners like that came right into this port. In

Helena Rubinstein weaves magic

to awaken Sleeping Beauty

SKIN TONING LOTION SPECIAL
Use every morning after cleansing and as a quick day-time freshener. 1.25, 2.25. For normal and oily skins use Herbal Skin Lotion. 1.25, 2.75.

Many, many ladies there are, whose beauty lies a-drowsing
because they've trusted to luck instead of logic,
and dreams instead of creams. Here are special
awakening aids by Helena Rubinstein — preparations
fashioned with scientific care, and skilfully designed to
arouse dormant loveliness, and help you
make the most of what's been napping. Now especially,
with autumn and winter near, it's time to rejuvenate
complexions coarsened by exposure to summer sun.

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The ideal beauty sleep treatment for face, throat and hands. Contains estrogenic hormones — a vital substance which retards the effects of aging. 30-Night Supply, 4.50.

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MAKE-UP CREAM
A mild "astringent" for morning use. Leaves skin feeling fresh, glowing, wide-awake. 1.25.

Helena Rubinstein

126 BLOOR STREET W. TORONTO

fact, a lot of shipbuilding was done here. I used to keep the Regina in first-class condition. The sails were flown, even. But in recent years help has been so hard to get."

"Did you ever sail her yourself?" I asked. "Oh no. A friend and I used to own a motor boat, and we spent a lot of our time away out on the ocean, just sitting. But since the war we haven't had enough gasoline to run the boat".

When I asked him if he had done much writing for radio, he said: "Yes. Many of my stories have been adapted for broadcasting. 'Clarence' was on the air just the other night". He dropped the subject quickly, and I gathered that radio didn't interest him greatly.

I told him that I had first known him in *The Red Book*, some 30 years ago. " I have done a lot of magazine writing", he responded. "For *The Red Book, McClure's, Saturday Evening Post, Cosmopolitan, Harper's.* The *Post* has been the most consistent big payer. Five hundred dollars was their minimum. Often they paid over a thousand dollars for a piece".

Half an hour had passed. He had another appointment. Visitors to Kennebunkport wanted his autograph. When he rose you could see how tall he was. He smiled. "Thank you for coming", he said. "I am sorry my travelling days are over, or I would visit Canada again. I have been to Montreal and Quebec City, but never west."

I left my latest copy of SATURDAY NIGHT with him and asked Miss Trotter to read him the highlights. And as a boy rowed me across the river to Kennebunk Beach in a punt I thought how wonderful it must be to have preserved such graciousness for 76 years.

A Ship's A Lady, But This One Was Surely a Golden Girl

By ANN FOSTER

THE two sailors lurched slightly at the corner. Leaning against each other they grinned fatuously into the late afternoon dusk.

"Hadda good time all right," said one, "gotta get back now!"

"Yep!"

"Which way do we go?"

"Dunno—helluva a city this—lets follow that dame!"

"Can't. She's gotta taxi!"

"Swell dame though!"

"Yep!"

Linking arms, they started off again, their caps like lids of blue candy boxes, tipped over their eyes.

"Yo gotta girl, I gotta girl!"

"Yep!"

"So *what*—they ain't here!"

"Nope!"

They stopped to lean against a gleaming plate-glass window and grinned at each other. Then they sobered.

"Gotta get back!" said one.

"Sure," said the other. "C'm on!" They linked arms again and swayed gently on.

Lights were blazing now in windows that curtsied with glittering, tinselled skirts all along the avenue. "Howdy!" said the blond sailor, bending a slim, lean waist before the gay procession.

"Gotta get back!" said the other. They swayed along, arms linked in unaccustomed, stiff formality.

"Gotta get back!" said the blond sailor. "Gotta get us both back!"

"Yep!"

"I gotta girl but *she* ain't here—*you* gotta girl . . ." He was beginning to hum below his breath now.

"Aw shut up!"

"Goin' to get my girl a present!"

All along the avenue, the windows laughed and gurgled, preening their golden tresses, glancing at the blue evening with wide-awake eyes, touching the two sailors with fabulous, star-tipped fingers.

"Gotta get my girl a present!" They stopped again, and propped each other up, grinning again into each other's eyes.

"Look!" said the blond sailor.

Together they turned and gazed into a deep, silent, egg-shell tinted window. Over the surface of coffee-colored, velvet waves, a ship drifted, fashioned entirely of golden filigree.

"It ain't true!" said the blond sailor, pulling back from the window.

"Hey!" said the other one, nervously dragging at his friend's sleeve. "Gotta get back!"

"Not so quick, Mack, gotta getta present for m'gal. I gotta girl . . ."

"Yep. And she ain't here. Let's go."

The blond sailor was swaying gently towards the closed door of the shop. "Howdy!" he said, running his hand over the square brass plate. He turned the handle. "Gotta getta present," he murmured, turning his head to look at his friend. "Coming?"

"Sure!" He was still looking at the great golden ship in the window. "Sure!" he said, and grinned, lurching delicately towards his companion.

Linking arms again, but holding their candy-lid caps in their hands, they entered the shop on tiptoe.

An empty vault compassed them now, and a deep silence prevailed as a little man in black appeared from behind a hard, polished door. "Yes?" he said neatly, his slender feet advancing without sound across the moss-thick pile.

"I wantta get a present for my girl!" said the blond sailor.

"Ah!" said the man, caressing the immaculate line pencilled beneath his nose.

"Yep!" said the blond sailor. "I gotta girl . . ."

"I'm sure, indeed!" murmured the little man. He was leaning gracefully on two white hands pressed into the back of a chair.

"Helluva city!" muttered the other lad. "Gotta get back!" He swayed dreamily towards the gentleman in black.

"Don't take any notice of him," said the blond sailor happily. "He ain't gotta girl!"

"Yes. Well . . ." the man stepped lightly from behind the gilt chair, and waved his right arm round the empty vault. "Have you any suggestions sir?"

The blond sailor grinned. "Yep!" he said. "I wantta buy that ship out there. How much?"

The little man suddenly stood at attention. His eyes rivetted themselves on the top of the sailor's fair head. His mouth opened like a small, neatly sprung trap. "Two thousand dollars, sir!" he said.

The blond sailor swayed gently towards his companion. "Suffering cats!" he whispered.

"Yep!" said the other, staring at the dainty little man. "C'm on!" she said roughly, slamming his cap on his head. "Gotta get back!"

"S-u-r-e t-h-i-n-g!" said the blond sailor, almost too gently.

Suddenly he laughed. And the noise ripped through the velvet hangings, over the gift chairs, under the tinted ceiling, down to the toes of the man in black. "Well," he said, coughing now, tears of merriment spurting from his eyes. "We sure gotta get back!"

Arms still linked, the two sailors wavered against the grey walls, plunged into the dim hallway, and disappeared.

The little man watched them through the window as they were tossed from one gaily lighted arm to the other down the avenue.

"I wonder where they're off to?" he said aloud.

"To their ship, of course!" said his assistant, silently moving across the floor to draw velvet hangings on silver rings, across the darkened window.

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The Cream used by famous stage and screen stars. Your mirror will show results.

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affects many children when traveling. For comfort and relief try MOTHERSILL'S SEASICK REMEDY
Used by children and adults over ½ century on LAND and SEA... THE WORLD OVER

THE UNKNOWN CASUALTY

FAIR and serene was she
Sure-handed with the brimming Spode cups
For you, and you, and me.

The blithe Spring sunlight gleamed
On silver, on the lace-trimmed linen cloth,
Sent far from oversea.

(A wounded 'plane came down
The birdman limping into prison camp
Near Freiburg town.)

The prisoners fly away
To England but no tidings come of him
Day after weary day. . . . .

Tea, and a twittering over it,
A pleasant yesterday in rosy June
Lighted by airy wit.

Today, alas, we part.
Serene she lies upon a flowered bier,
A scorpion stung her heart.

J. E. MIDDLETON

• •

VISITING ROYALTY

WHEN maids are to be had once more,
Will I give up my castle without a sigh?
My kitchen where I've learned to adore
Assembling soufflé and apple pie?

Now that I handle the dust undismayed,
Proud of my newly acquired skill,
Will I give up my dear little house to a maid?—
And how I will!

MAY RICHSTONE

THE blazing ice of diamonds . . . the slow fire of rubies, enmeshed with amazing artistry in palladium and gold. A circle of diamonds palladium set, enclosing a flower of 14k gold, ruby-petalled. A ring of 14k gold with circle of eight diamonds, centred and sided with rubies. Fluted fan earrings of 14k gold, with centre circlet of rubies diamond-centred. Modern pieces inspired by the antique, and typical of the fine gem collection at

EATON'S

THE OTHER PAGE

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Truman, Alexander

To the suggestion that President Truman was filling the role of President with some skill, Mr. Tarkington said: "You're right. He's doing a fine job. I like his approach to problems. He has the small-town approach. He hasn't made any mistakes yet.

The Boston papers had only that morning announced that Sir Harold Alexander had been appointed Governor-General of Canada. "A first-rate appointment", the novelist said. "A fine man. I read the *London Illustrated News* regularly, and his photograph is often there. He has a splendid face. His war record has been brilliant".

Only a "fragment" of his eyesight remains, Booth Tarkington confessed. "For a time I lost all my sight, and then I spent a year in Johns Hopkins, and an operation restored a fragment of sight. It's enough. You see a fragment, and you see all".

Miss Trotter serves as his "eyes". He dictates his stories to her. He works two hours, 10 to 12, every morning. He wrote his latest novel, "Image of Josephine", in this manner. "A writer can get accustomed to dictating", he said. "It depends upon who takes the dictation. I had a man secretary once, and I always felt uncomfortable dictating to him. I felt him prying into my thoughts. It wasn't comfortable".

Somehow he got talking about Archibald McLeish, who had been quoted in the New York *Times* as saying that world peace would be brought about by mutual understanding between peoples of the world. "Utter nonsense", Tarkington said. "McLeish is a woolly-headed poet. Do you mean to say we must kill each other because we don't understand each other? Because we disagree is that any good reason for shooting each other? I think not. I'm all in favor of a world police force, every country contributing toward that force, and maintaining world peace by united action."

He was unhappy about those who said that one day the people of America would have to fight the Soviet Union. "The Russians don't want to fight", he said. "They are more interested in building up their own country. What are we trying to win, the world championship? Is it necessary for our country to be first in everything?"

He swiftly turned to ask: "What about Canada? What are you thinking about compulsory military training?" I said there had been little attention given to the subject in Canada. Tarkington said "There is a group of people in the United States who are working for it, but I don't think they will get anywhere. The people of your country and mine aren't made that way. People make better fighters when they volunteer their services. We did pretty well in this war, didn't we?"

He was vague when I asked him how many books he had written. "Somewhere around 50, I think." Most of them, he said, had been adapted into moving pictures. "A profitable enterprise", I suggested. "Not as profitable as Hollywood would have you believe", he replied. "Usually I get a third of the figure announced in the newspapers by Hollywood." When I asked him if his movies had been more profitable than his books, he said, "No, I wouldn't say that".

Alongside "The Floats" was a two-masted schooner, "The Regina", long past service. It was in drydock. The wood was rotting. "I brought it here because I wanted to preserve the old atmosphere of Kennebunkport", he said. "In the old days schooners like that came right into this port. In

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fact, a lot of shipbuilding was done here. I used to keep the Regina in first-class condition. The sails were flown, even. But in recent years help has been so hard to get."

"Did you ever sail her yourself?" I asked. "Oh no. A friend and I used to own a motor boat, and we spent a lot of our time away out on the ocean, just sitting. But since the war we haven't had enough gasoline to run the boat".

When I asked him if he had done much writing for radio, he said: "Yes. Many of my stories have been adapted for broadcasting. 'Clarence' was on the air just the other night". He dropped the subject quickly, and I gathered that radio didn't interest him greatly.

I told him that I had first known him in *The Red Book*, some 30 years ago. " I have done a lot of magazine writing", he responded. "For *The Red Book, McClure's, Saturday Evening Post, Cosmopolitan, Harper's.* The *Post* has been the most consistent big payer. Five hundred dollars was their minimum. Often they paid over a thousand dollars for a piece".

Half an hour had passed. He had another appointment. Visitors to Kennebunkport wanted his autograph. When he rose you could see how tall he was. He smiled. "Thank you for coming", he said. "I am sorry my travelling days are over, or I would visit Canada again. I have been to Montreal and Quebec City, but never west."

I left my latest copy of SATURDAY NIGHT with him and asked Miss Trotter to read him the highlights. And as a boy rowed me across the river to Kennebunk Beach in a punt I thought how wonderful it must be to have preserved such graciousness for 76 years.

A Ship's A Lady, But This One Was Surely a Golden Girl

By ANN FOSTER

THE two sailors lurched slightly at the corner. Leaning against each other they grinned fatuously into the late afternoon dusk.

"Hadda good time all right," said one, "gotta get back now!"

"Yep!"

"Which way do we go?"

"Dunno—helluva a city this—lets follow that dame!"

"Can't. She's gotta taxi!"

"Swell dame though!"

"Yep!"

Linking arms, they started off again, their caps like lids of blue candy boxes, tipped over their eyes.

"Yo gotta girl, I gotta girl!"

"Yep!"

"So *what*—they ain't here!"

"Nope!"

They stopped to lean against a gleaming plate-glass window and grinned at each other. Then they sobered.

"Gotta get back!" said one.

"Sure," said the other. "C'm on!" They linked arms again and swayed gently on.

Lights were blazing now in windows that curtsied with glittering, tinselled skirts all along the avenue. "Howdy!" said the blond sailor, bending a slim, lean waist before the gay procession.

"Gotta get back!" said the other. They swayed along, arms linked in unaccustomed, stiff formality.

"Gotta get back!" said the blond sailor. "Gotta get us both back!"

"Yep!"

"I gotta girl but *she* ain't here—*you* gotta girl . . ." He was beginning to hum below his breath now.

"Aw shut up!"

"Goin' to get my girl a present!"

All along the avenue, the windows laughed and gurgled, preening their golden tresses, glancing at the blue evening with wide-awake eyes, touching the two sailors with fabulous, star-tipped fingers.

"Gotta get my girl a present!" They stopped again, and propped each other up, grinning again into each other's eyes.

"Look!" said the blond sailor.

Together they turned and gazed into a deep, silent, egg-shell tinted window. Over the surface of coffee-colored, velvet waves, a ship drifted, fashioned entirely of golden filigree.

"It ain't true!" said the blond sailor, pulling back from the window.

"Hey!" said the other one, nervously dragging at his friend's sleeve. "Gotta get back!"

"Not so quick, Mack, gotta getta present for m'gal. I gotta girl . . ."

"Yep. And she ain't here. Let's go."

The blond sailor was swaying gently towards the closed door of the shop. "Howdy!" he said, running his hand over the square brass plate. He turned the handle. "Gotta getta present," he murmured, turning his head to look at his friend. "Coming?"

"Sure!" He was still looking at the great golden ship in the window. "Sure!" he said, and grinned, lurching delicately towards his companion.

Linking arms again, but holding their candy-lid caps in their hands, they entered the shop on tiptoe.

An empty vault compassed them now, and a deep silence prevailed as a little man in black appeared from behind a hard, polished door. "Yes?" he said neatly, his slender feet advancing without sound across the moss-thick pile.

"I wantta get a present for my girl!" said the blond sailor.

"Ah!" said the man, caressing the immaculate line pencilled beneath his nose.

"Yep!" said the blond sailor. "I gotta girl . . ."

"I'm sure, indeed!" murmured the little man. He was leaning gracefully on two white hands pressed into the back of a chair.

"Helluva city!" muttered the other lad. "Gotta get back!" He swayed dreamily towards the gentleman in black.

"Don't take any notice of him," said the blond sailor happily. "He ain't gotta girl!"

"Yes. Well . . ." the man stepped lightly from behind the gilt chair, and waved his right arm round the empty vault. "Have you any suggestions sir?"

The blond sailor grinned. "Yep!" he said. "I wantta buy that ship out there. How much?"

The little man suddenly stood at attention. His eyes rivetted themselves on the top of the sailor's fair head. His mouth opened like a small, neatly sprung trap. "Two thousand dollars, sir!" he said.

The blond sailor swayed gently towards his companion. "Suffering cats!" he whispered.

"Yep!" said the other, staring at the dainty little man. "C'm on!" she said roughly, slamming his cap on his head. "Gotta get back!"

"S-u-r-e t-h-i-n-g!" said the blond sailor, almost too gently.

Suddenly he laughed. And the noise ripped through the velvet hangings, over the gift chairs, under the tinted ceiling, down to the toes of the man in black. "Well," he said, coughing now, tears of merriment spurting from his eyes. "We sure gotta get back!"

Arms still linked, the two sailors wavered against the grey walls, plunged into the dim hallway, and disappeared.

The little man watched them through the window as they were tossed from one gaily lighted arm to the other down the avenue.

"I wonder where they're off to?" he said aloud.

"To their ship, of course!" said his assistant, silently moving across the floor to draw velvet hangings on silver rings, across the darkened window.

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On silver, on the lace-trimmed linen cloth,
Sent far from oversea.

(A wounded 'plane came down
The birdman limping into prison camp
Near Freiburg town.)

The prisoners fly away
To England but no tidings come of him
Day after weary day. . . . .

Tea, and a twittering over it,
A pleasant yesterday in rosy June
Lighted by airy wit.

Today, alas, we part.
Serene she lies upon a flowered bier,
A scorpion stung her heart.

J. E. MIDDLETON

• •

VISITING ROYALTY

WHEN maids are to be had once more,
Will I give up my castle without a sigh?
My kitchen where I've learned to adore
Assembling soufflé and apple pie?

Now that I handle the dust undismayed,
Proud of my newly acquired skill,
Will I give up my dear little house to a maid?—
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EATON'S

Aluminum Houses Will Aid British Shortage

By DR. F. KESSLER

Britain's primary postwar need is housing, and arrangements are already under way for the early release from the forces of builders and skilled workers in associated industries, in order that the building trade may get into its pre-war stride as quickly as possible.

Wartime factory workers' hostels will be converted into family dwellings, and large mansions, which cannot now be maintained owing to staff shortages, will be turned into apartments. Prefabricated houses will also help relieve the shortage, and among these is a new aluminum type which is being produced in Britain in former aircraft factories.

THE need for new houses in Britain is so obvious that building holds a position of undisputed priority in all postwar plans. During the next few years, all aspects connected with the building industry, being of prime political importance, will be a centre of interest.

For five-and-a-half years there has been no building activity at all nor even repair work, apart from the patching - up of bomb - damaged houses, and up to the middle of 1944, 2,750,000 houses underwent "first aid," half of them requiring more extensive repairs. Then came damage caused by flying bombs and rockets in London and small areas in South England.

Before the war, some 300,000 houses were built every year, apart from normal repair work. Yet the rising standard of living had caused many houses, dating from the last century and often less solidly built than continental houses, to be classified as below the minimum standards of space and convenience.

But the building industry, diverted from its proper field and disorganized by other tasks and by the suspension of building, will not at first be in a position to operate to anything like its pre-war extent.

The main obstacle is a shortage of skilled labor. Now that the war with Japan is over, every effort is being made to bring up labor forces to the required level. Out of the 750,000 members of the Forces to be released outside the general demobilization schedule (age plus length of service), no fewer than 60,000 are builders, and 10,000 skilled workers in building material industries.

A new system of payment has been introduced, under which an operative whose work has been interrupted by bad weather will receive his normal wages per hour for half the lost time. In addition, he is guaranteed a minimum wage of 32 hours per week for the duration of his engagement, irrespective of the actual number of hours worked.

Much War Building

It would be wrong to believe that no building took place during the war just because no dwelling houses were put up. On the contrary, a vast number of factories, hostels, emergency dwellings, military premises and air raid shelters were erected, their extent being evident from the figures of such production as concrete, bricks, and steel during the last few years.

Today, however, the capacity of many firms in the building materials industry is only partly utilized, the peak of military requirements having been passed over two years ago. Apart from timber, of which a world - wide shortage especially affects Britain where there has always been a shortage of timber, most basic building materials will be available to meet all requirements, while transport improvements are about to ameliorate the supply position in respect of these bulky commodities. One British brick combine, the world's largest brick producers, out of whose twenty works sixteen are closed, nevertheless has 500 million bricks in stock.

The Government has expressed a

(*Continued on Next Page*)

Aeroplanes And Houses From Same British Factories

Britain has tackled its acute housing problem by utilizing materials and manufacturing facilities developed originally for war needs. In the Bristol Aeroplane Co. factory at Weston-Super-Mare, where Bristol Beaufighters rolled off the line during war years, prefabricated houses of aluminum alloy are now being constructed. Not that the building of planes has entirely ceased—for the above photograph shows an aluminum house being assembled in the foreground, while a nearly-completed Beaufighter can be seen behind. But direct plant conversion like this has provided employment for many workers already trained in manufacturing and assembling prefabricated sections. These houses are being produced in five places. When full production is achieved, the target aimed at is 1,200 houses per month at the Weston-Super-Mare factory alone.

50,000 of the bungalow-type aluminum house shown above have been ordered by the British Minister of Works. This house contains two bedrooms, hall, living room, kitchen and bathroom. Prefabricated in four separate units, each approximately 22½ ft. by 7½ft., each unit is assembled separately in the factory complete with fittings and decorations, and transported to a previously prepared site. This sectional view of the bungalow shows roof-span, bathroom section and living room doorway. Erection on the actual site requires 30-man-hours. The photograph below shows the all-electric kitchen section, as it gets its final inspection. Even in houses built by traditional methods these complete bathroom and kitchen units are certain to be used.

THE BUSINESS ANGLE

We Must Be Efficient Producers

By P. M. RICHARDS

JENNIE LEE, M. P., wife of Aneurin Bevan, says that British Labor's real headache is going to be the difficulty of finding sufficient workers to do some of the more distasteful jobs, particularly those in industries in bad odor with the workers. She explains: "A lot of people have moved psychologically away from the hard work of the mines, textiles, farming and domestic service. They want the drudgery done by machines. Our real problem is how quickly can we reshape British industry. People will no longer do jobs that are looked down on."

In last week's SATURDAY NIGHT, Harry Strange pointed out that British trade unions have been mainly occupying themselves, in recent years, with politics and with measures to keep their members in work, and have persistently demanded higher wages and shorter hours while resisting the introduction of labor-saving machinery that would raise efficiency and productivity and enable management to meet labor's demands. The production per man in coal mining and in other trades is now very much less in Britain than in the United States, yet Britain vitally needs to be able to compete successfully with the U. S. and other nations in the import markets of the world. If she can't compete she is ruined.

Answer Vitally Concerns Us

In this situation, how will the position of British labor be affected by the party's rise to the seats of government? And by its government-ownership undertakings? Mr. Strange pertinently asks: Merely because the State owns the industry, instead of private capital, will British labor unions be willing to change their slow-down policies and work harder and more efficiently than they have in the past? Also (and this is very much to the point), will a State-owned industry be as alert and alive and as energetic towards the expansion of trade, and to the necessity of turning out low-cost high-quality goods, as privately-owned enterprise is?

The answers to these questions are of scarcely less concern to Canada than to Britain itself, because of Britain's tremendous importance as a market for Canadian exports and because Canada too has moved some distance in the direction of state socialism and may go farther. On top of its social welfare commitments, the government of Canada has obligated itself to maintain high employment and under certain conditions will be virtually forced into undertaking unprecedented expenditures and control measures to this end. Where that might end no one can say. It would almost certainly be financially costly, add to an already burdensomely-high public debt and further discourage private enterprise and employment.

Of course we don't want to see any Canadians in want, but it would be foolish to set about providing employment by measures that would, in the long run, result in creating a larger volume of unemployment. And that, in fact, is the danger that lies directly in our economic path at this time—that, under the pressure of circumstances, we shall embark on measures which add to our troubles but from which we shall find it difficult or impossible to withdraw.

Imperative That We Face Facts

In surveying employment, trade and taxation prospects, it is most important that Canadians be realistic. Whatever their political persuasion, and whether they are socialists or private enterprisers by conviction, they should face and recognize certain facts: that no country, not even Great Britain, is more dependent on foreign markets for the maintenance of employment and its standard of living and general well-being than Canada is; and that to win and hold those markets we must meet and overcome the competition of other suppliers as to quality and price. That means that our production costs must not be out of line. It doesn't mean that we can't pay good wages in Canada, but that we must seek to lower the prices of our goods by efficiency in production and by refraining from unnecessary additions to costs. When we consider embarking on new social service measures we should think first of all of what they may mean in terms of added costs and therefore higher prices and lessened ability to compete.

The socialists ask why should we not make ourselves self-sufficient; why should we not produce our own requirements and stop depending on exports and imports, at least to the extent we do now. Well, we can advantageously do more in this direction, and in fact are doing so, but we can't eliminate our dependence on foreign markets so long as we produce several times as much wheat and newsprint and metals as we can consume ourselves, and so long as we produce only a minor part of our requirements of oil and coal. In these circumstances, to seek to get along without exports and imports would enormously lower our national standard of living, greatly lessen employment, and reduce a considerable proportion of our people to a peasant level of subsistence.

No, we must continue to live and prosper by selling our surplus products abroad, and to do this successfully we must meet the competition of other suppliers of these goods. We must be efficient. Since we are, very properly, determined to raise our social welfare standards which tends to add to costs of production, we must make every effort to increase efficiency through scientific research. As Stuart Armour says (quoted here last week), we should be aiming to use the services of all the trained scientists we can lay our hands on.

(*Continued from Page 42*)

desire that local authorities, builders, contractors and merchants should place their orders for building materials now, so that they might be prepared for future requirements and increase their stocks.

Long-term housing programs are not yet established; but it has been decided that by May, 1947, at least 220,000 permanent and 150,000 temporary houses are to be completed and occupied, while another 80,000 are to be under construction.

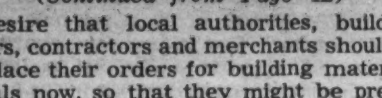
A large percentage of the new houses will be local authority houses, destined to replace a number of houses that were completely destroyed during the war, since a certain priority is given to people rendered homeless by enemy action. No final decision has been made as yet with regard to controlling the use of land, but the principle is generally accepted that unwanted development must be stopped; without this basic principle, town and country planning would be meaningless. It is agreed that population density in urban centres must be mitigated, the growth of suburbs slowed down and halted, and that cities must have a wide peripheral green belt.

Easing the present acute housing shortage demands unusual expedients. One of them is the conversion into family dwellings of the many wartime hostels for factory workers. A similar measure is the conversion into apartments of the three to five-storied mansion residences formerly inhabited by well-to-do families with large staffs, since maintenance of such houses is very difficult under present conditions.

A new scheme of building repairs comes into force on August 1, which constitutes some easing of existing regulations which cannot be abolished entirely while the labor shortage continues. For this reason it is important that allocations be based on need, ordinary repairs having priority over decorations. In the first place, however, it is attempted to complement traditional building methods by prefabricated houses, permanent and temporary. Fifteen types of mass-produced prefabricated houses are to be produced in Britain, while considerable orders have been placed in the United States and Sweden.

The sites for 120,000 temporary houses will be approved before the end of the summer. The Government has ordered 50,000 aluminum houses, which are produced in five places, most of them former aircraft factories. These houses are of the bungalow type and are completely prefabricated in four separate units. Each unit is assembled in the factory, complete with fittings and decorations; erection on the actual site requires 30 man-hours.

Steel and aluminum are going to combine with bricks and mortar in postwar housing. As regards the structure of the houses, this may be the case only while the labor shortage of the transition period lasts; but supplying complete bathroom or kitchen units even for houses built by traditional methods is likely to become a permanent feature.



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NEWS OF THE MINES

Diamond Drilling Boom in Canada May Reach Its Peak This Year

By JOHN M. GRANT

WHILE gold mining operations and gold production were at their lowest levels in the latter years of the war an unparalleled diamond drilling boom was in progress across Canada and it is not unlikely that the new record of exploratory drilling in 1944 will be surpassed this year. Now with the restrictions on new gold developments removed diversion of much of the money that otherwise would be expended on drilling can be expected, hence it is possible the drilling may reach its apex in 1945. Thousands of miles of drill holes were put down and many discoveries made which hold promise of proving the mines of the postwar period. Today more than half a hundred shaft sinking jobs are in prospect or have commenced. Another important factor of the extensive drilling boom has been the placing of many millions of dollars in various treasuries through public speculation in the past couple of years and undoubtedly most of this will be utilized to sink shafts and proceed with underground development of the orebodies indicated by the drill.

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The total footage drilled under contract throughout the Dominion totalled 3,468,797 in 1944 as compared with 2,649,708 in the previous year, according to the Mining, Metallurgical and Chemical Branch of the Dominion Bureau of Statistics. There were 34 firms engaged in contract diamond drilling of Canadian mineral deposits, other than fuels, during 1944 compared with 27 in 1943. The income received from drilling operations completed by these firms last year totalled $4,970,247 against $3,072,481 in the preceding year. The average number of employees in 1944 was reported at 1,468 and the amount of salaries and wages distributed totalled $2,461,813. Average number of employees the previous year was 896 and salaries and wages paid $1,493,944. The above totals do not include statistics relating to drilling conducted by Canadian mining companies with their own personnel and equipment.

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Of the footage of diamond drilling completed by contract in 1944 approximately 39 per cent was in Ontario, 38 per cent in Quebec and 16 per cent in British Columbia. Contract drilling was also conducted in the Northwest Territories, Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta and Nova Scotia. A slight decline was shown in the footage drilled in Ontario in 1944 when compared with the preceding year but all the other provinces reported an increase. Ontario's footage in 1944 was 1,348,813 as compared with 1,417,935 the previous year. Quebec drilled 1,310,156 feet last year as against 852,801; the Northwest Territories climbed from 13,902 to 113,905 and British Columbia had 544,077 feet as against 296,331 in 1943. Manitoba moved up from 35,894 to 69,706 feet, Saskatchewan had 47,926 against 34,800 in the preceding year, while Alberta climbed from 7,078 to 32,922 feet. Nova Scotia reported footage of 2,802 while in the previous year it was 957. The need for experienced drill men and helpers along with shortage of gasoline power units and steel castings for manufacturing more drills were factors in preventing an even greater expansion of the drilling.

With a view to building up the company's treasury Preston East Dome Mines has reduced the quarterly dividend rate from five to three cents per share. The reasons advanced for the cut, which it is hoped will only be temporary, are the necessity for a considerable expenditure in carrying out an extensive development program, the fact the company is engaged in the develop-

(*Continued on Page 47*)

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GOLD & DROSS

It is recommended that answers to inquiries in this department be read in conjunction with the Business and Market Forecast.

J. F. M., Windsor, Ont.—I understand CLAVERNY GOLD MINES has completed new financing arrangements and plans re-opening of its property in Duverny township, Quebec. Funds were originally supplied by French interests but there has been no activity for the past five years owing to the war. Two shafts were put down and two levels established from the No. 1 and one from the No. 2. About 700 feet of lateral work was completed and a 75-ton mill installed. In 1940 some $10,000 was produced from 900 tons of ore. Indicated ore reserves are estimated at 60,000 tons of $12 grade. Plans are said to call for early resumption of milling of ore from the No. 1 vein and the company's consulting engineer has recommended drilling of the southwest part of the property where a 30-foot wide shear zone has been exposed over a distance of 1,100 feet.

R. H. B., Orillia, Ont.—Yes, SILVERWOODS DAIRIES LTD. is doing well. The company has lately reported sales of $12,526,509 for the fiscal year ended March 31, 1945, compared with $11,789,976 for the previous period, but owing to heavier costs gross profit on sales amounted to only 6.01 per cent compared with 6.40 per cent a year earlier. Gross of $752,803 compared with $754,619. Net profit for the year amounted to $159,068, or 1.27 per cent of sales, compared with net of $175,428, or 1.48 per cent of sales. Exclusive of the recent investment representing an exchange for the common shares of Silverwood Western Dairies, earnings represent 55.5 cents a share, from which there were paid dividends of 40 cents a share. Sales of Silverwood Western Dairies amounted to $4,553,170, making total sales of $17,079,679. Average sales for the past five years are reported $10,358,322 for Silverwood Dairies, apart from its western subsidiary, with average net profit, excluding credit for postwar refund of $141,666. Working capital position shows a sharp improvement, with current assets of $2,450,021, compared with current liabilities of $1,243,497, leaving working capital of $1,206,524, compared with $808,491.

E. P., Winnipeg, Man.—Management of AMALGAMATED LARDER MINES is excellent, with finances coming from some of the largest Canadian mining companies in the hopes of securing a duplication of the conditions which made Kerr-Addison such an outstanding mine. Its holdings comprise four miles of what is considered to be the favorable zone, extending westward from Kerr-Addison to the Omega mine. No work has been underway since 1942, but operations will be resumed as soon as the labor situation permits. On the Cheminis part of the property there is an estimated 321,607 tons of ore, while that in other portions of the holdings raises this to around 500,000 tons of $6 to $7 grade. The company has over $450,000 cash on hand and if all options are exercised a further $1,125,000 will be provided to the treasury.

M. R. C., Peterborough, Ont.—ALUMINIUM LTD. estimates 1945 first half consolidated profit at $5,600,000, equivalent to $7.20 per common share, as against $5,700,000, or $7.33 per common share in 1944. This profit is computed after provision for depreciation and depletion of approximately $2,800,000, as compared with $34,000,000 in the first half of 1944, after provision for profits taxes of approximately $11,200,000, as compared with $6,400,000 in 1944.

E. M., Gravenhurst, Ont.—I have no report since 1939 of any activity on the part of KENECHO GOLD MINES. As you perhaps are aware two years previously the company acquired properties from Schreiber Pyramid Gold Mines and Rhoda Prospectors Syndicate. Some diamond drilling was carried out in 1938 and early 1939, but results of this work were not satisfactory. As far as I know the company still retains its property.

C. C. S., London, Ont.—I doubt if I can better answer your request for information on the TOMAHAWK IRON MINES situation than to quote from conclusions reached by Dominion Government authorities. One was the report of Dr. T. L. Tanton of the Geological Survey, Department of Mines, Ottawa, who made an examination of the property and the other a report of the Ore Dressing and Metallurgical Laboratories, Investigation No. 1775, January 1945. The

Standard Chemical Co. Ltd.

IMPORTANT developments in the field of chemicals are promised for the postwar period. New interests in control of Standard Chemical Company Limited have planned a program of expansion and development to considerably expand the company's activities. In the annual report for the fiscal year ended March 31, 1945, it was stated the management believes that there will be many profitable opportunities for expansion in the general field of chemicals and their manufacture, and it is the intention to carefully investigate the merits of each proposed project involving expansion and to take advantage of opportunities from time to time as favorable projects develop. New projects were said to be under consideration which contemplated expansion in both merchandising and manufacturing activities. Processes used in the company's refinery were being carefully scrutinized and improvements are to be made whenever material and equipment are available. Several projects for the manufacture of new material not now manufactured in Canada are receiving consideration and negotiations have revealed that suitable processes are available, it was stated. In connection with this program Standard Chemical Company has already acquired an outstanding Canadian salt producer, has started development of a salt deposit in Nova Scotia and has acquired the capital stock of two well known chemical companies. Part of the funds for acquisitions and expansion were obtained recently from the sale of an issue of $1,000,000 of 5% cumulative preference stock and the sale of an additional 71,115 shares of the new common stock.

Consolidated net profits for the fiscal year ended March 31, 1945, did not fully reflect the acquisition of revenue producing assets acquired during the year, such as the capital stock of the Goderich Salt Company. The net profit for the year of $117,017 was equal to 60c per share of new common outstanding at the end of the period, the old common was split five-for-one during the year. The year's profit and loss statement only included the accounts of the salt company for eight months and it is stated had such accounts been included for the entire fiscal year net before taxes of Standard Chemical would approximate $284,000 against $222,957 reported. Net profit for the fiscal year ended March 31, 1944, of $39,772 was equal to $1.06 per share of old common stock, and that of $57,331, for 1939-40 equal to $1.54 a share. Surplus of $311,935 at March 31, 1945, was an increase from $109,968 at March 31, 1940.

Pro-forma balance sheet at March 31, 1945, giving effect to the recent financing, retirement of special bank loan, etc., showed net working capital of $1,919,664. This net working capital was exclusive of investments, including over $500,000 government bonds, of $1,000,054. Balance sheet issued for the fiscal year ended March 31, 1945, showed net working capital of $1,434,136, compared with $943,747 at March 31, 1939.

Outstanding capital at June this year consisted of 10,000 shares of 5% cumulative redeemable preference stock of $100 par value and 273,000 common shares of no par value. The preference stock is entitled to cumulative annual dividends of 5% and is callable in whole or in part on 30 days' notice at 105. The company has no funded debt.

No dividends have as yet been declared on the new split common shares. In the fiscal year ended March 31, 1945, dividends aggregating $1 per share were paid on the old common, 1943-44 $1.75 a share, of which $1.25 was paid out of previous years' surplus and in 1942-43 75c a share was paid, with distributions for various amounts in years subsequent to 1939. Distributions were resumed in 1939 after a 7 year lapse.

Standard Chemical Company Limited was incorporated in 1911 with a Dominion Charter. Within the past year the company acquired the outstanding capital of Goderich Salt Company, Schofield-Donald Limited, Dalglish (Ontario) Limited and Dalglish (Quebec) Limited and formed Maritime Industries Limited as a wholly owned subsidiary for the development of a salt deposit in Nova Scotia.

Price range and price earnings ratio new stock 1945 to date and old stock 1940-1944, inclusive, follows:

	Price Range High	Price Range Low	Earned Per Share	Price Earnings Ratio High	Price Earnings Ratio Low	Dividend Per Share
NEW STOCK						
1945	10⅞	7	$0.60	18.1	11.7	
OLD STOCK						
1944	30¼	19	1.06	28.5	17.9	$1.75-a
1943	19½	10	1.48	13.2	6.8	0.75
1942	12	9⅛	3.28	3.7	2.8	1.25
1941	12½	9	1.47	8.5	6.1	1.25
1940	14	8	1.54	9.1	5.2	1.00
Average Old Stock 1940-44				10.0	6.3	

a—Including $1.25 per share paid out of previous years' surplus.

Note—In February, 1945, old shares split five-for-one. Price range for calendar years, earnings and dividends for fiscal years ending March 31.

COMPARATIVE STATISTICS

Year Ended March 31	1945	1944	1943	1942	1941	1940
Net Profit	$ 117,017	$ 39,772	$ 55,251	$ 122,874	$ 54,921	$ 57,331
Surplus	311,935	196,400	221,863	194,570	118,223	109,968
Current Assets	2,127,111	1,395,711	1,354,825	1,398,618	1,313,309	1,157,809
Current Liabilities	692,975	526,202	442,350	516,820	426,946	214,062
Net Working Capital	1,434,136	869,509	912,475	876,798	886,363	943,747

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Certificate of Registry

Notice is hereby given that the Hardware Mutual Casualty Company has been granted Certificate of Registry Number C 1018 by the Dominion Insurance Department, authorizing it to transact in Canada, the business of Automobile Insurance, excluding insurance against loss or damage to an automobile by fire, Plate Glass Insurance, Public Liability Insurance and Theft Insurance.

The Bell Telephone Company of Canada

Notice of Dividend

A dividend of Two Dollars per share has been declared payable on the 15th day of October, 1945 to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 22nd of September, 1945.

G. H. ROGERS,
Secretary.

Montreal, August 22, 1945.

The B. Greening Wire Company
LIMITED

COMMON DIVIDEND No. 32

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that at a meeting of the Directors of The B. Greening Wire Company, Limited, held in the Office of the Company on August 27th, 1945 a dividend of Fifteen cents per share on the Common Shares of the Company was declared payable October 1st, 1945 to shareholders of record September 1st, 1945.

F. J. MAW,
Secretary.

Hamilton Ont., August 28th, 1945.

WESTERN GROCERS
LIMITED

Notice of Dividends

Notice is hereby given that the following dividends have been declared:

On the Preference Shares, 1¾% ($1.75) for the current quarter;

On the Common Shares, 75c per share;

Payable October 15th, 1945, to shareholders of record September 14th, 1945.

By order of the Board.

W. P. RILEY,
President.

conclusions of the investigation by the Ore Dressing and Metallurgical Laboratories are: "Iron powder for bearings and parts requiring strength should be 99% metallic iron or better. The product obtainable from ore of the same grade and character as that investigated and covered by this report does not meet the present specifications for high-grade iron powder." The report of Dr. Tanton is somewhat lengthy but his conclusions are quite interesting. He states: "On the property of Tomahawk Iron Mines, Limited, in Lake township, Ontario, there are at three localities contact metamorphic deposits of magnetite that have been prospected. No. 3 deposit is too small to be of commercial value. No body of iron ore of economic importance has been revealed in deposits Nos. 1 and 2. Concentration tests on a 5-ton sample of selected ore material from the No. 2 body show that the product obtainable does not meet the present specifications for high grade iron powder."

T. H. S., Guelph, Ont.—Favorable weather, except for a short time at the opening of the passenger and hotel season of 1945, has served to raise business of CANADA STEAMSHIP LINES well ahead of last year, which had established a new record for the company. Announcement is made of arrangements by the company for the construction of two "luxury" passenger steamships at a cost of $2,000,000 each, ready for operations in 1947.

W. S. T., Drummondville, Que.—From the ore indicated by diamond drilling to date the ROUYN MERGER GOLD MINES property has the status of a potential producer and a contract has been let for sinking a shaft to 1,500 feet. The property represents an amalgamation of several adjoining properties and its chief geological feature is the Cadillac-Bouzan fault along which break most of the important gold mines in Quebec are found. Close to 300,000 tons averaging $7.50 per ton ($35 gold) and over 20 feet in width have been indicated in one section of the property. Drilling east of the shaft on the O'Neill-Thompson portion of the property has given interesting results. Ore intersections are narrower but the grade is higher. At the beginning of the year the company had net current assets of about $115,000 and options outstanding involving over $700,000.

G. N. G., Peterborough, Ont.—I have no record of any activity on the part of CHIMNEY CREEK-FRASER PLACER MINES LIMITED, since the company was formed over a year ago to work claims on Fraser River in British Columbia. The company held leases on 160 acres and planned last year to instal a bucket with excavator. I understand considerable yardage was moved in 1941-2.

A.M.M., Oakville, Ont.—CRAIBBE-FLETCHER GOLD MINES has locational interest in one of the most active sections of the Red Lake area. The property adjoins Campbell Red Lake where Dome Mines has been meeting with highly encouraging drilling results. Sylvanite Gold Mines of Kirkland Lake, and Powell Rouyn Gold Mines of Rouyn, Quebec, are supplying the funds for the development of the property. A limited amount of diamond drilling was done last year and this disclosed favorable geological structure, similar to the orebearing formations on adjoining properties.

BUSINESS AND MARKET FORECAST

Watch The Rails!

BY HARUSPEX

THE ONE TO TWO-YEAR TREND: New York stocks, which furnish price leadership to Canadian equities, following their sustained advance from the April 1942 lows, have, according to our indices, been in a broad zone of distribution over the past two years preparatory to eventual cyclical decline.

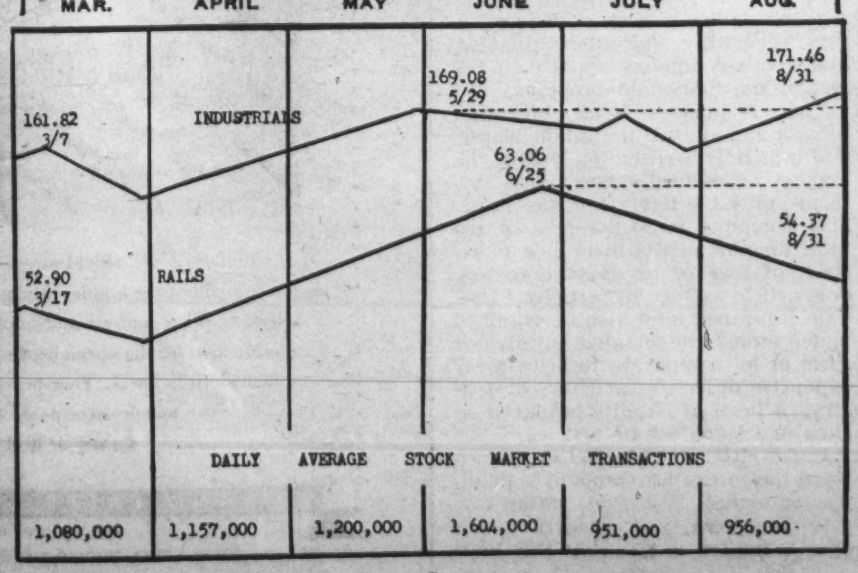
THE SHORT TERM OR SEVERAL MONTH TREND of the market is to be classed as downward from the May/June peak points of 169.08 on the Dow-Jones industrial average, 63.06 on the rail average. For detailed discussion of technical position, see remarks below.

During the course of the 10-point break in the industrial average, that is, our Forecast of July 28, the following statements as to the market's technical position were made:

"It is yet too early to judge, by the price movement, whether the primary trend has reversed. There are one or two minor straws, however, suggesting that it has not. For one thing, the rally of three days' duration that ran from July 6 to 10 would seem too brief to afford any adequate test of the preceding tops or peak points. Again, while volume climbed on the market's breaking under the early July support points, it was certainly not of the dimensions suggesting any great urge to liquidate. Lastly, the market failed to achieve the 170/175 area previously designated herein as a major barrier to futher advance. Altogether, barring some major development, such as a Japanese surrender, we believe an open mind as to the market's major trend is in order with recognition of the possibility of higher prices as yet ahead."

Subsequently, the Japanese surrender arrived, but the industrial list refused to go into new low ground, since which time recovery in this group has taken the Dow-Jones industrial average to above its previous 1945 peak. The current advance into new high ground satisfies some of the objections raised above. The action of the market from here on hinges, to a considerable degree, on the rails. Failure of these issues, over the next week, to close at or above 58.81, or decisively above their mid-August rally point would raise some question as to whether the 1942/45 move were not topping out. At least an interval of two or more weeks' rest would seem called for under such circumstances, with another try then being made by the rails to confirm the industrial strength. Ability of the rails to move through the resistance point mentioned, thereby confirming short term trend as upward, would augur well for a further move in the industrials before the major advance terminated.

DOW JONES STOCK AVERAGES



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Hollinger Consolidated Gold Mines Limited

DIVIDEND NUMBER 335

A dividend of 10c per share has been declared by the Directors on the Capital Stock of the Company, payable on the 29th day of September, 1945, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 1st day of September, 1945.

DATED the 25th day of August, 1945.

P. C. FINLAY,
Secretary.

NATIONAL STEEL CAR CORPORATION
LIMITED

NOTICE OF DIVIDEND

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of twenty-five cents (25c) per share has been declared for the quarter ending September 30th, 1945, payable on October 15th, 1945, to shareholders of record at the close of business September 15th, 1945.

By Order of the Board.

H. J. FARNAN,
Secretary.

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ABOUT INSURANCE

Frequency of Burglaries, Hold-ups and Thefts Shows Need of Cover

By GEORGE GILBERT

Despite the increased efficiency of the protection now afforded by police forces through the use of radio-equipped patrol cars and other modern equipment, there is no let-up in the heavy losses taking place each year as a result of the activities of burglars, robbers and thieves.

As the only available way to obtain protection against the financial consequences of such losses is by means of insurance, various forms of policies have been devised to meet personal and business needs. This article deals with the one that provides broad protection for the householder.

IN VIEW of the increasing number of burglaries, robberies and thefts taking place throughout the country, it is not surprising that there is a growing demand for insurance protection against loss from such crimes. Our jails and penitentiaries are crowded with law-breakers, most of whom are there for having committed burglary, robbery, or theft. Many of them are serving short terms, and the majority, being incorrigible, when released on parole or at the expiration of their sentence, are soon pulling the same kind of "jobs" again.

Their operations result in thousands of serious losses every year to Canadian property-owners, and the only way in which recovery of such losses may be effected is through burglary insurance, the term "burglary insurance" as generally used covering not only insurance against burglary, but insurance against robbery, theft and larceny as well. As defined in the insurance contract, "burglary" means the felonious abstraction of property occasioned by any person making felonious entry into the premises, safe, vault or safety deposit box by actual force and violence, of which force and violence there shall be visible marks made by tools, explosives, electricity or chemicals upon the premises, safe, vault, or deposit box at the place of such entry. "Robbery" or "hold-up" as it is often called is defined as the felonious and forcible taking of property accompanied by bodily injury or threat of bodily injury or by putting a person in fear of bodily injury. "Theft" and "larceny" are practically synonymous terms and mean the unlawful or felonious abstraction or taking of property without the consent of the owner.

Protection for Householder

One of the most popular forms of burglary insurance at the present time is what is known as the "Residence Burglary, Robbery, Theft and Larceny Policy." It protects the householder against practically every loss by stealing. It covers all loss by burglary, robbery, theft or larceny of insured property from within that part of the premises occupied by the insured, committed by any person whose property is not covered by the policy, or by guests or employees of the insured.

It also covers all damage (except by fire) to insured property and/or premises (if owned by the insured) caused by burglary, robbery, theft or larceny or attempt thereat. Further, it covers all loss by robbery of insured property up to $500 (including money and securities, subject to limit of 10 per cent of such amount) provided such property is owned by any person (over the age of 18 years) whose property is covered by the policy, excluding employees. Loss must occur within Canada, Newfoundland or the United States. The standard limit of $500 may be increased by payment of an extra premium.

It likewise covers all loss by burglary, robbery, theft or larceny of insured property from within a safe deposit box in a vault in any bank, trust or safe deposit company situated in Canada or the United States. The policy covers property owned by: 1. the named insured; 2. any permanent member of the insured's household who does not pay board or rent; 3. any relative permanently residing with the insured; 4. any domestic servant or employee. The limit of liability in respect of property owned by servants or employees is $50.

Losses Elsewhere

In respect of loss from entrances, porches, basements, laundries and storerooms, $100 of insurance applies to insured property (except money and securities) while so contained. This amount may be increased by payment of extra premium. In respect of loss from garages, stables and outbuildings, $100 of insurance applies to insured property while so contained, provided such buildings are occupied by the insured and are located in or adjacent to the insured premises. The insurance company is not liable for loss of or damage to money, securities, motor cycles, automobiles or their equipment or appurtenances while so contained. This limit may be increased by payment of an extra premium.

There is a vacancy permit in the policy which allows the insured, without notice to the insurance company, to leave the premises vacant for not more than four months in each policy year. This period may be lengthened by payment of an additional premium. However, if during the entire period of vacancy the premises are protected by watchmen service or by an approved alarm system, such additional charge is waived.

During the policy term the insured is also permitted to let or sublet the insured premises, provided the premises are not used as a boarding or lodging house or for any business or professional purposes. But in that event, money, securities, jewelry, watches, precious and semi-precious stones and gold and platinum articles are not covered. Further, the policy does not then cover loss of or damage to property of the tenant or any member of his household, nor loss or damage caused by any such person.

It is also to be noted that the insurance company is not liable for loss of or damage: 1. to articles carried or held as samples; 2. to articles carried or held for sale or for delivery after sale; 3. if the premises are used in whole or in part as a boarding or lodging house or for business or professional purposes unless so stated in the Declarations.

Various Policy Forms

Several different plans of coverage are available for insuring the contents of a residence. There is the blanket form which covers any and all property of the insured under one lump sum. There is the divided form under which the total amount of insurance is divided, so that a certain amount applies in respect of jewelry, furs, silverware and other valuables, and another amount applies to the rest of the household property.

There is another form which contains a 20 per cent limitation clause, and which is written on either the blanket or divided cover plan. This form limits the liability of the insurance company to 20 per cent of the total amount of the insurance in respect of loss of or damage to any one article or set of articles. Specific insurance may also be obtained under either the blanket or divided form or by a separate form to cover expensive objects of art, furs or jewelry. A limit of liability is placed on each article or set of articles.

Under either the blanket or divided form the insurance company's liability for money, securities, stamp and coin collections, and alcoholic beverages is limited to $50. But this limit

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In order to cover property in summer residences (suburban, country or seashore) a special endorsement has been devised to convert the regular residence policy into insurance of personal property of occupiers of this type of dwelling, which is usually tenanted during summer seasons only. The insurance covers loss of or damage to insured property caused solely by burglary.

Residence burglary cover is also available for schools, colleges, clubs, teachers, doctors, dentists, property in storage warehouses, and other similar classes of risks, under special forms designed for the purpose.

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Inquiries

Editor, About Insurance:

As a subscriber of SATURDAY NIGHT I have noticed from time to time answers to inquiries regarding insurance and I would appreciate it if you could give me some information in this connection. I am considering taking out a policy of sickness and accident insurance. For the past few years I have been on the mailing list of The Commercial Traveller's Mutual Accident Association of America and I notice that the rates quoted by that firm are considerably lower than other companies writing insurance in the same field. Would you please advise me briefly regarding the financial position of this Company, particularly whether it has a deposit with the Department of Insurance and whether it has a good record insofar as prompt payment of claims is concerned.

—W.E.D., Simcoe, Ont.

The Commercial Travelers Mutual Accident Association of America, with head office at Utica, N.Y., and Canadian head office at Ottawa, Ont., was organized and incorporated in 1883, and has been operating in Canada under Dominion registry since 1933. It is regularly licensed in this country as a fraternal benefit society, and has a deposit with the Government at Ottawa for the sole protection of Canadian policyholders. At December 31, 1944, its total admitted assets in Canada were $189,006, while its total liabilities in this country amounted to $39,643, showing an excess of assets in Canada over liabilities in Canada of $149,363. Its total income in Canada last year was $73,864, while its total disbursements in this country amounted to $39,501, of which $35,084 was paid in benefits to members. All claims are readily collectable, and the Association is safe to insure with for the class of insurance it transacts.

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News of the Mines

(*Continued from Page* 43)

ment of the Cincinnati-Porcupine Mines property and also plans to engage in outside exploration work on a moderate scale. The main shaft has been deepened to 2,400 feet and five new levels are now being opened up. As soon as this work is completed a winze will be sunk from the 18th level.

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Diamond drilling carried out since February has indicated a large tonnage of good grade copper-gold ore on the Quemont Mining Corporation property, it is reported by Mining Corporation of Canada, which holds control. It is impossible at this time to estimate tonnage of ore with any accuracy, due chiefly to the fact that the ore appears to occur in two or more bodies under the lake, and the drilling has to be done from the nearest point on the shore. Some months ago it was decided to dewater the old shaft and underground workings which go down to the 900-foot level and then drift and crosscut on two levels to test the orebodies indicated by drilling. A mining plant was purchased and installed, necessary buildings constructed and a contract for power arranged. The old workings are now dewatered to the 500-foot level. It is estimated a couple of years will be needed to complete the proposed underground program.

Net earnings of $279,837 are reported by Sheep Creek Gold Mines and its wholly-owned subsidiary Zincton Mines for the year ended May 31, 1945, equal to 14.9 cents per share as against 19.6 cents in the previous year. The company paid $225,000 in dividends, made capital expenditures of $16,333 and added $76,488 to its working capital which amounts to $1,154,256, or more than 61 cents a share. Ore reserves at Zincton are 186,820 tons and at the gold mine 97,886 tons. The future of the Zincton mine, which was shut down when the contract with the U.S. Commercial Company expired, depends on the world zinc market. Development work will continue and everything readied for resumption of production as soon as men are available and a satisfactory market found for its concentrates.

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As development work had reached a point where it was considered advisable to discontinue until milling could be resumed, all operations have been stopped at Jerome Gold Mines reports Mining Corporation of Canada which controls it. Sufficient labor was not available to carry on underground and milling operations and from present indications in Ontario mining camps it will be a considerable time before the mine labor supply will be normal. The underground development and surface diamond drilling in the six months before closing down on June 30, disclosed some new ore and extensions to known orebodies and while a fair tonnage was added to the ore reserves, nothing of major importance was encountered. The last ore reserves estimate showed approximately 344,000 tons, 0.19 oz. gold after allowing for dilution.

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A contract has been let by Aubelle Mines in the Mud Lake area of Quebec, for sinking of a three-compartment shaft to a depth of 500 vertical feet. Four levels are to be established at 125-foot intervals. Shaft has been sited for development and extraction of the No. 1 vein which extends across the southern part of the property for 2,500 feet. The sum of $500,000 has been provided for this program and for mill construction, if underground developments confirm drilling results. Meantime, surface exploration and diamond drilling of several other gold-bearing veins is being continued.

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Shares of Ryanor Mining Company, formed last March to take over the Ann group of claims in the Yellowknife area, have been listed on the Toronto Stock Exchange. The property lying west of Prow Yellowknife group of Frobisher Exploration was purchased for $262,500 cash and 350,000 shares of Ryanor stock from Ryan Exploration Company. The controlling factor in the new company is Conwest Exploration with Frobisher and Macmillan Investment Company holding lesser interests. Subsequently, 600,000 shares were sold to provide the treasury with $125,000 which also owns 1,000,000 shares of Prow Yellowknife. Drilling has been underway for the past two months under direction of Conwest but no information as to results has yet been made public.

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Shaft-sinking operations have commenced at Louvicourt Goldfield's property in Louvicourt township, Quebec, and the shaft which is of four-compartment size will be carried vertically to an initial depth of 700 feet, and will allow for further sinking without interference with production. Development levels will be established at 175, 300, 425, 550 and 700 feet. Erection of permanent buildings will be carried on concurrently with sinking. Official calculation credits the ore zone at this time with 2,500 tons of $7 gold ore per vertical foot of depth, and underground confirmation of such ore measures will warrant the erection of an initial milling unit of 750 tons daily capacity.

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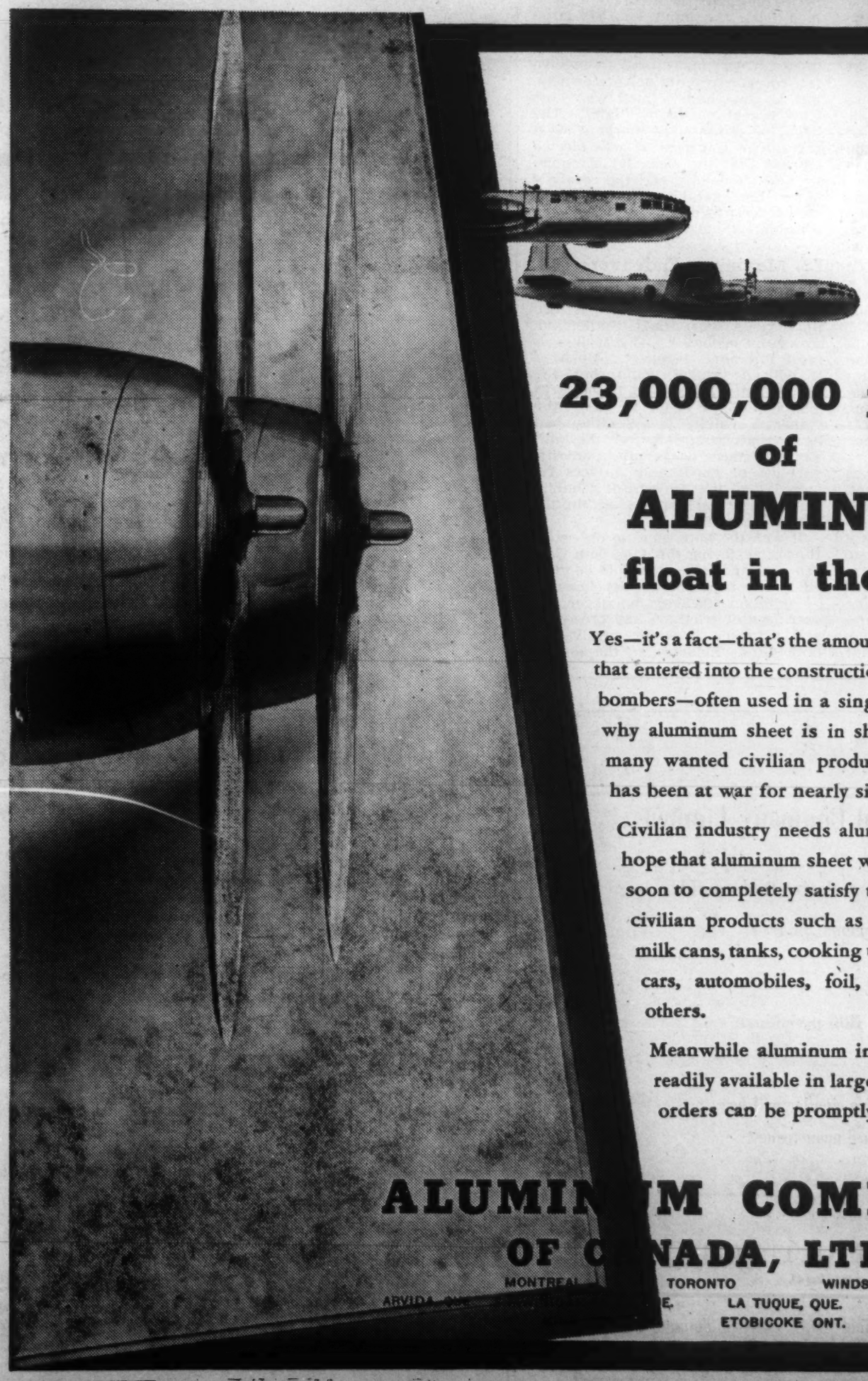

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Industrial Skies Are Brighter in Britain

By GILBERT C. LAYTON

Saturday Night's Financial Correspondent in London

The developing policy of the Labor Government in Britain, Mr. Layton says, is giving reassurance to industry. Particularly cheering was the statement of Sir Stafford Cripps to the cotton industry that the Government did not intend to nationalize their trade.

The provision which Sir Stafford made, that the industry would be expected to show efficiency in production, will have very definite benefits.

London.

SPEAKNG to representatives of the cotton industry at Manchester, Sir Stafford Cripps, President of the Board of Trade, assured them that the Government would not nationalize their trade.

There were, of course, provisions attached to this undertaking. Sir Stafford said that they would be expected to show efficiency in production so that their products would be available at the lowest economic cost to the consumer, and that they would be expected to employ their labor in good conditions and at good wages.

But industry does not mind the qualifications. The fear that attended the advent of a Labor Government was that it might prove so devoted to the abstract principle of state control that it would pursue a policy of nationalization regardless of the essential question of efficiency in production. Sir Stafford dispelled this bogey, and gave wide satisfaction by his comment that what the Government said about the cotton industry it meant equally about the general range of industry. Show us that you can deliver the goods, says the Government, and we will keep our hands off you.

The first thing to be said about this policy is that it is intelligent. Industry is a machine that produces things, and employs workpeople in so doing. It does not matter whether it is controlled by private enterprise or by the state so long as the production is achieved at optimum efficiency and the workers are employed in the most congenial conditions and at the highest wage rates possible.

The second thing about it is that it may produce unexpected results. Industry contains many marginal cases, where nationalization is apprehended because of a knowledge of some inefficiency, and these sections may suddenly be stimulated into new efforts to put their houses promptly in order to escape the possibility of nationalization. Thus, the announcement by the steel industry of a 5-year plan of development may have been very timely, and news of further self-inspired programs of advance may be expected from elsewhere.

Thirdly, the intention of the Government to apply state control only where it is shown to be capable of producing conditions of efficiency unattainable under private enterprise represents the lifting of a great load from the minds of that large part of the people known as the investing public. Nationalization of industry was understood to involve fair compensation of private owners, but no one had defined what the Government meant by "fair." The behavior of the stock markets when the Labor Government was elected showed that the financial community had its doubts, and the recovery since then, notably after Sir Stafford's declaration, shows what sort of doubts they were.

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With the war finished all over the world there stretches before British industry a vast field challenging maximum endeavor and offering almost unlimited prospect. Much of it will be rough going, but the ground must be covered if the British people are again to enjoy the standard of living to which they had become accustomed before the war. Exports must be rebuilt, domestic supplies of goods and services restored, and the projects of rehabilitation must be realized within the shortest possible time.

It was the hope of sane observers that in achieving this task both Government and industry would be guided by the need for the development of optimum efficiency, whatever the sacrifices of tradition and precedent and principle it might involve on both sides. Industry, by the sort of initiative that produced the Platt report on cotton, the private report on rayon, the steel five-year plan, the grouping of trades for export, has shown that, for its part, it is not afraid of experiment or blind to the need to discard outmoded precedent where necessary. And now the Government has shown that it is not wedded to any hidebound principles for the sake of doctrinaire orthodoxy. These are excellent auguries.

They suggest the possibility of a closer cooperation between industry and the Labor Government than seemed likely a month or two ago. For it now appears that industry may prepare schemes of self-improvement, which, if approved by the authorities, would command their wholehearted support. This is at once a spur to private initiative and a pointer for national direction.

It has been said that the essence of the modern economy lies in a combination of these two apparently diverse elements in harmonious cooperation, and the evidence that this achievement is developing in Britain buttresses hope for the future

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